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NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

THE JAM

Strangers In A Strange Town

P.20/21

PRETENDERS

Dizzy Ms Chrissie

P.7/8

Sod all that — what about

THE ONLY ONES

JOHN PERRY (left) and PETER PERRETT, winners of this week's PENNIE SMITH Award for Cover Shot In The Face Of Intense Competition.

Is this issue hot — or what?

ROD STEWART'S ON THE SHELF

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending March 19, 1974

Last Week	This Week		
3	1	BILLY DON'T BE A HERO	Paper Lace (Bus Stop)
2	2	THE AIR THAT I BREATHE	Hollies (Polydor)
1	3	JEALOUS MIND	Alvin Stardust (Magnet)
5	4	THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL	Charlie Rich (CBS)
4	5	YOU'RE SIXTEEN	Ringo Starr (Apple)
7	6	JET	Paul McCartney & & Wings (Apple)
13	7	I GET A LITTLE SENTIMENTAL OVER YOU	New Seekers (Polydor)
8	8	REMEMBER (SHA-LA-LA-LA)	Bay City Rollers (Bell)
10	9	CANDLE IN THE WIND	Elton John (DJM)
12	10	IT'S YOU	Freddie Starr (Tiffany)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending March 19, 1969

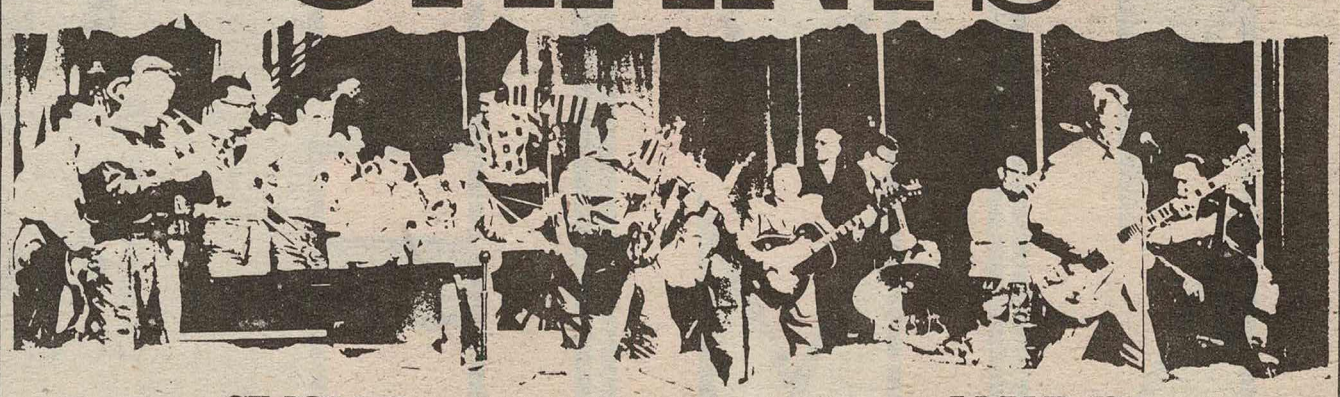
Last Week	This Week		
1	1	WHERE DO YOU GO TO	Peter Sarstedt (United Artists)
3	2	I HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE	Marvin Gaye (Tamla Motown)
2	3	SURROUND YOURSELF WITH SORROW	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
8	4	THE WAY IT USED TO BE	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
6	5	WHICHITA LINEMAN	Glen Campbell (Ember)
7	6	GENTLE ON MY MIND	Dean Martin (Reprise)
9	7	MONSIEUR DUPONT	Sandie Shaw (Pye)
12	8	FIRST OF MAY	Bee Gees (Polydor)
5	9	I'M GONNA MAKE YOU LOVE ME	Supremes/Temptations (Tamla Motown)
4	10	HALF AS NICE	Amen Corner (Intermediate)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 20, 1964

Last Week	This Week		
3	1	LITTLE CHILDREN	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
1	2	ANYONE WHO HAD A HEART	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
5	3	NOT FADE AWAY	Rolling Stones (Decca)
2	4	BITS AND PIECES	Dave Clarke Five (Columbia)
7	5	JUST ONE LOOK	Hollies (Parlophone)
6	6	DIANE	Bachelors (Decca)
14	7	I LOVE YOU BECAUSE	Jim Reeves (RCA)
6	8	I THINK OF YOU	Merseybeats (Fontana)
8	9	BOYS CRY	Eden Kane (Fontana-London)
13	10	THAT GIRL BELONGS TO YESTERDAY	Gene Pitney (United Artists)

CHARTS



SINGLES

Week ending March 17, 1979

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(3)	OLIVER'S ARMY	Elvis Costello (Radar)	5	1
2	(1)	TRAGEDY	Bee Gees (RSO)	4	1
3	(4)	I WILL SURVIVE	Gloria Gaynor (Polydor)	6	3
3	(5)	LUCKY NUMBER	Lene Lovich (Stiff)	3	3
5	(9)	CAN YOU FEEL THE FORCE	Real Thing (Pye)	3	5
6	(14)	SOMETHING ELSE	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	2	6
6	(20)	PAINTER MAN	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	2	6
8	(2)	HEART OF GLASS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	8	1
9	(16)	I WANT YOUR LOVE	Chic (Atlantic)	3	9
10	(19)	KEEP ON DANCIN'	Gary's Gang (CBS)	3	10
11	(6)	CONTACT	Edwin Starr (20th Century)	6	4
12	(11)	GET DOWN	Gene Chandler (20th Century)	6	9
13	(17)	INTO THE VALLEY	Skids (Virgin)	3	13
14	(8)	GET IT	Darts (Magnet)	4	14
15	(7)	CHIQUITITA	Abba (Epic)	6	1
16	(22)	MONEY IN MY POCKET	Dennis Brown (Atlantic)	2	16
17	(—)	WAITING FOR AN ALIBI	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	1	17
18	(26)	DON'T STOP ME NOW	Queen (EMI)	3	18
19	(—)	YOU BET YOUR LOVE	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	4	19
20	(13)	SOUND OF THE SUBURBS	Members (Virgin)	5	13
21	(—)	CLOG DANCE	Violinski (Jet)	1	21
22	(30)	ENGLISH CIVIL WAR	Clash (CBS)	2	22
23	(12)	I WAS MADE FOR DANCIN'	Leif Garrett (Atlantic)	7	6
24	(10)	WOMAN IN LOVE	Three Degrees (Ariola)	8	3
25	(—)	FOREVER IN BLUE JEANS	Neil Diamond (CBS)	1	25
26	(—)	HONEY I'M LOST	Dooleys (GTO)	1	26
27	(15)	AIN'T LOVE A BITCH	Rod Stewart (Riva)	6	10
28	(21)	HOLD THE LINE	Toto (CBS)	3	21
29	(—)	TURN THE MUSIC UP	Players Association (Vanguard)	1	29
30	(—)	SULTANS OF SWING	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

CUBA — Gibson Brothers (Island); TRASH — Roxy Music (Polydor); IMPERIAL WIZARD — David Essex (Mercury); DISCO NIGHTS — G.Q. (Arista).

ALBUMS

Week ending March 17, 1979

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	PARALLEL LINES	Blondie (Chrysalis)	22	1
2	(2)	SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN	Bee Gees (RSO)	6	2
3	(10)	MANILOW MAGIC	Barry Manilow (Arista)	2	3
4	(3)	ARMED FORCES	Elvis Costello (Radar)	9	2
5	(16)	C'EST CHIC	Chic (Atlantic)	6	5
6	(5)	THANK YOU VERY MUCH	Cliff Richard & The Shadows (EMI)	4	5
7	(5)	MARTY ROBBINS COLLECTION	Marty Robbins (Lotus)	5	5
8	(12)	THE BEST OF EARTH WIND AND FIRE VOL 1	(CBS)	10	5
9	(7)	BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN	Rod Stewart (Riva)	15	2
10	(21)	THE GREAT ROCK 'N' ROLL SWINDLE	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	2	10
11	(15)	52nd STREET	Billy Joel (CBS)	8	11
12	(—)	LIVE (X CERT)	Stranglers (United Artists)	1	12
13	(4)	ACTION REPLAY	Various (K-Tel)	9	2
14	(9)	STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT	UFO (Chrysalis)	5	8
15	(8)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	43	5
16	(11)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	27	6
17	(14)	EQUINOXE	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	12	6
18	(17)	DIRE STRAITS	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	2	17
19	(22)	GREASE	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	35	1
20	(20)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	62	3
21	(13)	WINGS GREATEST	Wings (Parlophone)	12	3
22	(30)	20 GREATEST HITS	Three Degrees (Epic)	3	22
23	(—)	AT THE BUDOKAN	Cheap Trick (Epic)	1	23
24	(19)	THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING DICKIES	Dickies (A & M)	4	19
25	(28)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Jeff Wayne (CBS)	36	2
26	(29)	INFLAMMABLE MATERIAL	Stiff Little Fingers (Rough Trade)	2	26
27	(25)	TURN TO THE MUSIC	Players Association (Vanguard)	2	25
28	(—)	NEW DIMENSIONS	Three Degrees (Ariola)	1	28
29	(—)	FEETS DON'T FAIL ME NOW	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	1	29
30	(17)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Neil Diamond (MCA)	17	1

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

FEEL NO FRET — Average White Band (RCA); MANIFESTO — Roxy Music (Polydor); LOOK SHARP — Joe Jackson (Epic).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending March 17, 1979

This Week	Last Week		
1	(3)	TRAGEDY	Bee Gees
2	(2)	DO YA THINK I'M SEXY	Rod Stewart
3	(1)	I WILL SURVIVE	Gloria Gaynor
4	(4)	HEAVEN KNOWS	Donna Summer
5	(6)	SHAKE YOUR GROOVE THING	Peaches and Herb
6	(8)	WHAT A FOOL BELIEVES	Doobie Brothers
7	(5)	FIRE	Pointer Sisters
8	(11)	SULTANS OF SWING	Dire Straits
9	(9)	Y.M.C.A.	Village People
10	(10)	DON'T CRY OUT LOUD	Melisa Manchester
11	(12)	WHAT YOU WON'T DO FOR LOVE	Bobby Caldwell
12	(16)	EVERY TIME I THINK OF YOU	The Babys
13	(7)	A LITTLE MORE LOVE	Olivia Newton-John
14	(18)	LADY	Little River Band
15	(20)	BIG SHOT	Billy Joel
16	(25)	MUSIC BOX DANCER	Frank Mills
17	(19)	CRAZY LOVE	Poco
18	(24)	KNOCK ON WOOD	Ami Stewart
19	(21)	I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S RIGHT	Evelyn "Champagne" King
20	(15)	LE FREAK	Chic
21	(23)	I JUST FALL IN LOVE AGAIN	Anne Murray
22	(13)	THE GAMBLER	Kenny Rogers
23	(27)	STUMBLIN' IN	Suzi Quatro/Chris Norman
24	(26)	FOREVER IN BLUE JEANS	Neil Diamond
25	(17)	DANCIN' SHOES	Nigel Olsson
26	(—)	HEART OF GLASS	Blondie
27	(28)	SONG ON THE RADIO	Al Stewart
28	(—)	LIVIN' IT UP (FRIDAY NIGHT)	Bell & James
29	(—)	PRECIOUS LOVE	Bob Welch
30	(—)	MAYBE I'M A FOOL	Eddie Money

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending March 17, 1979

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN	Bee Gees
2	(3)	MINUTE BY MINUTE	Doobie Brothers
3	(2)	BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN	Rod Stewart
4	(4)	DIRE STRAITS	
5	(6)	52nd STREET	Billy Joel
6	(5)	BRIEFCASE FULL OF BLUES	Blues Brothers
7	(8)	CRUISIN'	Village People
8	(9)	LOVE TRACKS	Gloria Gaynor
9	(7)	TOTALLY HOT	Olivia Newton-John
10	(10)	ARMED FORCES	Elvis Costello & The Attractions
11	(13)	2 HOT!	Peaches & Herb
12	(11)	C'EST CHIC	Chic
13	(14)	LIVE AND MORE	Donna Summer
14	(15)	LIFE FOR THE TAKING	Eddie Money
15	(18)	BUSTIN' OUT OF L SEVEN	Rick James
16	(12)	TOTO	
17	(17)	ENERGY	Pointer Sisters
18	(25)	CHEAP TRICK AT THE BUDOKAN	
19	(20)	GOLD	Jefferson Starship
20	(16)	THE BEST OF EARTH, WIND & FIRE VOL. 1	
21	(19)	NICOLETTE	Nicolette Larson
22	(21)	BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS VOL. 2	
23	(24)	THE GAMBLER	Kenny Rogers
24	(22)	GREATEST HITS	Barry Manilow
25	(29)	THE CARS	
26	(23)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
27	(—)	LEGEND	Poco
28	(27)	YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS	Neil Diamond
29	(26)	BACKLESS	Eric Clapton
30	(—)	HEAD FIRST	The Babys

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

IG'S BIG GIGS —18 dates confirmed

MOST OF THE dates and venues have now been confirmed for the spring tour of Britain by Iggy Pop, plans for which were exclusively revealed by NME four weeks ago. A total of 18 dates, including two in London, has so far been set by promoter John Giddings of the MAM Organisation. To tie in with the tour, Iggy's new album 'New Values' is being released by Arista, with whom he has just signed an exclusive deal.

Iggy visits Manchester Russell Club on April 20, then plays two shows at Liverpool Eric's (21), followed by Sheffield Top Rank (22), London Camden Music Machine (25), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (27), Leicester University (28), Redcar Coatham Bowl (29), Edinburgh Tiffany's (30), Glasgow Apollo Centre (May 1), Birmingham Barbarella's (4), Colchester Essex University (5), Dunstable Civic Hall (6), Bristol Locarno (8), Brighton Sussex University (9), Coventry Warwick University (10), Newcastle Mayfair (11), Leeds University (12) and London Strand Lyceum (13).

Tickets for both London gigs are all priced at £3, and should be available this weekend; prices vary elsewhere, and readers should contact individual box-offices for details.

The line-up of Iggy's new touring band has now been confirmed officially and, as forecast last week, it includes former Sex Pistols and Rich Kids bassist Glen Matlock. The other personnel are Tangerine Dream drummer Klause Kruger; guitarist Jackie Clarke, who was Ike & Tina Turner's band leader and played with the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band; and keyboards man Scott Thurston who's been working with Iggy for some time. They can all be seen in action when Iggy guests in BBC-2's 'Old Grey Whistle Test' for screening on Tuesday, April 24.

Siouxsie at Rainbow

SIOUXSIE & The Banshees, who aren't planning to go on the road for the time being, have nevertheless decided to headline a major one-off London concert — a charity event in aid of the National Society for Mentally Handicapped Children. It's at the Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, April 7, and the concert also features The Human League and Rema Rema. The show is promoted by Dave Woods and Pure Noise Ltd., and all artists and organisers are giving their services free of charge in order to help this worthy cause — ticket prices are £3, £2.50 and £2. Release of Siouxsie and the band's second Polydor single 'The Staircase' has been slightly delayed, and is now set for March 23.

Blondie for TV special

BLONDIE are definitely coming to Britain next month, it was confirmed this week. They are filming one of Granada-TV's new hour-long in-concert series 'On The Road'. It will be taped before an audience at a secret venue, for screening on the full ITV network late night on Saturday, May 5. (As reported, other acts to be showcased in this new series include Earth Wind & Fire, David Essex, Tina Turner and Kate Bush, with Gerry Rafferty now added to the list). It's still not clear if Blondie will be playing any public concerts on this visit, but — in view of recording commitments in the States, it's now looking doubtful.

Aerosmith in one-off — AND NUGENT DUE IN MAY

AEROSMITH pay their long-awaited visit to Britain in May, as part of a whirlwind European tour, but they're only coming in for one solitary concert — it's at London Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, May 20. Tickets go on sale tomorrow (Friday), priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50.

They are being brought in by Straight Music, as part of that company's continuing heavy metal onslaught, and they are also in the process of lining up a short May visit by Ted Nugent. Details of Nugent's concerts were still being finalised at press-time, but are expected to be announced next week, and are likely to include a show at Hammersmith.

AEROSMITH

Aerosmith's line-up is unchanged since their last visit, but Nugent now has a new band comprising Cliff Davies (drums), Charlie Huhn (vocals and rhythm guitar) and John Sauter (bass), the latter two now having permanently replaced Rob Grange and Derek St. Holmes. It's expected that CBS will be issuing new albums by both acts in May.

MAGAZINE'S HEADLINERS

MAGAZINE follow their recent 12-date college series by setting our next month on the most important tour they have yet undertaken. It comprises 18 concerts at leading venues throughout the country, including a major London appearance at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. It ties in with the March 30 release by Virgin of the band's new album 'Second Hand Daylight', and the tour dates — for which tickets are now on sale at most venues — are:

Malvern Winter Gardens (April 16), Blackburn King George's Hall (17), Sheffield Top Rank (18), Leicester De Montfort Hall (19), Aberdeen University (21), Fife St. Andrew's University (22), Manchester Apollo (23), Newcastle City Hall (25), Birmingham Odeon (27), Southampton Guildhall (28), Oxford New Theatre (29), Bristol Colston Hall (30), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (May 1), London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (2), Canterbury Odeon (3), Cambridge Corn Exchange (4), Leeds University (5) and Liverpool Empire (6). One or two more dates may be added.

Magazine's HOWARD DEVOTO

RAR package in Ally Pally rally

IT HAS NOW been confirmed, as forecast by *NME*, that Rock Against Racism's 'Militant Entertainment Tour' will climax in a massive concert at London's Alexandra Palace on Easter Saturday (April 14) — and the first three bands to be set are Aswad, The Angelic Upstarts and The Ruts, with at least another three still to be finalised.

Another two dates have been added to the package tour — at Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic on March 24 (Barry Forde Band, The Leyton Buzzards, The Piranhas and The Barbarians) and Bradford College Students Union on March 30 (Carol Grimes Band, The Mekons, 15-16-17 and Stiff Little Fingers).

Line-up for the first 14 shows was reported two weeks ago, and the bill for Cardiff Sophia Gardens on April 7 is now set as Aswad, The Angelic Upstarts, Crisis and a local band. These leave another five provincial gigs for which bands have still to be announced. The Aberdeen show on March 29 is switched from Ruffles to the Music Hall.

● Besides appearing in several of the RAR shows, The Leyton Buzzards also headline their own gig at London Marquee on March 27.

NEWS

ROD STEWART

In our publication of November 11, 1978, we published a report of a football charity match in which Rod Stewart participated. It has been drawn to our attention that we may have described him in such a way as to impute homosexual tendancies. Such an impuation would be wholly groundless, and we apologise to him for any distress or embarrassment which may have been caused.

Motorhead: London extra

MOTORHEAD, whose major British tour opens next weekend, have added a second concert at London's Lyceum Ballroom to their schedule. Due to heavy demand for tickets for their original April 1 date at the venue, the band will now also appear there on Good Friday (April 13). And they have also slotted in an extra gig at the very beginning of the tour — at Cromer West Runton Pavilion on March 23. The tour also provides something of a novelty, in that the support act throughout is all-girl heavy metal band Girlschool.

TOM ROBINSON BAND have also chosen an all-girl band to support them on their upcoming 19-date tour, reported last week. They are Leeds-based four-piece The Straits, and they are seen together in our pic above.

KOKOMO CONCERT FOR PATTO FUND

KOKOMO have now been confirmed as headliners of a special charity concert, in aid of Mike Patto's widow and children. As reported last week, Patto died earlier in the month after a long battle against throat cancer. The gig takes place at London Camden Dingwalls next Wednesday (21), and among others taking part are The Voice Squad, the Carol Grimes Band and The Retainers. Admission is £2.25.

● BO DIDDLEY, who topped what was intended to be a one-off at London Lyceum last Sunday, is playing another last-minute gig before he leaves the country. It's at Dingwalls tonight (Thursday).

Eagles land in autumn

THE EAGLES are returning to Britain in the autumn for a series of major concert appearances — that's the word this week from their record company. There were plans for the band's new album to be released next month, but it's now been delayed indefinitely, because they've decided to expand it into a double set. Said a WEA spokesman: "So far they've only completed 13 backing tracks, but they have an early summer deadline for completion, because that's when they're due to go to Japan. And we're told by their management that they'll be doing a European tour, including Britain, in the autumn."

Absent Member

THE MEMBERS missed a couple of nights on the Eddie & The Hot Rods tour earlier this week, because bassist Chris Payne is suffering from nervous exhaustion. But they have now picked up the tour again, with replacement Paddy Carroll standing in for Payne.

'OH BOY!' TV RETURN AND MORE CONCERTS

JACK GOOD's memorable TV rock series of two decades ago 'Oh Boy!' is returning to the small screen in the autumn. ATV are filming six half-hour shows in May for network transmission probably starting in late September.

And Good's string of 'Oh Boy!' rock concerts in January at London's Astoria Theatre were so successful that he's presenting another eight at the same venue — on Sundays, April 1, 8, 15 and 22 (two shows each day) — probably with the same cast including Alvin Stardust, Joe Brown, Fumble, Shakin' Stevens, Les Gray and Freddie 'Fingers' Lee. The TV series is likely to have a different cast for each show.

GLORIA GAYNOR

Palladium stints by Gloria, Helen

GLORIA GAYNOR comes to Britain early next month, hot on the heels of her smash hit single 'I Will Survive', to play eight major concerts within the space of five days. She opens with two shows at Manchester Apollo on April 3, and the following night plays another two performances at Glasgow Apollo. Her visit climaxes in a string of three nights at the London Palladium — April 5 (one show), 6 (one show) and 7 (two shows).

Tickets are on sale now from the respective box-offices and usual agencies priced £4, £3 and £2 (Manchester and Glasgow) and £6, £5, £4, £3 and £2.50 (London). She'll be bringing over her backing band The Gloria Gaynor Experience, with whom she's been touring very extensively in the States. Her new album 'Love Tracks' has just been issued by Polydor.

HELEN REDDY pays her long-awaited visit to Britain at the end of next month, when the highlight of her visit will be a week-long engagement at the London Palladium from Monday, April 30, to Saturday, May 5. Tickets are on sale now priced £8.50, £6, £3.50 and £2.50.

It's understood that she will also be undertaking a series of one-nighter provincial concerts, and Capitol Records — who will be issuing new product to coincide with her visit — say that details of dates and venues, together with booking arrangements, will be announced next week.

CHERRY VANILLA is back in Britain after a ten-month absence, and will be going out on the road again in the early spring to coincide with the release of her recently - completed new album. Meanwhile, she has a single issued by RCA on April 6 titled 'Moonlight'.

HELEN REDDY

Bishops' Zen is injured; gigs off

THE BISHOPS' rhythm and slide guitarist Zenon de Fleur was badly injured in a road accident at the weekend, though he is now off the critical list. The band have been forced to cancel a few dates, but are hoping to pick up the rest of their March commitments using a stand-in. But there's some doubt as to whether their May tour will be able to go ahead as planned.

—AND ANOTHER TWO CONCERTS FOR KATE

KATE BUSH has added another two nights at the London Palladium to her debut concert tour itinerary, reported two weeks ago. This is because her original three dates at the venue (April 16-18) sold out within hours of the box-office opening on Monday of last week. The extra gigs are on Thursday and Friday, April 19 and 20, and tickets are available immediately.

Her provincial concerts have also sold out, and there's a good chance of a few more performances being added. Kate and her seven-piece band will be playing the entire two-hour show themselves, with no support act — but, said a spokesman, with plenty of surprises!

● DUSTY SPRINGFIELD, whose UK comeback tour was announced last week, has added one more concert to her itinerary — at Blackburn King Gerge's Hall on Easter Sunday (April 15).

Dyan Diamond
IN THE DARK
NEW ALBUM
MCF 2875
includes her new single MYSTERY DANCE
"Music that makes you crank the record player up till the room's shaking... I love it. Really the whole album merits your immediate attention. The Runaways were NEVER like this." Sounds
MCA RECORDS
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RECORD NEWS

● The original version of Blondie's hit 'Denis' — by **Randy & The Rainbows** — is included in a compilation album out this week on Ensign. It consists of 20 vintage tracks from the U.S. Laurie catalogue, among them 'Sweet Talkin' Guy' by **The Chiffons** and 'I Wonder Why' by **Dion & The Belmonts**.

● **Graham Parker & The Rumour's** previously-reported fifth album 'Squeezing Out Sparks' is now officially on release. The Vertigo set was produced by Jack Nitzsche.

● **Lowell George** has at last finished his long-awaited solo album 'Thanks I'll Eat It Here', and it's issued by Warner Brothers on April 6; it includes guest appearances by Bonnie Raitt, J. D. Souther, John Phillips, Nicky Hopkins and two other Little Feat members. Meanwhile, **Little Feat** themselves are busy recording a new LP.

● **Doll By Doll** have their album, with their name as its title, issued by the Automatic Record Company (distributed by WEA) on March 23.

● WEA have signed a licensing deal with Carrere Records for British distribution. First singles under the agreement, due in late April, are 'Who Were You With In The Moonlight' by **Dollar** and 'Seven Lonely Days' by **Sheila B. Devotion**.

● **'Van Halen 2'** is the title of the American band's second album, for Warner Brothers release on March 30. And negotiations are under way for them to tour Britain again in June.

● March 23 sees the release of **Adrian Gurvitz's** first single since the demise of the Baker-Gurvitz Army over two years ago — titled 'The Way I Feel', it's on Jet Records and is available as a clear-vinyl 12-inch and ordinary seven-inch. The track is taken from his upcoming album 'Sweet Vendetta', recorded in Los Angeles and including musicians from Toto and Earth Wind & Fire in the backing band.

● The new CBS album by **Journey**, who open their British tour next Wednesday (21), will not now be available until March 23. Titled 'Evolution', it was originally planned for March 9.

● **Ian Matthews** has a new single, his version of a Robert Palmer song 'Gimme An Inch Girl', released by Rockburgh Records on March 30. During his recent British visit, he completed an album with producer Sandy Roberton, for release later in the year.

● During 10c.c.'s current inactivity while Eric Stewart convalesces after his car accident, **Duncan Mackay** is recording a solo album, with Andrew Powell as producer and Alan Parsons as executive producer. Graham Gouldman is helping out on the sessions.

● **The Movies** are the first signing to Pete Townshend's new label Propellor Records and, after finishing their current short tour, will be recording a single for spring release.

● **George Thorogood & The Destroyers**, currently touring Britain, have a double-single issued by Sonet this week. It retails at normal single price and consists of two album tracks, "So Much Trouble" and "Can't Stop Lovin", plus two previously unissued live cuts — "I'm Ready" and "New Hawaiian Boogie".

● **Showaddywaddy's** latest Arista single, out this week, is their version of another oldie "Remember Then".

● Rok Records first four singles, out this week, each feature two up-and-coming bands. They are "Get Ready To Go" by **Squire** (from Woking)/"DoingTheFlail" by **Coming Shortly** (Milton Keynes), "You" by **Just Frank** (Leeds)/"Just Don't Try" by **Split Screens** (Oxford), "Just Can't Let You" by **The V.I.P.s** (Clapham) /"Wild Boys In Cortinas" by **Urban Disturbance** (Swindon) and "Gotta Change My Life" by **Hazard** (Cambridge)/"No Good For Me" by **The Clerks** (Birmingham).

STEVE HILLAGE

● **Steve Hillage** and **Miquette Giraudy** have composed, performed and produced a project LP — featuring guitar and syntheiser music only — for use at the forthcoming Festival For Mind, Body And Spirit to be held at London Olympia. Titled "Rainbow Dome Musick", it will be played continuously throughout the event, And it's being issued by Virgin in clear vinyl on April 13, at the budget price of £2.99.

● **Devo's** debut album "Are We Not Men? We Are Devo!" is available as a Virgin picture disc from this week, priced £6.99. Devo are currently working in Los Angeles on their second album, for late May release.

● **The Fabulous Poodles'** upcoming single 'Workshy' will be issued here by Pye, with whom they have an exclusive worldwide deal, and not through Polydor.

● Lightning / WEA are releasing a series of ten picture-disc reissues of classic oldies on April 6. They include 'Bird Dog' by **The Everly Brothers**, 'Dream Lover' / 'Mack The Knife' by **Bobby Darin**, 'Poetry In Motion' by **Johnny Tillotson**, 'To Know Him Is To Love Him' by **The Teddy Bears** and 'Save The Last Dance For Me' by **The Drifters**. A few will couple two different artists on one disc, as with 'Let's Dance' by **Chris Montez** backed with 'Memphis' by **Lonnie Mack**. They're issued in a limited edition, selling at £1.50 each.

Ex-Dogs form new band

TWO LEADING members of the now-defunct Slaughter & The Dogs — guitarist Mike Rossi and bassist Howard Bates — have formed a new hard rock band called Studio Sweethearts, together with Billy Duffy (rhythm guitar) and ex-Eater drummer Phil Rowland. They've been rehearsing for some time, and have already been signed by DJM Records, where they'll be produced by Vic Maile. Initial product is expected shortly. Our picture shows (from left to right) Duffy, Rossi, Bates and Rowland.

Otway's personal promo

JOHN OTWAY has come up with a unique way of promoting his new single 'Frightened And Scared', released by Polydor on March 23. Mixed in with the first shipment will be three copies featuring only the backing tracks — and no vocals! And whoever buys one of these copies will find Otway on his or her doorstep, waiting to sing the song to them in person!

Details of how to arrange an Otway visit, should you acquire a non-vocal copy, are contained on the sleeve — but Otway says he's prepared to travel all over the country to fit the missing vocals to the backing tracks.

Otway is the subject of a documentary called 'Stardust Man' to be screened by some ITV regions, including London, late night on March 22.

Date Sheet

RADIO STARS have added another date to their current tour at London College of Printing on March 23, when they are joined on the bill by Bobby Henry and Shrink. And their postponed gig at Northampton County Ground has now been re-scheduled for March 24. Speculation that bassist Martin Gordon had left the band has now been confirmed officially, and he's been replaced in the line-up by ex-Sparks sideman Trevor White.

THE FALL go on tour to promote their first album 'Live At The Witch Trials', issued by Step Forward Records this weekend. So far set are York Pop Club (March 21), London Lyceum (25), Liverpool Eric's (30), Birmingham Barbarella's (April 3), Newport Stowaway (4), Winsford Knight Grange Barn (5), Nottingham Sandpiper (14), Plymouth Tops (17), Dawlish Grand Hotel (18), Sheffield Limit (26), Norwich Boogie House (May 3) and Bolton Polytechnic (12).

ADAM & THE ANTS are playing a short string of four gigs over the next few days — at Norwich St. Andrew's Hall (tonight, Thursday), Retford Porterhouse (Friday), Reading University Students Union (Saturday) and Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre (next Monday). For the Reading show, admission to the general public is only available by advance booking through Rough Trade.

WILKO JOHNSON'S Solid Senders, who were forced to cancel their projected appearance at London Camden Electric Ballroom on March 7 because the promoter allegedly 'disappeared', have now fixed another London date by way of compensation — it's at Camden Music Machine on Saturday, March 24.

POYNTON Folk Festival is being staged again this year for the seventh time. The three-day event takes place from Good Friday to Easter Sunday (April 13-15), and among the 32 acts booked so far are Earl Okin, Stu McFarlane, Jimmy Collins, Wayland Smithy, Ticklers Jam and Tom Shepley's Band. Admission to the Poynton Folk Centre (on the A523 between Stockport and Macclesfield) is £4.50 for the full weekend. Enquiries to 09967 5555.

GERRY & THE PACEMAKERS, Billy J. Kramer & The Dakotas and Dave Berry are among acts taking part in a rock revival concert at London Rainbow on Sunday, April 29. And in June, Berry headlines a Sixties Revival Package Tour, appearing again at the Rainbow as well as nine other major venues around the country.

DIANE SOLOMON headlines a series of round-Britain concert appearances next month, and details are currently being finalised by promoter Robert Paterson. First confirmed date is Croydon Fairfield Hall on April 14.

BANDIT are going on the road for the first time since ex-Procoal Harum guitarist Mick Grabham joined their line-up. They will be special guests in the previously-reported 26-date concert tour next month by John Miles (April 2-29).

THE RED CRAYOLA, along with Laura Logic and Scritti Politti, tour Britain from next week to early April. First confirmed dates are Nottingham Sandpiper (March 23), Cheltenham Plough (24), Rugby Railway Club (26), London Acklam Hall (30), Manchester The Factory (31), York Pop Club (April 4) and London Action Space (5).

MISTRESS, the Lancashire all-girl band, have re-shaped their line-up which now reads Denny Gibson (bass and vocals), Joan Bimson (lead guitar), Donna Darlow (keyboards) and Karen Sass (drums). Upcoming gigs include Burnley The Hop (March 20), Stoke Gaiety (22), Leeds Yeadon Peacock (26), Liverpool Masonic (31) and Blackpool Welcome Inn (April 6 and 7).

RULE THE ROOST, the Irish band who were scheduled to open a British one-nighter tour last weekend, have been forced to cancel all dates because of the illness of lead singer Hugo Blake who is suffering from appendicitis. They plan to re-schedule the tour for early June.

PATRIK FITZGERALD plays a rare, possibly unique, matinee performance at London Islington Hope & Anchor on Saturday, March 31 — with admission for under-18's costing just 30p. He's already set to appear at the venue the previous evening, and will leave his gear there overnight for the matinee show. Another new gig is at Dublin Trinity College on March 29.

THE CURE have added four new gigs to their current tour — at London W.C.1 Conway Hall, Red Lion Square (March 27), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (30), Chippenham Technical College (April 3) and Chesterfield Fusion Top Rank (5).

AFTER THE FIRE have new gigs at Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Sheffield Limit (Friday), Reading Bulmershe College (Saturday), Port Talbot Troubadour (March 23), Tonypandy Naval Club (24), Newbridge Memorial Hall (25), Milton Keynes Crawford Club (26), Swindon Brunel Rooms (27), London Marquee (30), Brentwood Hermit Club (April 2), York Pop Club (4) and Warrington Lion Hotel (7).

INNER CIRCLE, the reggae band who've just completed a UK tour with the Average White Band, will be undertaking their own headlining British and European tour in April. Prior to this, they play warm-up gigs at Egham Royal Holloway College (tomorrow, Friday), Colchester Essex University (Saturday) and London Marquee (March 22 and 23).

MAX WEBSTER, the Canadian rock band whose second album 'A Million Vacations' is due out shortly on Capitol, are to support Rush on their previously-reported 19-date British tour opening April 23.

FRANKIE MILLER: EXTRA 15 DATES

FRANKIE MILLER'S tour itinerary has now been completed and, in addition to his initial gigs exclusively reported last week, another 15 dates have now been confirmed — making a total of 25 concerts in all. The extra bookings include a major London appearance at Hammersmith and four shows in Ireland. And as reported, the tour ties in with the release this weekend of his new Chrysalis album 'Falling In Love'.

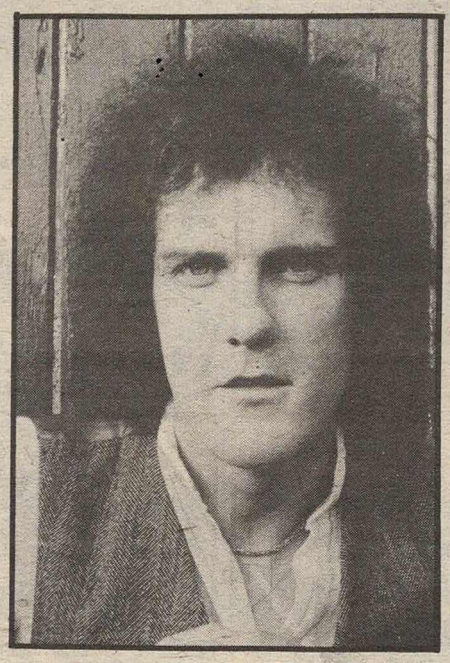
The new dates are at Reading Hexagon Theatre (March 23), Ayr Pavilion (April 4), Edinburgh Odeon (6), Redcar Coatham Bowl (8), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Rooms (12), Aylesbury Friars (14), Sheffield Top Rank (15), Bristol Locarno (16), Cork Arcadia (19), Dublin Stardust (20), Portrush Arcadia (21), Belfast Ulster Hall (23), Liverpool University (25), Aberystwyth University (27) and London Hammersmith Odeon (29). And there's a date switch for the gig at Cleethorpes Winter Gardens, which moves from March 26 to April 10.

Essex adds eight more

DAVID ESSEX has added eight new venues to his upcoming UK tour. The first five extra dates come at the beginning of the tour, which now kicks off at Southport New Theatre tomorrow (Friday), followed by Blackburn King George's Hall (17), Stoke Jollees (18), Sheffield Fiesta (19) and Wakefield Theatre Club (20). The other three new bookings tack on to the end of the original itinerary — at Preston Guildhall (April 6), Liverpool Royal Court (7) and Leeds Grand Theatre (8). Additionally, Essex is now playing two performances on his dates at Newcastle City Hall (March 27), Hull Dorchester Theatre (28), Coventry Theatre (31) and Portsmouth Guildhall (Apil 4).

GRAND HOTEL FOR HEADLINING DATES

GRAND HOTEL, who've just completed a series of nationwide dates supporting Cheap Trick, are back on the road this week in their own right. Dates set so far are Burton 76 Club (tomorrow, Friday), Nottingham Boat Club (Saturday), Uxbridge Brunel University (Sunday), York Revolution (March 21), Kirklevington Country Club (23), Manchester Polytechnic (24), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (25), Hatfield Polytechnic (29), Scarborough Penthouse (30), Retford Porterhouse (31), Norwich Boogie House (April 1), London Woolwich Tramshed (3), Wolverhampton Lafayette (6), Birmingham Barbarella's (7) and Jacksdale Grey Topper (8). These are their first headlining dates since the release of their debut CBS album 'Do Not Distrub'.



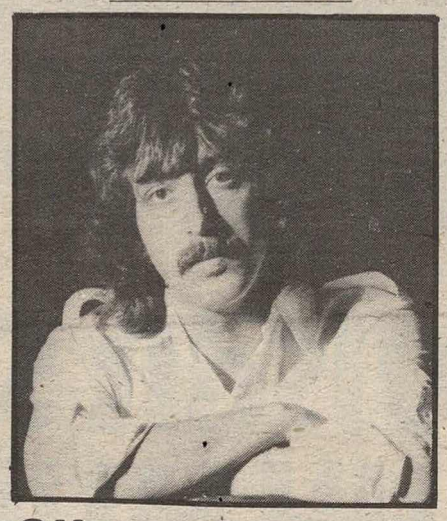
Digance back on the club circuit

RICHARD DIGANCE, now an established concert performer, returns next month to the folk club circuit for the first time in four years. Object of the exercise is to debut new material before recording his next Chrysalis album. Dates confirmed so far are Stevenage Leisure Centre (April 1), Swansea White Swan (3), Reading Cap & Gown (5), Betchworth Red Lion (6), Portsmouth Centre Hotel (8), Cheltenham Plough (15), Brentwood Youth Centre (17), Sherborne-St.-John Cob & Pen (20), Leeds Packhorse (21), Hitchin Talisman Club (22), Trowbridge Lamb Inn (23), Alton Market Hotel (25), St. Ives Manchester Arms (26), Milton Keynes Stantonbury Campus (27), Birmingham Hare and Hounds (28), Islwyn Folk Club (29), London Putney Half Moon (30), Sutton Red Lion (May 3), Bristol Stonehouse (4) and Coventry Burnt Post Club (6).

Oldfield: two in provinces

MIKE OLFFIELD, already set for six major London concerts at the end of next month, has now added two provincial dates to his itinerary — at Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (May 6) and Manchester Belle Vue King's Hall (7). Tickets at both venues cost £5, £4 and £3, and postal bookings are being accepted immediately — for Birmingham, write to Midland Concerts Promotions, Cooper House, Brockhurst Crescent, Walsall, West Midlands; for Manchester, to the box-office.

Tickets will be on sale to personal applicants at box-offices and leading local record stores from March 19 (Birmingham) and March 26 (Manchester). These two gigs will give another 13,000 people the opportunity of seeing Oldfield performing with the 45-piece orchestra, with whom he is currently touring Europe.



Giltrap in town

GORDON GILTRAP makes two London appearances next week, as the climax to his current tour. Together with his band, he's at The Venue in Victoria next Monday and Tuesday (19-20). Admission is £3.

● TINA TURNER also has a late booking at The Venue, in addition to her other two London apperances. It's this Saturday (17), when she plays two shows at 9pm and midnight. Admission is £4.

BURL IVES FOR HUGE UK TOUR

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the massive spring tour by near-legendary folk performer Burl Ives. In addition to his previously reported concert at London Royal Festival Hall on april 16, over 30 more dates have been set — and these are:

Hull New Theatre (April 12), **Wolverhampton** Civic Hall (17), **Reading** Hexagon (18), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (19), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (20), **Preston** Guildhall (22), **Malvern** Winter Gardens (23), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (24), **Brighton** Dome (25), **Halifax** Civic Theatre (27), **Derby** Assembly Rooms (28), **Leeds** Grand Theatre (29), **Chatham** Central Hall (May 4), **London Woolwich** Odeon (5), **Weymouth** Pavilion (6), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (7), **Hanley** Victoria Hall (11), **Liverpool** Philharmonic Hall with The Spinners (13), **Nottingham** Albert Hall (15), **Peterborough** ABC (16), **Aberdeen** Capitol (18), **Usher Hall (19), Manchester** Free Trade Hall with The Spinners (20), **Glasgow** Theatre Royal (23 and 24), **Kilburn** Gaumont State (27), **Blackpool** ABC (28), **Eastbourne** Congress (29), **Slough** Fulcrum Centre (31) and **Ely** Cathedral (June 1).

Prior to the tour proper and before he goes to Europe, Ives plays at Oxford University Sheldonian Theatre this Saturday. And to complete his chedule, there are plans for him to give an open-air concert in a London park on June 3. He'll also be making several TV appearances during his visit.

Sabbath's new phase

BLACK SABBATH begin a new phase of their career this month, by signing an exclusive personal management deal with top agent and Jet Records chief Don Arden, who is now busy clearing up the many business and legal problems that have dogged the band for so long. They're about to start work in America on their new album, using a top U.S. producer (instead of producing it themselves, as in the past), and they plan to tour Britain later in the year.

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ACCESS BARCLAYCARD VISA WELCOME

"ISN'T IT incredible, my dears, what some people will do when they get a hit? I'm appalled to hear that journalist-for-a-day Chrissie Hynde, lead singer of little known pop combo The Pretenders, has begun to behave somewhat like Farrah Fawcett Majors (34) — the American pin-up girl. What seemed like only a day after their admittedly catchy single entered the charts, I hear that Chrissie immediately began to refuse all offers of being interviewed — despite stern protests from their record company.

"Finally, Chrissie capitulated and relented to allow a rival music paper to interview her — only on condition that she was able to read the copy (as we call it in the trade) before it was printed. As a result a suitably simpering (and incredibly long) piece appeared in the rival paper. Just why she should suddenly behave like an American superstar (when in fact her only similarity to the *Playboy* covergirl is her hair — and possibly her age) beats me.

"And at the length at which she rabbits on (like most Americans) I'm surprised if anyone will now be interested in listening, still less in printing unexpurgated dialogue!"

Record Mirror, Feb 24, 1979.

THE AFOREQUOTED sordid little snippet pinpoints not only a sick side to the UK music press's current penchant for tacky and ill-conceived malice but also a good second-grade reason why The Pretenders, and in particular Chrissie Hynde, don't wish to confer with the press right now.

It is not some sly shot at Costello-style 'silence makes legend' status.

More than anything it is the enlightened policy of a group of people who've all too often observed premature gushes of superlative-strafed copy tossing the proverbial spanner in the works of natural progress, forcing the poor buggers concerned into being yoked and hamstrung by the demands of others cracking the whip and calling the shots.

It's early days right now for The Pretenders, though anyone can see that they're already a crack unit — with a powerful human chemistry linking together the four band members with a bright, hungry young manager, sympathetic record company (run by Dave Hill, also the manager) and a cluster of allies including England's best PR, Moira Bellas *(It'll take more than that to get you back on Warners' mailing list — Ed.)* and an affiliation with the uncannily successful "Red Shadow" market research team who are currently responsible for a good 50 per cent of the hits squeezed into the Top 30.

Even though "Stop Your Sobbing", despite relentless radio play and a *Top Of The Pops* appearance, has failed to blitzkrieg the charts like everyone expected and is currently slipping down after tickling the golden staircase of the Top 30, it's going to take some human volcano of a band to trump this crew's clout this year.

Manager Dave Hill knows that. Sitting backstage after a university gig in Colchester, Essex, he reminisces about the very real *deja vu* he experienced of two days back when, driving past the Nashville where The Pretenders were presenting their first outright bill-topping crack in London, he saw crowds queueing way round the block in exactly the same fashion as for Elvis Costello's first Nashville gigs.

A handsome, youthful, quiet, but graceful figure, Hill more than any of the band has the confidence, vision, drive and focus to state unblinkingly that this band are destined to go all the way, to conquer Britain, Europe, Japan, America.

His credo is simple but firm: you either go all the way or don't bother even setting the ball rolling.

His label, Real Records, after first failing in a fraught liaison with Johnny Thunders, has now struck pay-dirt with a band virtually formed around a girl formerly notorious for being "a loud-mouthed pain-in-the-arse", "a temperamental bitch impossible to work with."

The above are direct quotes made over the last three years by various insiders — some of them quite well-known musicians.

Hill, however, has stuck by Chrissie Hynde, bad reputation and all, for pushing a year and a half now, consistently ignoring the bad mouthings, tempering out the odd tantrums, most of all *believing* in her ability to come through, working damn hard to achieve that end and consistently putting his money where his mouth was.

Stories documenting the first vital encounter are mildly muddled and contradictory but Hill himself vividly recalls sighting Chrissie at The Vortex.

"Well . . . it has to come down to referring to the old cliche 'star quality'."

He laughs slightly at the term. "She just had something that made her stand out."

It should be stressed that he hadn't heard her sing a note, knew nothing about her consistent attempts in the last three or four years to form a band — attempts that caused her to move from her native Akron, Ohio to London (this first trip not made specifically to form a group but more to escape the stranglehold of Rubber City aimlessness), from London to Paris where, barring a few stray club dates in hometown Akron years before, playing hit parade covers in a group also including future Devo mastermind Mark Mothersbaugh on keyboards, a viable offer to be in a rock and roll band first occurred.

The latter outfit never gelled, however, and after a brief return to London Hynde headed back to the Mid West, working ultimately with Jack Rabbit, a local outfit of well respected musicians and the one band that she now regards as the most educational and satisfying project up until The Pretenders.

The urge to ramble back to London came when Malcolm McLaren, at this point (early '76) a forcefield of positive energy for singlehandedly orchestrating a rock 'n' roll resurrection, summoned the feisty Ms H (a former friend who'd even clocked in time working at Sex in mid-'74) along with the likes of Sylvain Sylvain and Richard Hell to invest their energies in this dramatic reconstruction.

The latter pair ultimately backed out but Hynde did make it over and here begins a hazy series of events, with Hynde the Sex Pistols' Number One fan on the one hand but also a little too worldly and unimpressed by the three chord bal-balam to feel fully at home in the myriad settings both McLaren and Bernie Rhodes were forever conceptualising for her.

These included The Love Boys (with Hynde's tomboy looks meant to be played to the androgynous hilt so that gender disorientation was to be the basic name of the game), an unnamed group comprising yours truly, Hynde, Chris Miller and possibly Mick Jones (then referred to simply as 'Brady'), a band named Masters Of The Backside with Chrissie just playing guitar while two guys (one the future Dave Vanian) sang while the future Scabies and Sensible made up the rhythm section, even Big Girl's Underwear with Hynde and Mick Jones predominating.

Some lasted one day, some three, but none lasted more than a week.

Hynde kept on keeping on while all around her the former accomplices — Mick Jones, Vanian, Scabies, Sensible, etc — found their niches and together galvanised a formidable army of punk bands bent on seeing the music business, not to mention the mid-'70s indolent, sloth-like excuse for rock'n'roll, placed under heavy manners.

She applauded the fireworks but felt the proverbial outsider, still doing the whole audition routine time and time again in the vague hope of finding that elusive collection of kindred spirits but only being driven further into depression when, say, tentative link-up with Croydon nutter Johnny Moped and his band ended in her being fired, or, worst of all, when vague plans to help out some loopy Welsh singer on a demo blew-up into her name being wrongfully splashed over a shock-horror story in both the national and music press as prime instigator in some dire project going under the name of The Moors Murderers.

A YEAR AGO I ran into Chrissie — when she was still unsettled by the ramifications of the latter sordid episode. The only positive side to her activities had been the location and purchase of a rehearsal studio in Covent Garden. We talked a little about maybe working together and even spent an evening playing each other our songs.

I recall being unimpressed by her work at that time — the lyrics all seemed to be about "coming home and finding you shooting it up" while her guitar playing, although adequate, still needed a deal of work before the rhythm truly delivered.

Another bum audition.

One year later however and things had changed. Drastically.

"Sentimental gestures only bore me to death
You've made a desperate appeal — now go save your breath
Attachment to obligation through guilty regret
Shit, that's so wet.

You asked me for advice — I said 'Use me dear'
But you're still clinging to somebody you deplore
And now you wanna use me for emotional blackmail
I just feel pity when you lie
Contempt when you cry."

'Private Life' is the kind of song you don't hear too often. There's a sinuous and beguiling reggae riff embellished by guitarist James Honeyman-Scott with a coda that wraps itself around the cold throb of the rhythm perfectly, and Hynde virtually scat-sings lyrics that penetrate emotional situations rock rarely recognises exist.

No more facile "lines" about junk and squalor chic *(We'll hold you to that, Kent — Ed.)*: this is a song that takes George C Scott's classic line in *The Hustler* — "Self pity is the greatest household sport in the world" — and hones it down to one-to-one incisiveness. Dagger sharp.

Or take 'Tattooed Love Boys', a savage paean to middle-class girls who like to play with fire — in this case getting coy with heavy duty bikers:

■ *Continues over page*

CHRISSIE HYNDE. Pic: PENNIE SMITH.

Let's pretend...

(like we did last decade)

NICK KENT waits for the pips

We here at page 7 think that The Pretenders should've been on the cover tis week

PRETENDERS

■ *From previous page*

"I see you
All impressed and half-undressed
Panstick all over the scars and lumps and bumps
Stop snivelling you're gonna make some plastic surgeon a rich man
Oh but the prestige and the glory
Another human interest story
You are that"

And again the music matches the lyric punch for punch. Just like it does on 'Precious' or that dervishly sassy reconstruction of The Mysterions' 'I Need Somebody' or the spooky chilling 'Phone Call' where Hynde plays an anonymous mercy messenger "from a South Jersey call box" brusquely informing a character of his impending doom *("Somebody you used to know is back in town/You'd better go").*

I'VE BEEN granted the second interview with The Pretenders not due to the former close ties with a certain member or because the band are working on some publicity master-scheme. Indeed, though it never got to the point of being a stipulation, there was a definite desire amongst those involved that this piece should NOT end up a cover-story.

What the band — and Hynde in particular — want is to be the subject of a piece of constructive journalism. Constructive, as in perspectively critical; as in not jumping on the bandwagon and gagging on the superlatives; as in hopefully providing a focus for a band who virtually everyone else wants to attitude-dance all over.

To Hynde, this is particularly important because, as she will all too willingly attest, she is hopelessly incapable of quasi-objective analysis of her talents.

"I'm always under this cloud of . . . well not quite self-doubt, but I'm never quite sure of myself. I'm certainly not, say, like Patti Smith who's always coming out with these statements about how she sees the greatness of her art and how great her band is. She seems so damn adamant about her own self-esteem, y'know."

I counter that simply as a performer Hynde must have some quotient of 'ego' pumping it up for her, just to get out there and sing her own songs.

"No." Her laugh is almost self-effacing. "No, not at all. I've never had an ego. Christ, I've often really wished I had one,

I mean really, because I'm so . . . oh, I don't know, I just wish I had some objective vision on my personality. It's weird because with my loud mouth and my being very, very temperamental — like I can get very, very upset over petty little details and all — I suppose I could be regarded as coming on like an egotist. But I never feel like that.

"Like I remember you saying to me when I started writing for *NME* — you know, 'Chrissie, just wait 'til you see your name in print, it'll knock you out so much'. Well, it didn't and all the good things that have happened since — from hearing the record on the radio through to being on *Top Of The Pops* — none of those obvious things have provided me with any great bursts of egotistical joy.

"Actually," she pauses for a moment and laughs, "one thing really did give me that rush. Do you watch *Fawlty Towers*? Well, I love it. I love John Cleese, OK. Anyway, in this one episode there's a scene with this guy laying on the bed and suddenly he picks up a newspaper and it's the *Melody Maker* cover with me on it — 'The Great Pretender'. And I just went wow — that got me."

The Great Pretender. "For some reason I was thinking about the Sam Cooke song," Chrissie recalls, "and it was a real last minute thing because the record had virtually been pressed and everything. So it was The Pretenders — which was kinda neat if only because it's totally unpretentious."

Former name suggestions were scarce, although at one point The Rhythm Method looked like sticking.

Hynde was adamant about one thing.

"From the first day I met Dave, I made it perfectly clear that no way would it be just The Chrissie Hynde Band. *A* was getting the band. *B* was getting the stage act together. *C* was the record. The last two ended up switching around but otherwise it's been done to the letter, really."

Workin' out with THE PRETENDERS (L-R): James Honeyman-Scott, Pete Farndon, Chrissie Hynde, Martin Chambers.

The formation of The Pretenders involved effort, coincidence and luck. A drummer, one Gerry Mackleduff, was initially involved; he turned out to be unsuitable but did provide an introduction to bassist Peter Farndon who'd just returned from the dubious joys of playing in an Australian combo named The Bushwackers. Farndon turned out to be another stranger to the stringent dogmatism inherent in so much punk rock of the '76-77 period, but clicked personally with Hynde as well as proving to be a more-than-adept musician.

Next to arrive was the redoubtable James Honeyman-Scott, equally proficient on guitar and keyboards. In one brief audition he proved his worth, but commitments in his native Hereford — including a fiancee and a band (as well as the possibility of going up to Rockfield studios and working in the shadow of his idol Dave Edmunds) — caused him to hesitate.

The crunch came when Nick Lowe, an acquaintance of Chrissie's since 1974 (when the pair plus Dai Davies had driven up to Rockfield to watch Del Shannon record there) and a source of benevolent encouragement, was sent a demo tape of Hynde's which, amongst songs like 'Made To Measure', a Stax-Volt affair, 'Hymn No. 3' and 'Tequila', a C&W-slanted number, included a version of 'Stop Your Sobbing' from the first Kinks album — an album that a girlfriend of Chrissie's had owned back in their adolescence in Akron and for which she'd always held a great affection.

Guessing that Lowe would take to the potential of 'Sobbing', Hynde's calculation paid off when he duly phoned up from a call box *(Are you sure it wasn't a home pay-phone, Nick? — Ed.)* one Sunday and gushed: "Chrissie, I'm amazed and stunned. I definitely want in on this act."

Although in the midst of recording both his own 'American Squirm' single and the 18 songs that would eventually be paired down to become 'Armed Forces', Lowe took the group into the studio to record 'Sobbing' and 'The Wait' in one day.

The juxtaposition of the tracks made excellent sense, with the tender mellifluousness of 'Sobbing' contrasting totally with the St Vitus' Dance pulse of 'The Wait'. To those already familiar with Hynde's voice, the latter seemed the real deal; 'Sobbing' merely appeared to demonstrate Nick Lowe's skill in giving us a late '70s Sandie Shaw as he used his protege's uncanny skill as an impersonator of other women's singing (everything from a masterful Tammy Wynette to a brazenly accurate Aretha Franklin).

The Shaw parallel has since caused a minor controversy. While not finding the comparison unflattering, Hynde still maintains she had little knowledge of the '60s singer at the time of recording and has only subsequently become acquainted with Shaw's hapless quaver through David Johansen who, after The Pretenders had supported him in Birmingham, played her his cherished Sandie Shaw greatest hits album as well as teaching her the chords to 'Girl Don't Come', the current Pretenders' encore played alongside 'Sabre Dance'.

THIS ENCORE is dutifully performed at Colchester one Saturday as the climax to a strong set played before a disorientatingly incongruous crowd. Students, punks, heavy metal fans and bikers are all in attendance and the atmosphere is edgy.

The pack flanking the front of the stage aim the odd gob at Chrissie and the occasional can of beer at

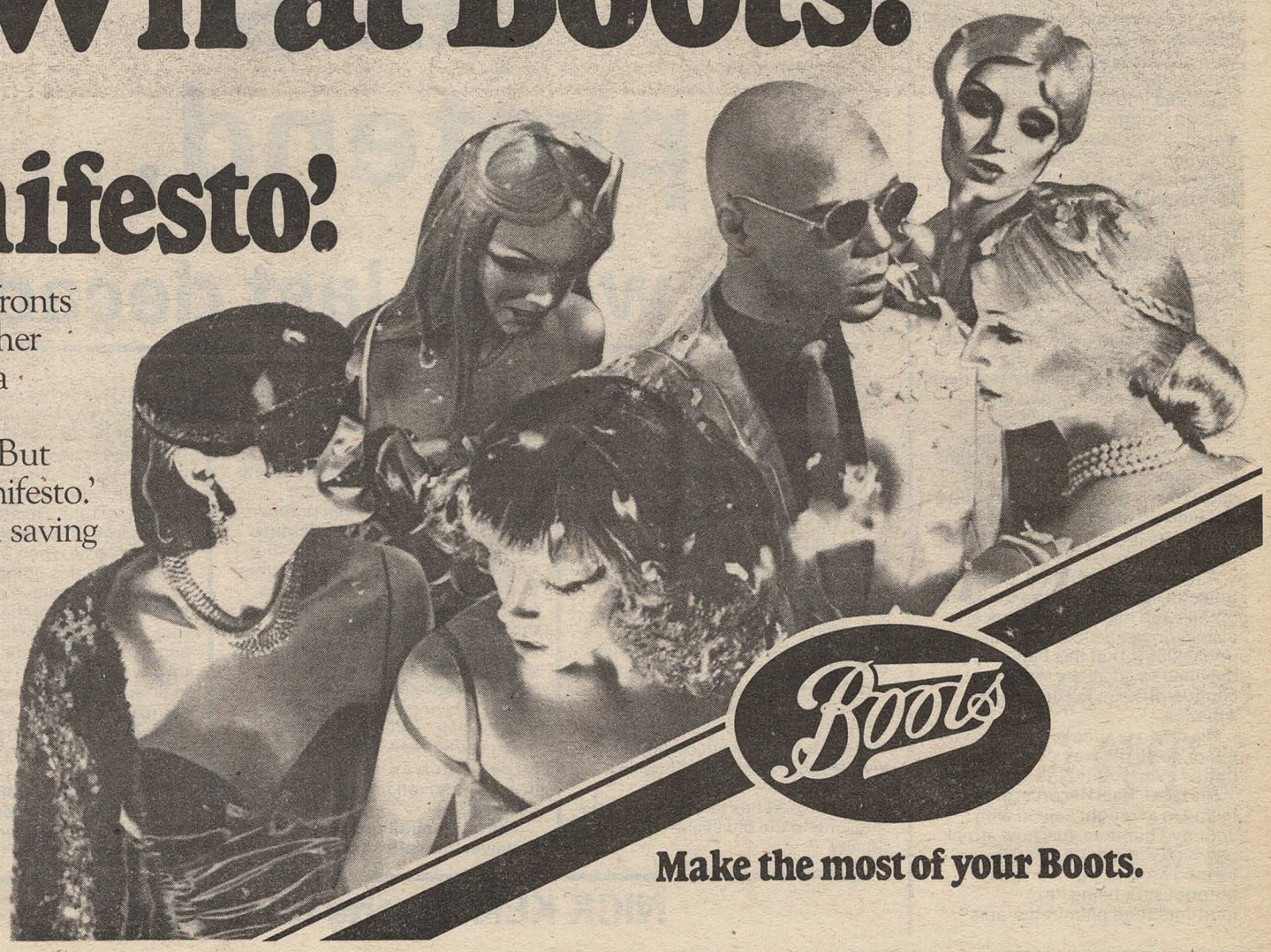
■ *Continues page 24*

Catch Roxy's come-back down at Boots.

£1 off 'Manifesto'.

Roxy Music are back. Brian Ferry fronts the re-formed set-up and, with three other original members, the band's all set for a rapturous return.

You can see Roxy on tour in May. But first catch their brand new album, 'Manifesto.' You'll find it at Boots for just £3.99*– a saving of £1.00. And there's also 50p* off the cassette.



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Paul King for Outlaw Concerts presents

THE TRB TOUR

MARCH 20th SWANSEA, Top Rank
21st EXETER, Routes
22nd PLYMOUTH, Polytechnic
24th BELFAST
25th PORT RUSH
27th COVENTRY, Locarno
28th SUNDERLAND, Mayfair
29th SOUTHPORT, New Theatre
30th NOTTINGHAM, Malibu
31st BRIDLINGTON, Spa
APRIL 1st BLACKBURN, King George's Hall
3rd DUNSTABLE, California Ballroom
4th HIGH WYCOMBE, Town Hall
5th SOUTHAMPTON, Gaumont
6th GUILDFORD, Civic Hall
7th LEWISHAM, Odeon
8th WOLVERHAMPTON, Civic Hall
9th ILFORD, Odeon
10th IPSWICH, Gaumont

"Steve was a rebel and a boozer
The AC king of teenage cool
He was a cleancut calculating cruiser
Broke the heart of every kid in school"

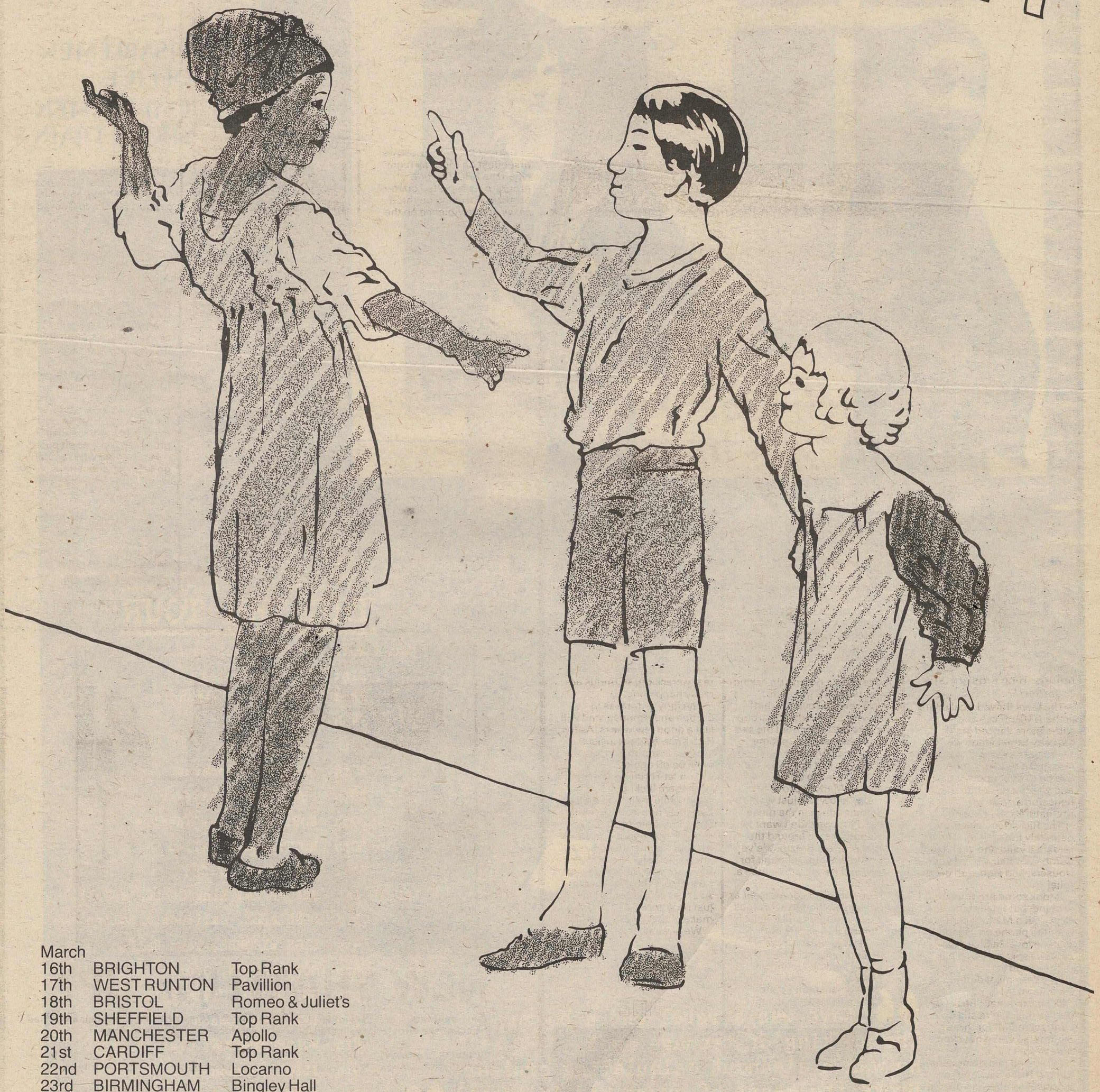
BLACK ANGEL.

TRB TWO

The new Tom Robinson Band album

produced by Todd Rundgren

CULTURE ON CUMBOLO TOUR



March		
16th	BRIGHTON	Top Rank
17th	WEST RUNTON	Pavillion
18th	BRISTOL	Romeo & Juliet's
19th	SHEFFIELD	Top Rank
20th	MANCHESTER	Apollo
21st	CARDIFF	Top Rank
22nd	PORTSMOUTH	Locarno
23rd	BIRMINGHAM	Bingley Hall
24th	LONDON	Rainbow
25th	LONDON	Rainbow

European representation Steve Hedges, Bron Agency Ltd.

CUMBOLO (Friendship) The New Album From CULTURE Out Now On Virgin's Front Line FL1040

THRILLS

RICH KIDS way back when (L-R): New, Matlock, Ure, Egan.

Rich Kids — have they or haven't they? (And if not, why not?)

HOLD IT! Don't pull the trigger yet! Put the cap back on that bottle of pills! Averting a million suicides at a stroke, it's our privilege and pleasure to break the glad tidings: Rich Kids are *still together!!*

The tears flowed freely here at the *NME* offices and sub-editors danced in Carnaby Street when we heard the news: yes, we'd bungled it again! Our heroes live on to fight another day, and all previous obituaries are henceforth declared premature and obsolete.

The Rich Kids have most definitely not split up. They remain a valid and viable unit. Comb your hair, adjust your trousers, and sigh with deep relief.

It took some prodding and probing, but finally cute but cagey Glen Matlock confessed over the phone on Monday that the lovable Rich Kids *couldn't* split up — even if they wanted to.

And they most definetely don't want to!

Glen explained: Basically, it's like this. We're still under contract to EMI for three more albums, so we're not even *able* to split up.

"We're all just doing other things. There's no animosity amongst us at all, no daggers are being thrown, we're all still friends. We're just resting.

"Midge has been doing some production work — not Rusty incidentally — and has written a song with Lynott called 'Get Outta Here' for the next Lizzy album, and Stevie New is going to play with Pat Paladin's new group, and me and Rusty have just finished touring with Bette Bright.

"We haven't split," Matlock emphasises," because it's like an impossible thing for us to do. We're just doing other things.

"I tell you, EMI were well surprised when they opened last week's *NME* and saw that we'd split! And we've had loads of kids ringing up asking what the hell's going on."

We can well believe that! But why all the outside-group activity that prompted the sad misunderstanding that the flashy poppers were defunct?

"Oh, we just don't feel it's the right time to do another album," Matlock proclaims, "and, y'know, we just want to do other things in the mean time. Plus, we didn't want to do another slog around the clubs of Great Britain. We've done lots of gigs, enough for now, and we all just wanted a change."

Everything becomes clear at last — even though scurrilous gossip-mongers still persist in claiming that all this outside business is *not* temporary but decidedly permanent — such as New's involvement with Pat Paladin.

And what about young Glen's participation in Iggy Pop's new group?

"Well, like Iggy just phoned me up! Great, y'know, haven't played with him yet, haven't started rehearsing, but I'm really looking forward to it all. It's going to be an interesting experience. I mean, Iggy's good! And the new album's really cracking, so things are really happening."

The Iggy tour takes in Europe and America, and will last a good few weeks. As for Rich Kids, Matlock insists: Give us a month or so and we'll be off again."

And let Thrills be the first to wish them luck! But meanwhile their label EMI are curiously non-committal about the state of play. "The group's management's point of view," commented an EMI spokesperson, "is that they have not split up. So we'll just take it from the management. As far as EMI is concerned, it's just no comment. . . you can make of that what you will!"

We already have.

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS

Anxious Rich Kids fans await new developments

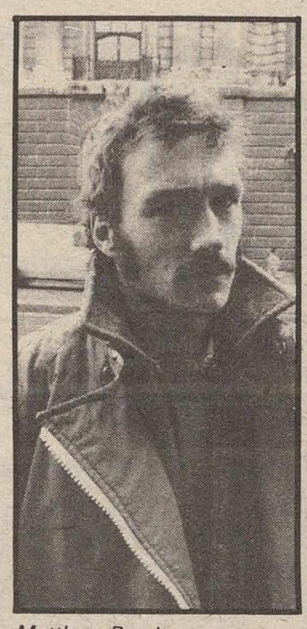
BOUNCERS: WHO GUARDS THE GUARDS?

A CAMPAIGN to control the activities of bouncers has been started by Matthew Bowles, twin brother of Henry Bowles, the 24-year-old mechanic who died as a result of injuries caused by bouncers at a London Subway Sect gig in 1977.

The campaign received its first boost on Monday night, when the BBC *Tonight* programme reported on the problem, focusing on three cases where violence on the part of bouncers had led to the deaths of members of the public, whose lives it is supposedly their job to protect.

The central subject was the Bowles case, in which two men, John Godden and Frank Flood, were found guilty of manslaughter and common assault respectively, and received sentences of twelve months and three months in prison. The details of the trial were reported extensively in *Thrills* (9.12.78).

There was also the case first reported in *Private Eye* of Billy Hogarth, who was punched to death outside a disco in Scotland last October (covered in *Thrills,* 10.2.79) and that of Peter Stubbs, kicked to death outside Cindy's Club in St. Helens in the spring of '77. This case only recently came to light, when a policeman who witnessed the murder was fined for neglecting his duties. At the time he thought that the three men involved were simply "ejecting a customer from the premises."



Matthew Bowles

Matthew Bowles, angered by the senseless death of his brother, decided to organise an active campaign after the GLC told him: "Show us there is a problem and we may do something about it."

Bowles first move is a petition, aiming to collect signatures from three areas:

1. Friends and acquaintances of Henry Bowles — to refute the notion that the kind of person who gets assaulted by bouncers is the kind of person who was probably asking for it anyway.

2. People with direct experience of bouncers (promoters responsible for their hiring and supervision, artists, groups, clubowners, and people who have been beaten up by bouncers).

3. People concerned with public safety (MPs, councillors, and pressure groups such as the National Council for Civil Liberties).

NME readers wishing to sign the petition should contact Matthew Bowles at 33 Montague Road, Cambridge CB4 1BU.

The petition will be presented to the GLC and to the Home Office, and will support MP Bruce George's Private Members Bill which seeks to bring all security firms under public control. In other words, all security firms employing bouncers, and the individual bouncers themselves, will have to register with and be licenced by an offical body.

A bouncer argued on Monday night's programme that making them accountable for their actions will encourage people to provoke them. *Not* making them accountable, on the other hand, could encourage just the opposite, and the need for measures such as those proposed can't be disputed.

Few people who regularly go to clubs, concerts or discos will dispute an impression of these characters as often — though not always — being either intimidating untrained gorillas or else outright thugs: an impression confirmed by the volume of mail we receive on the subject every week.

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

We here at Thrills say that bouncers should've been on the cover

Now if THIS doesn't make him think twice . . .

NEW SHAM LINE-UP?

WAIT A minute. . . have Sham 69 backed the wrong revivalist fad, or what?

Jimmy and the Ferrets miming to Bay City Rollers records at the Walton Hop in the year 1975 is what.

Jimmy as in Pursey.

Bay City Rollers as in Britain's seat-screaming supremos until it dawned on them that they could make more money Stateside — in case you can't remember or are too young to care anyway.

Jimmy and the Ferrets won the annual talent contest three years running with their fabulously accurate Tartan Terror take-off. Our picture shows them scoring the hat-trick, and if you're through laughing at the trousers, you might note the lack of amplification and dangling guitar leads. . .

"I've always enjoyed miming," Jimmy told the *Surrey Herald,* after their show had left local fans spent and dizzy.

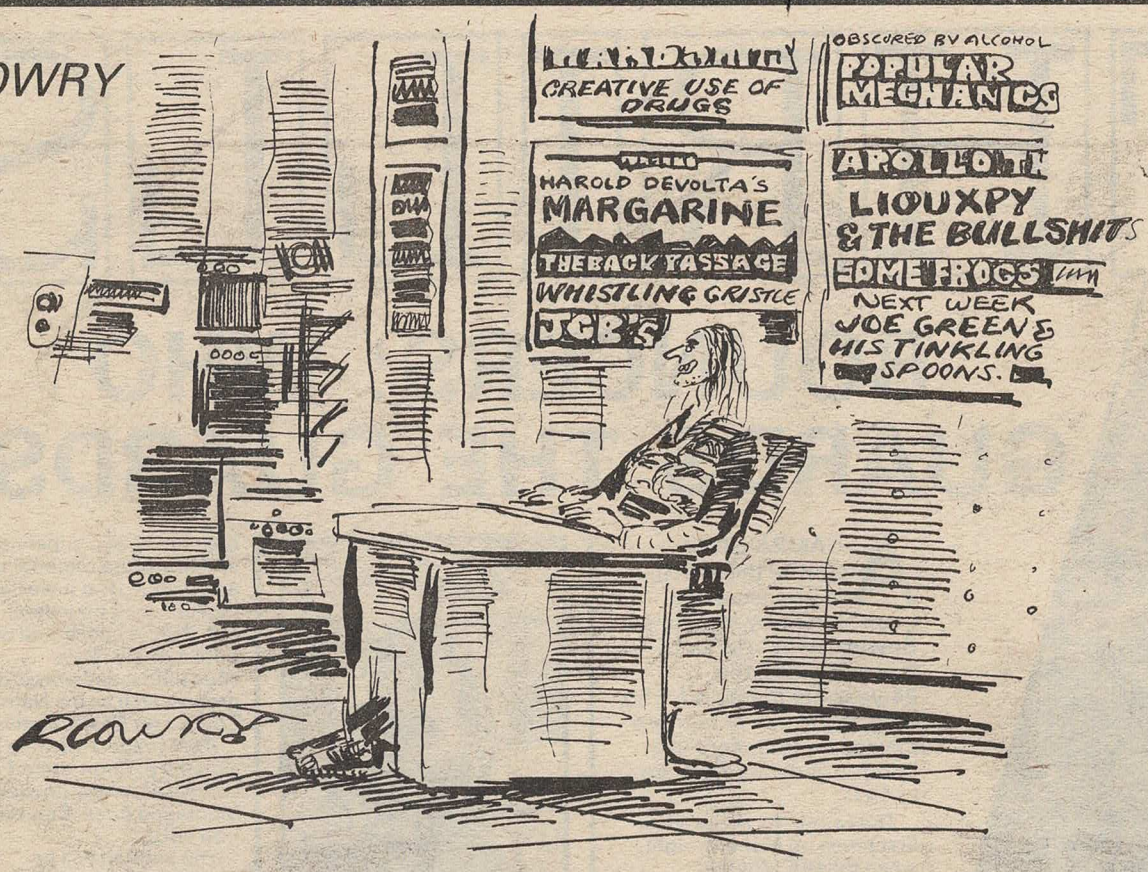
"In the past I have done Mick Jagger and Gary Glitter. But we are all great fans of The Bay City Rollers," he added — presumably straight-faced.

The real Rollers even came along to see them once, and were flattered to the point of giving the Ferrets free tickets so they could understudy.

Yet even then Jimmy was taking matters seriously, with plans for the Ferrets to actually learn to play so they could do a proper live set — although the mime act was apparently quite a success. Summer bookings were coming in from places as far afield as Bournemouth and Bognor!

One way of pulling the birds, eh Jimmy?

THRILLS



'Hi! Hello. Anne Nightingale couldn't make it this week, so I've agreed to do the show in drag."

This man gave Tony Parsons an exploding cigarette and lived. Pic. GEORGE BODNAR

Aussie freak proves well Duffo

LOOK AT the geek, he wants your attention, look at the geek, he wants to be famous . . .

The geek walks down Carnaby Street wearing an undertaker's suit with black hat, one of those cushions-that-fart shop ties that stand up straight when you press a button, black wraparound Orbison shades and he's tapping a white stick on the pavement pretending to be blind.

What a bleeding laugh, eh?

The puerile pillock has a face like an open toilet bowl made-up with a trowel into mid-period Jobriath Tart gross gloss, pointy plastic Spock ears, cart-dyed coiffure and an elongated anthropoid physique such as the missing link might inhabit after a fortnight on the rack.

Heads turn. Two cops approach this boil on the face of humanity.

"Oy, you," one of them says, "You look fucking stupid, you moron."

The moron is an Australian by the name of Jeff Duff who calls himself Duffo. In sunlight his face is a transvestite wrinkled prune pining for the soft-focus sanctuary of a silk-covered publicity shot camera lens.

"Actually", bleats the freak in a Soho pub, "I've got a *much* worse reaction in England than I ever did back in Australia."

Ah, you can't grumble — there was that coy exposure and stale banter last week on the *Russell Smarmy Show,* national airtime this week on the *Olde Bland Wrinkled Mess* . . not bas for a hapless hype whose Beggars Banquet album is merely insipid Electric Chairs imitations (once you know his broad accent is the real thing, the single "Give Me Back My Brain" losses its charm faster than you can say, "Bruce Is In Charge Of The Logical Positivism Department"), whose sole claim to stares, copy and cash is being one more side-show in the Freak Circus routine, that sad parade of travesties of the human form for ackers and . . . *attention.*

"People call me faggot, fruit, poof, lot's of things," reveals The Duff One, sipping from his slim line tonic. "And homo, queer, queen, perv. . . ."

You astound me.

"But I'm none of these things . . . the mystery of my sexuality is that I'm *asexual.*

I just don't *do* it. I couldn't fuck a boy and I couldn't fuck a girl, it just seems so laughable to me, a joke, a game . . . but I like watching, I enjoy being a voyeur."

Apart from his dotard doting on the plastic inevitability of A. Asshole's soup-can scum *demi-monde,* Duffo also has a tiresome love of crass public school rag ball spiffing prang wizzard japes

The pulsating rubber brain, electric shock hand shakes, whoopie cushions, the erecting peckham . . . all these things get on one's tits. But when the Rothman's King Size offered from Duffo's pack explodes leaving just a charred filter between one's index and middle fingers, one dumps the NUJ code of conduct and picks up anything one can lay hands on and aims it at Duffo's head.

"That's great," simpers Duffo, ducking an ashtray. "You reacted. All I'm after is a reaction. Peeople can laugh with me or at me. I've been in two English casualty wards already."

More mediocrity shrieking for your attention . . . more pinhead grist for the publicity mill. Find solace in the fact that the sweaty palms hovering in the wings (Beggar's Banquet, Tony Brainsby Publicity and The Lurkers' Nick Austin as manager) are nowehere near as smart as they think they are.

TONY PARSONS

THRILLS

We're just relieved that this bozo isn't on the cover.

You saw them on the Lene Lovich tour
See them on tour with Bill Nelson's Red Noise
March
14th Bradford St. George's Hall
16th Lancaster University
17th Leeds University
18th London Theatre Royal, Drury Lane

Hear them on record

Fingerprintz 'Who's Your Friend?'

4 tracks for the price of a single
Available in blue vinyl
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COOL for CATS

THE NEW ALBUM

blanco negro

SQUEEZE

Saturday 17th March
THE PORTERHOUSE
NOTTINGHAM
Sunday 18th March
THE LYCEUM LONDON
Friday 30th March
THE NASHVILLE LONDON
Saturday 31st March
THE NASHVILLE LONDON

1 2

A&M RECORDS

THE ALBUM

SQUEEZE COOL for CATS

THE SINGLE

SQUEEZE 3 COOL for CATS

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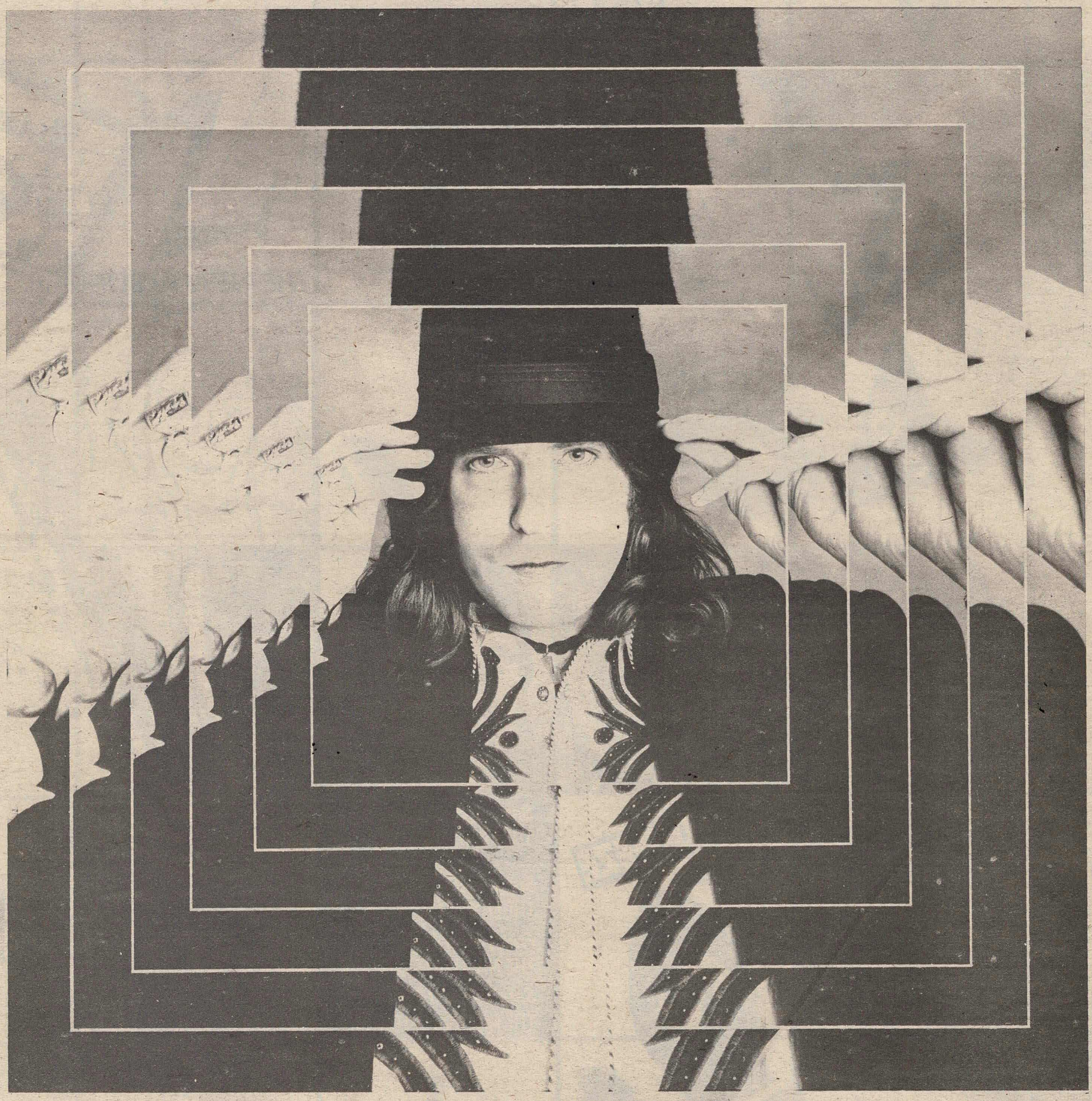
FRANKIE MILLER

GOOD TO SEE YOU



On Tour

MARCH
THURS. 22 READING, Hexagon.
FRI. 23 ST. AUSTELL, Cornish Riviera.
WEDS. 28 CARDIFF, Top Rank.
THURS. 29 BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas.
FRI. 30 HASTINGS, Pier Pavilion.
SAT. 31 NORTHAMPTON, Cricket Club.
APRIL
MON. 2 DUNDEE, Caird Hall.
TUES. 3 ABERDEEN, Music Hall.
WEDS. 4 AYR, Pavilion.
FRI. 6 EDINBURGH, The Odeon.
SAT. 7 GLASGOW, Apollo.
SUN. 8 REDCAR, Coatham Bowl.

New Single

In A Limited Edition Picture Bag
CHS 2299

Chrysalis

On Tour

APRIL (cont.)
TUES. 10 CLEETHORPES, Winter Garden.
THURS. 12 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Assembly Rooms.
SAT. 14 AYLESBURY, Friars.
SUN. 15 SHEFFIELD, Top Rank.
MON. 16 BRISTOL, Locarno.
THURS. 19 CORK, Arcadia.
FRI, 20 DUBLIN, Stardust.
SAT. 21 PORTRUSH, Arcadia.
MON. 23 BELFAST, Ulster Hall.
WEDS. 25 LIVERPOOL, University.
THURS. 26 MANCHESTER, Ardri Cinema.
FRI. 27 ABERYSTWYTH, University.
SUN. 29 LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon.

Long arm of the Liverpool Funk Force . . .

When you're hot . . . Video cameraman holds R. THING to ransom (L-R): Dave Smith, Eddie Amoo, Ray Lake, Chris Amoo. Pic: PAUL SLATTERY

THIS WEEK 'Can You Feel The Force', Real Thing's very high-stepping and most ace dance delight, hit the No. 5 spot in the British singles chart, going silver in the process. The band, understandably, are more than a little pleased with this success.

Not merely because the single is selling in such healthy quantities, but also, and maybe more importantly, they feel that they have at last stepped out of a suit that was much too small for them. Which is to say, they feel that they have matured some since the days of 'You To Me Are Everything'.

It's great to see a black British act come up with such a bouncily joyous hunk of funk as this — but why, I wonder, has it taken so long for the Brits to produce the goods? The answer is provided in a vaguely whacked-out manner by guitarist Eddie Amoo, a staunchly consistent Liverpudlian decked out for the occasion — a video promotion film — in a spectacular patched leather, and the mandatory po-boy cap.

"Basically it's the musicians; we have a great bunch of guys playing with us right now. The best of their kind in the country. Plus, of course, it has a lot to do with the way you put a song together."

Bro' Chris Amoo, lead vocalist, takes up the tale: "You see *any* good musician can play funk, but that doesn't mean to say any good funky musician can write good songs, and that's absolutely important. Eddie and I are writing really strong material now. I mean I listen to bands like the Isleys and Parliament all the time — they are our favourite bands — and I *know* that we can come up with material just as strong. No sweat."

Chances are that if the band get their way the new album will be produced in New York. A step they feel to be most important to the furtherance and development of their music.

"We are really eager to record in the States," says Chris, "because the facilities are so much better there; anything you need to get the sound that you want is right at your finger tips — there's no question of making do. And there's no way that you can have those kinds of facilities in this country unless you've got huge amounts of time and money to spend. Which is one reason why the American funk bands have a sound that is so much better.

"Ideally we would like to take our producer, Ken Gold, across there with us, because we have built up a really strong working relationship with him — plus we feel he is one of the best producers in this country. Of course we haven't got the kind of power you need to be able to insist on things like that . . . yet."

Real Thing's American record company, Epic, are rush-releasing 'Force' this week. Chris Amoo is optimistic about the Stateside end of the operation.

"Epic are behind us all the way, and I have every confidence in their ability and their enthusiasm for our music. If they push our record hard enough over there, there is nothing to stop us taking off. There is no reason why we shouldn't make it. I mean, the sky is the limit as far as we are concerned."

There is no doubt that Real Thing have come a long way since their days as Vocal Perfection, circa 1970. The progression from being a strictly second string pop outfit of dubious worth to Britain's best home grown funk operators is not fairy steps by anybody's standards. However, even so, the Brothers Amoo have retained their grip on the essential ingredients and logic that bring commercial success.

"It's no good just writing to please ourselves, that's easy because we are hip to everything. But it's no good being absolutely hip, and writing cool songs that you and your band can dig if they don't communicate to other people. You have got to communicate, otherwise nobody is going to buy your records, and that is what it is all about."

Real Thing are obviously not playing around. They intend to win this game with a very high points score. And if they can maintain the sumptuously high standard they have set with material such as their current chart climber, then they are a very safe bet indeed.

JOHN HAMBLETT

THRILLS

WHERE WERE YOU IN '74?

LET'S PLAY games. What were you doing in March of 1974, and what have you been doing since? That question was recently put to a whole bucketful of major and minor pop celebrities by New York anglozine *Trouser Press*, as part of its fifth anniversary celebrations this month.

Hey, Nick Lowe, how about you? "I was hanging out. Since then I've been having fun." Wreckless Eric gets off the floor and charms: "I was working at a way to change the world a bit. Now I'm putting the scheme into operation.

Tom Petty contributes the most interesting snippet of his career: "I was saving money to buy a multi-track recorder to tape over 1,000 dogs barking at once. Since then I have recorded 1,568, and I am on the road to a dream come true."

And we learn that in 1974 Meat Loaf lost 25 pounds due to sexual excess. Tom Robinson "had stars in my eyes and holes in my shoes. Since then, I've worked my way up to a good pair of black boots."

Jerry Casale deadpans: "Personally, I was teaching art spuds at Akron University. The group at the time was planting tubers and sorting out the gene pool. Since. . . we've devolved." Jonathan Richman has decided to go back "and sing alone, just like before. People ask me why. . . well it's more naked this way", and Lou Reed says it all: "I was doing 85 in a 55 mile per hour zone. . . still am."

Good game, good game.

PAUL MORLEY

THE TV CONSPIRACY

THEORIES ABOUT television are as numerous as the electrons whizzing down the picture tube. However, some make more sense than others.

The View From Sunset Boulevard is the title of a new book by TV scriptwriter Ben Stein, whose theory is simply that popular television reflects the opinions and attitudes of a small and homogeneous group of people — namely the writers and producers who are the creative force in television.

But their view of the world, as portrayed in such shows as *Kojak, Charlie's Angels, M.A.S.H* and the like, shapes many people's impression of American culture.

Stein found: "Businessmen were portrayed as bad people and workers were good people. High-level police were bad people, representative of a rotten and deadening bureaucracy, and idiosyncratic, rebel cops were the salt of the earth and smart, too. . . Small towns were superficially lovely, but under a thin veneer of corn pone there was lurking, terrifying evil, waiting to ensnare the innocent Natty Bumppo of the big city. But big cities, at first glance jungles where narcotics dealers disguised as real-estate salesmen lurked on every corner, offering heroin and white slavery to small children, were basically friendly, cheerful places. Only in the suburbs was there sanctuary, but even there, in the white frame house behind the picket fence, surrounded by emerald lawns, lurked Mr Big of the Syndicate, paying for his daughter's trip to Europe with the agony of the junkie."

When called upon to explain why the writers and producers hold such uniform views on life, Stein writes:

"When the people who make television are seen as a highly articulate, well-heeled, highly-motivated class on the move, eager to dominate the other powerful classes and groups in society — their entire political and social posture becomes clear. They are doing neither more nor less in seeking to move their class to the top of the heap and to displace whatever stands in the way."

In other words, without any actual conspiracy, it seems a small group of people exert a powerful influence on us all.

MARLON BRANDO was recently back at the same lot where he made *A Streetcar Named Desire* 27 years ago, to play the role of George Lincoln Rockwell, former head of the American Nazi Party in NBC-TV's recently previewed series *Roots: The Next Generation.*

The six-page scene, based on an interview *Roots* author Alex Haley conducted with Rockwell in 1966 for *Playboy* magazine, also features James Earl Jones. This is the second time Brando has played a Nazi, the first being *The Young Lions* in 1958.

The seven-part series follows on directly from the original *Roots* bringing the story up to the present day, and also features cameo appearances from Henry Fonda and Olivia de Havilland.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

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FAWLTY THINKING

How John Cleese became a weapon in the ratings war

THIS IS NOT a backlash, but . . .

Well, yes, I suppose it *is* a backlash in a way, caused by a belief that the new series of *Fawlty Towers* is not as funny, as memorable, or as original as its predecessor.

The degree of bitterness present in any given backlash is in itself an inverted tribute to the very high standards set by the artist or Creative Entity in the first place — a response, disproportionate maybe, but keenly felt nonetheless, to a perceived failure on the part of said C. Entity to maintain said level of flawlessness.

There is no office plot to pull the rug from under John Cleese; no collective agreement that "his fifteen minutes are up". But there *is* a strong feeling that *Fawlty Towers* Version Two has gone significantly askew somewhere down the line; and in view of the almost unanimous national press approval (reminding the hardened sitcom fan of the outrageously sycophantic reception awarded to Leonard Rossiter's ghastly *The Losers* — a case of Emperor's New Threads if ever there was one) it seems appropriate to expand upon this opinion, and, if possible, to discover the reasons for it.

"Trouble begins" four years ago, when intense, brilliant John Cleese follows up the BBC welcome which has accrued to him via his participation in the hugely successful *Monty Python* canon by approaching the Beeb with the kernel of a new comedy idea. The BBC agrees; and *Fawlty Towers* comes into being.

It is a *tour-de-force*. Brilliant characterisation by the writers (Cleese and his then wife Connie Booth, who also plays Polly, the assistant manageress); wicked situation-jokes ruthlessly exposing British pretentiousness, xenophobia, smugness and class-consciousness; excellent acting from all protagonists — and, above all, consistently marvellous performances from Cleese himself, as the neurotic, snobbish Basil Fawlty, owner of the doomed hotel, would-be autocrat who succeeds in dominating only the ineffectual Manuel.

The series is an enormous success for the BBC, and for Cleese. Another series is booked immediately. In the meantime, Cleese and his wife begin living apart; they get together again briefly, but separate again. Divorce follows; but little acrimony. Cleese and Booth will continue to write together.

A year or two pass with Cleese making commercials for General Accident and Accurankle watches. At this time we first hear of a series of privately-commissioned management training films being made by Cleese. Not a laugh in a lorryload. Straight stuff.

Then — last month — the new *Fawlty Towers*.

Here I must be quite clear. There is still plenty to laugh at. But the plotlines have clearly deteriorated. Whereas in Series One these were loose, affording Cleese the necessary elbow-room to provide his portraits of Basil Fawlty Up Against It, now they edge uncomfortably close to conventional sitcom territory. Nothing so gormless as *Are You Being Served*, but still more than a mite *basic*.

The relationship between Basil and his wife Sybil — so carefully understated in Series One — is badly overdrawn to produce a stereotype of Dragon-and-Budgie.

In Episode Two, four minutes are entirely devoted to getting Basil in a complicated physical situation *vis-a-vis* shapely female guest. 'High point'? Basil's hand on guest's tit. Enter Sybil. Outrage, etc.

In Episode Three, a moderate joke about Waldorf salad lasts for twenty minutes.

Basil's manic spiels are now *more* manic, *and* longer — though no funnier. Basil's "wife" Sybil, played in the series by (the superb) Prunella Scales, is made to emerge from behind her calm, uncanny mask to pose as a Yootha Joyce-type Fruity But Frustrated Battleaxe. The guests, formerly drawn with great subtlety, are now mere ponderous caricatures.

The hotel is the same. Connie is the same. The sets are the same, or nearly so. The oafish waiter Manuel, originally used with great effect to display Basil's bullying side, as well as providing a useful supply of quick, coarse humour — but above all a character who desperately *needed* to evolve — has not evolved at all. Three years on, Manuel speaks no English, has not yet seen through his employer's bravado, still allows himself to be bullied and exploited.

It is plain that "ingredients" in the original formula have been identified, and that the new series has been written, not from plotline upwards, but from "selling-points" downwards.

I have no doubt that John Cleese's talent is extraordinarily original. But at the same time his character is hidden from me — even though I've just finished interviewing him.

Cleese's relations with media have always seemed, from a distance, to be uncomfortable. Not *bad*. Obscure. Colleagues who have talked to him have reported him shy. Articles in other magazines ranged from, as Cleese puts it, "the sort of article you can expect when the first question is, 'Tell us something funny that happened to you while you were making the new series, John'", to baffled *reportages* on Pythonia that quoted Cleese and Idle not at all, leaning exclusively on Palin, Jones, Gilliam and Chapman . . . all this reinforced the image of shy introspection and impenetrability.

SO WHEN I contacted the BBC for a Cleese interview, I didn't hold out high hopes of getting anything substantial.

Well, at least an interview took place — which is to say that this wirter spoke to John Cleese for more than half an hour, making notes while he did so. But because (a) it was a phone interview, (b) it was an unexpected phone interview (how does five o'clock on press day grab you? And don't forget I'd left my list of questions at home) and (c) it was a bad interview inasmuch as I asked no controversial questions nor raised touchy topics nor indeed put to Cleese any facet of the above polemic — and wouldn't have received interpretable answers if I had done so — it all rather added up to a non-event.

He's inwardly as shy and suspicious of publicity as ever, but, determined to upgrade himself in what he sees as 'professional' arenas, has drilled himself into a kind of crackly *bonhomie* that at times veers perilously and misleadingly close to Basil Fawlty-style brown-nosing. Even so he couldn't help revealing his real concerns, often by an artifically cheery tone of voice — when irritation would have been more understandable — rather than by words alone.

Finally, at the same time as he was talking to me he was in a BBC studio, editing the fourth episode of *Fawlty Towers*.

I asked him first about whether he had deliberately decided to accentuate slapstick at the expense of other aspects — meaning, of course, was he going for cheaper laughs?

"Certainly one of the things Connie and I decided was that we needed more visual gags. Every phase of them is carefully worked out and in the script."

Why is it that Basil is never allowed to win? It would be perfectly possible to allow him an occasional interesting and undeserved victory, so why the relentless emphasis on losing out?

"Ah, well, you see, Basil's driven by his own Furies. He can't be allowed to win. He's impossible enough as it is. No, we allow Basil to get as close as possible to winning — then snatch it away from him."

I know it's a hack question but . . . are you *like* Basil Fawlty? "That's the sort of question *The Sun* asks." (Chuckle to show there's no offence intended.)

"Partially, I suppose. But don't forget there's another side altogether. Urbane, bland . . . my bank manager side."

A good cue to ask about the management training films he made a while back. To satisfy this side of his personality? "Money, actually. I've always had a very strong need for financial security. A large sum of money." And the TV commercials? "The same reason. Money.

"Do you know how much I got for the second series of *Fawlty Towers?* Well, I don't mind telling you. Fifteen thousand. All in."

For a *second* series? It's a lot to me, but then I'm not John Cleese. What league-leader in any other field would settle for fifteen rotten grand?

Let's just say Rod Stewart wouldn't.

"Eight months work — no, say ten months including editing." Hand imperfectly covers phone. "Don't you think we could do that coming the other way? Yes, yes, that's it." Into phone. "Yes, that's the one. Can we use that? Hello? I *am* sorry about this. What were we talking about?"

It is pure Basil Fawlty.

He's back again. "Three days work buys me six months living. I've just worked it out."

What stage of editing are you at? "Just doing the fourth (out of six) now. Have you seen it? Of course you haven't. The trouble is, not enough studio time — although the Director, Bobby Spiers that's S–P–I–E–R–S and producer Douglas Argent as in silver — got that? — have been very good. I'd say the best in the business. The best I've ever worked with. What was I talking about? Studio time. Yes, well we've 12 hours to edit, not much but what can they do? They've got no money. I understand this."

But he's saying it just the same.

"You know, an average sitcom is about 65 pages of script. We've been writing 129 or so pages and cutting back. Plenty of ideas, too many really."

Do you ever feel like abandoning Basil?

"As a matter of fact, Basil was never conceived specifically with me in mind. I felt at the beginning that someone like . . . Denholm Elliott could have played him very well."

Denholm Elliott? Surely not. "Don't you think so? Of course it's too late now."

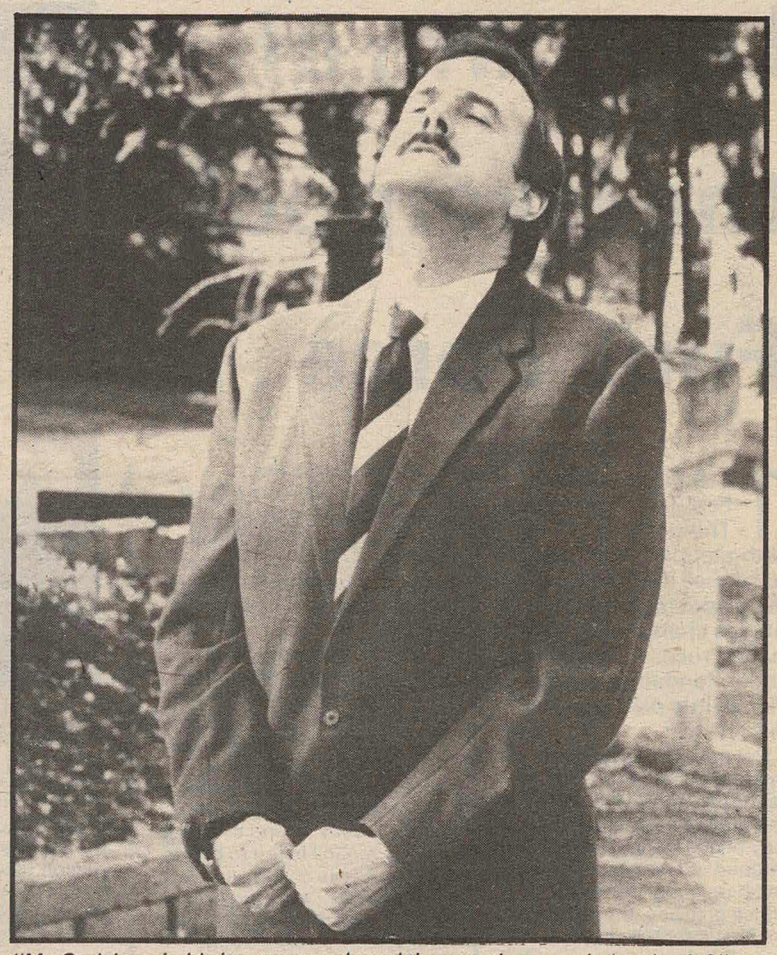
During the course of this disembodied conversation he told me about his writing powers. ("My strengths are logical, as opposed to Connie's; she understands women"); the Python days ("I don't see much of them socially"); his unease at the manner in which Python, and particularly he, were adopted by Our Culture with such tremendous enthusiasm ("All the pot-smoking and so on. Of course I've nothing against *pot* — ridiculous that it's illegal"); the Dailies "A pain in the arse"); and the state of his marriage. All with complete openness. He didn't react in good-copy ways because I asked him no direct good-copy questions. But that was because I my shit together had not got, as told above.

Concluding moral: if your genius feeds on a certain type of insecurity and is furthermore exclusively transitive in style, concentrate on innovation and let your most insane instincts points the way. Ignore what you see as your effect and look inwards for ideas. Accept a measure of financial insecurity as the price of stimulus.

And don't leave your list of questions on the fridge at home.

TONY TYLER

THRILLS



"My God, hasn't this ignoramous heard the one about genius and pain?"

CONNIE BOOTH and ex-hubby CLEESE argue over who'll get the best lines when the divorce goes through.

We here on page 16 nominate The Lone Groover as this week's cover boy (who are the bloody Only Ones anyway?)

The Lone Groover

BENYON

WELL CHAPS, I CAN'T SAY I LIKE THIS TOM ROBINSONS POLITICS....
...OR HIS IDEAS ON GAY RIGHTS....
..BUT WE HAVE TO ADMIT HE HAS BEEN A TREMENDOUS INFLUENCE — SO.....
....HERE'S TO TOM!
REPORT
REPORT
REPORT
ACME TIE COMPANY. 77—79
FAINT

LOVELY CRASH

THE SOUND OF THE DAZZLERS

POP THAT'S BRIGHTER THAN EINSTEIN!

SPECIAL FULL COLOUR SLEEVE!

EVEN THE FACTORY SEEMS LIKE THE BEACH!

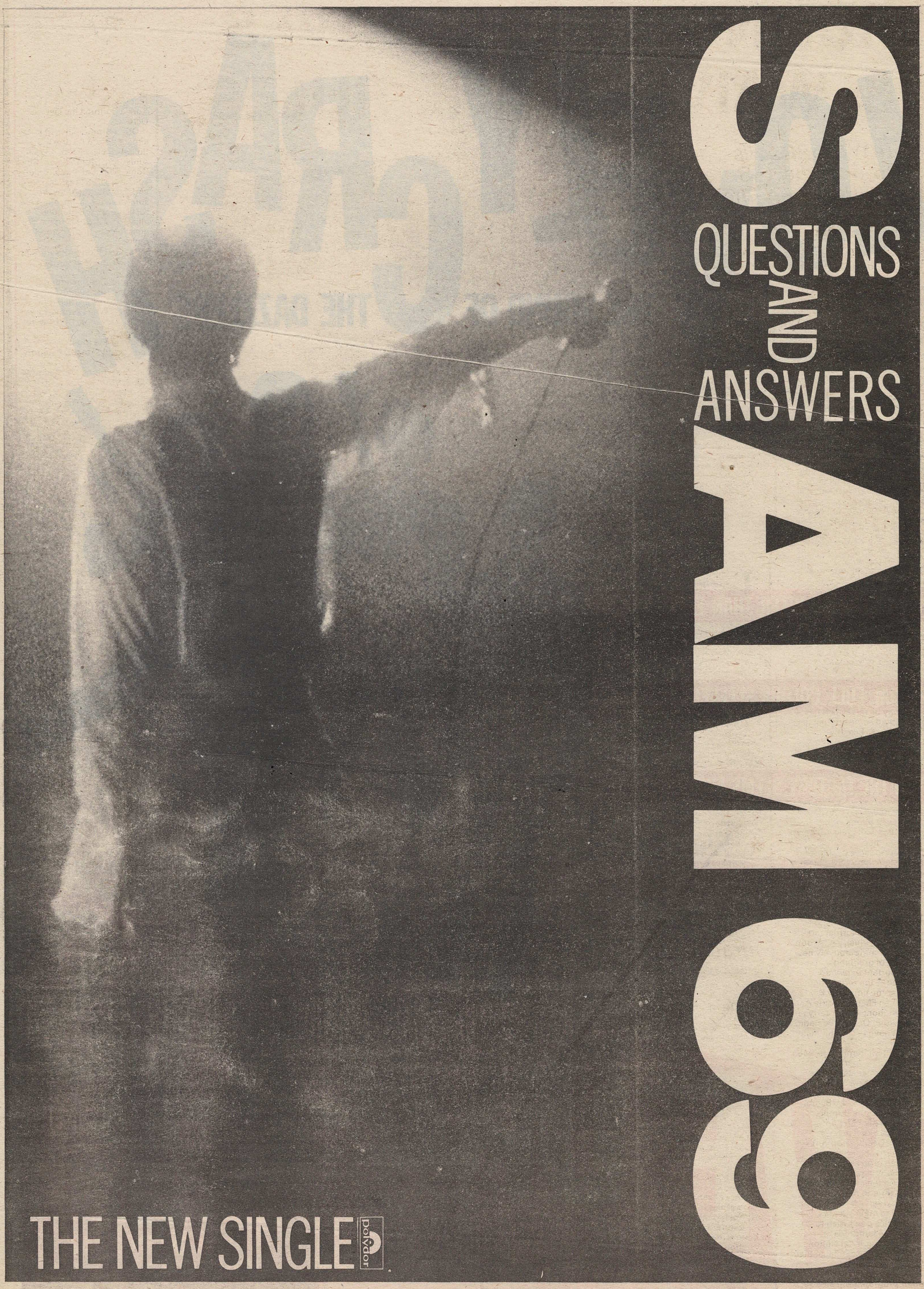
SOUNDS LIKE IT LOOKS!

THE DAZZLERS

CB 330

LOVELY CRASH
A NEW 45

CHARISMA


QUESTIONS
AND
ANSWERS
THE NEW SINGLE
polydor

RULING THE AIRWAVES & WAIVING THE RULES

ROY CARR tells you how to play the U.S. radio promotion game

THE COMMON record company practice of stamping review copy album sleeves with a "Not For Sale — For Demonstration Purposes Only" warning, has always had one strange side-effect.

It makes them a kind of collector's item. To the esoteric hoarder *defaced* means desirable.

Similarly, the proliferation of *official bootlegs* and *radio station programming aids* has bred a new strain of hard-care elitist vinyl junkie.

Now a little explanation is in order.

In America regional radio exerts the same power to expose/promote talent that the British rock press enjoys.

The American record industry is aware of this fact, but no-one dares to openly criticise the all-powerful radio dictatorship. Instead they support the regime — mass-producing formula albums with radio station programme appeal, thereby ensuring their own annual profit *growth*.

You may not know this, but to record companies just showing a handsome profit is not sufficient. If a company is to maintain its prestige on the Wall Street stock exchange it *must* show an annual profit increase of not less than ten per cent.

It may be this which has prompted some companies (like CBS) to hike the suggested list price of many albums to an all-time high of $8.98.

Profit growth economics is just one reason why hard-care New Wave has so far established no more than a cult following Stateside. If the major of stations won't play it, few labels will make a heavy promotional investment.

In some cases it's reached the point where an artist must sell between 50,000—100,000 copies of his/her/their debut album before the label will sign the renewal option in their contract.

So . . . to 'combat' tight playlist Top 40 format radio, the record industry has come up with a comparatively new method of grabbing all-important *extended* air-time — the *official bootleg*.

For some time now key American FM (and some AM) radio stations which carry an AOR (Adult Orientated Radio) format have — in conjunction with various labels/managements — been sponsoring either 'live' concert transmissions (i.e. WNEW-FM/New York — a three hour Bruce Springsteen Special; WRKO-AM/Boston — an entire Donna Summer Show; KSAN-FM/San Francisco — a five hour Grateful Dead marathon), or at least managing to get artists to drop by the station for an interview before plugging their latest product.

And though this kind of *personal* service can only be offered to main stations, the companies don't wish to offend the hundreds of important regional stations who are also essential to their financial well-being.

Hence official bootlegs and other programming aids such as product samplers and 12-inch cuts.

Even if at the same time they are supplying *illegal* bootleggers with top quality source material, record companies are still finding this method of promotion very beneficial.

Instead of underwriting sound truck/hall rentals and local union fees for a one-off 'live' radio show, a label can — for a few dollars more — supply *all* the nation's stations with either a live tape or a specially pressed *very* limited edition promo-only album.

The latter is by far the most attractive alternative.

Unless they're guaranteed a world (or at least a regional) exclusive of a Megastar's latest album, no station will play *any* new album in its entirety — let alone more than an isolated track by Crawler or The Pousette—Dart Band. Yet paradoxically, they may well be susceptible to broadcasting an entire one-hour live concert by such acts, given suitable promo material.

Many companies have been quick to capitalise on this. Aside from syndicates like The Superstars Radio Network and The College Radio Network, Warner Brothers (to name but one label) have inaugurated 'Warner Music Shows' which every month offer taped live concerts (i.e. Todd Rundgren) free of charge.

The only stipulation is that transmission ties in with any other promotion they may have in the area.

Though I don't know the terms of the deal, on a much larger scale, the legendary *King Biscuit Boy Hour* regularly hits 240 stations in the States alone with 'live' shows featuring the likes of Rod Stewart, Yes and The Rolling Stones.

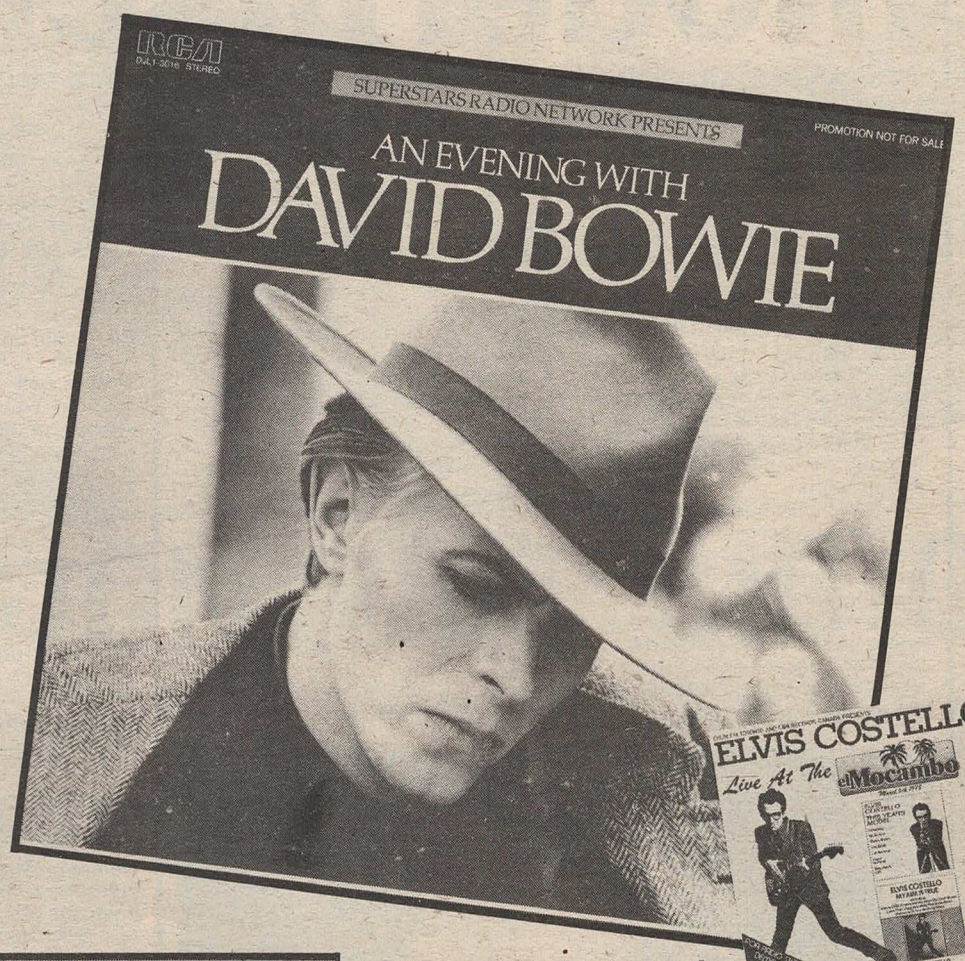
Be it cut on location ('Elvis Costello At The El Mocombo') or before a studio audience ('AC/DC Live From The Atkantic Studios', 'Graham Parker & The Rumour Live At Marble Arch'), in terms of *artistic* control the official bootleg has more attraction to the artist (and the record collector) than a 'live' transmission.

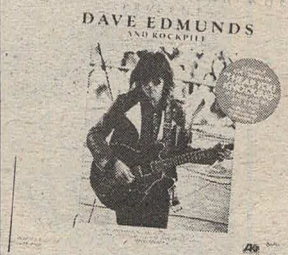
The latter is vulnerable to technical mishap or the artist having an off-night, but the album/tape can be made at leisure.

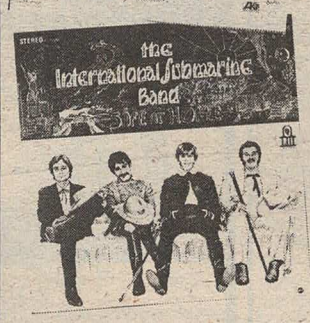
These official bootlegs, radio station programming aids and selected cuts come in various forms.

The official bootleg is a straight concert recording, and amongst those artists who've made them are Elvis Costello, Graham Parker, AC/DC plus Nils Lofgren, Tom Petty / The Heartbreakers, Blue Oyster Cult, Jesse Winchester, Meatloaf, Kansas, Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes, REO Speedwagon and Derringer.

The success of Lofgren's promo-only album 'Back It Up' and 'Derringer Live In Cleveland' resulted in re-recorded commercial live albums. But in both instances the official bootlegs proved infinitely superior.







Another popular variant is the album which is intercut with an interview. Amongst those who've plugged new products this way are George Harrison ('Thirty-Three / ⅓'), David Bowie ('Stage'), Pete Townshend ('Who Are You') and Dave Edmunds ('Tracks On Wax 4') — the latter including a great live version of 'I Hear You Knocking' recorded by Rockpile at New York's Bottom Line last October.

Other promo ploys of a similar nature feature the dulcet voices of Jon Anderson, Brian Wilson, Chick Corea, ELP, Barry White, Jerry Lee Lewis, Ritchie Blackmore, and The Moody Blues. In some instances, the interview sections are open-ended, allowing a local DJ to fire the questions to pre-recorded replies!

Radio station programming aids (like in-store samplers) come in various permutations, including Greatest Hits-styled compilations as road tour back-ups (The Commodores, Kiss, Z.Z.Top, Be Stiff/Route 78 Tour).

Two of the most "collectable" in this category are the Elvis Costello picture disc, with highlights from 'My Aim Is True' on one side and 'This Year's Model' on t'other, and a 12-inch clear orange vinyl platter which has Elvis' 'Radio, Radio' and Nick Lowe's 'You've Gotta Be Cruel To Be Kind' on the A-side and Mink DeVille's 'Soul Twist' as the flip.

Then there are the great one-offs.

Aware that programme directors might be put-off ploughing through the three-record set of *The Last Waltz* soundtrack, Warners compiled a single album of *Waltz* soundtrack, Warners Bee Gees' four tracks from *Saturday Night Fever* ('Stayin' Alive'/'Night Fever'/'More Than A Woman'/'You Should Be Dancing') plus Yvonne Elliman's 'If I Can't Have You' and slapped them all on one 12-inch disco cut.

Dylan selected four *Renaldo & Clara* titles for a 12-incher.

The Stranglers and Who may have had little difficulty editing the "naughty" bits out of 'Peaches' and 'Who Are You' respectively before pressing up limited quantities for radio play, but making The Tubes live double album acceptable for airplay proved much more difficult.

The result was 'The First CLEAN Tubes Album.'

What lengths some people will go to to hear *their* record on a car radio!

But as far as America is concerned, it's radio that sells the most records. So an early investment of a few hundred dollars can, if the wind's in the right direction, offer a multi-million dollar return.

You can't knock those kind of odds.

THRILLS

THE desirability amongst vinyl junkies of all this vinyl junk has, inevitably, led to a boom in gangster activities. This ranges from straight duplication of promotional records supplied by the record companies to the creation of pseudo-promotional copies of rare items.

It's a couple of years ago, now, since a single by Stalk Forrest Group (later known as Blue Oyster Cult) 'Arthur Comics'/'What Is Quicksand?' surfaced as an Elektra promotion copy for radio, but in such abundant quantities that there was no way it could ever have been genuine. Also, we're reliably informed that the black and white label of the aforementioned artefact is not consistent with the labels of genuine Elektra DJ-only discs.

Since then, with the increasing tendency of record companies to create collector's items and thereby generate interest by such devices as 'official bootlegs' (how on earth can you have an official bootleg?), the pirates have been beavering away like there was no tomorrow. Nils Lofrgen, Tom Petty, Southside Johnny and Graham Parker and more recently E. Costello — amongst others — have all had official bootlegs unofficially bootlegged.

It's not only the rarity value of these records, but also the relatively crude presentation of them that makes them such prime targets. Unless he can compare them with the genuine article, the poor (or even rich) collector has no idea whether he's getting the real thing or not. There are, of course, ways of telling. For example, Graham Parker's 'Live At Marble Arch' should have the tell-tale Phonogram ridge around the edge of the label. And more often than not, the sound quality on illegitimate copies of these albums will be inferior.

. . . And NICK RALPHS catalogues the pirate spin-offs

The latest 'official bootleg' to be hit is Bob Dylan's 'Four Songs From Renaldo & Clara', a promo record of which 200 copies were pressed for radio station use. One week it was exchanging hands amongst U.S. Dylanophiles for upwards of $30, and the next it was on sale in some shops for less than $6! Bootleg copies of the Canadian 'Elvis Costello Live At El Mocambo' promo item, Ronnie Spector's extended 12" version of 'Say Goodbye To Hollywood', and the Mink DeVille/Elvis Costello/Nick Lowe three track EP have also been spotted.

Equally popular with the pirates are their own counterfeit version of rare albums. Currently available are The Yardbirds' 'Little Games' and 'John Lennon Sings The Great Rock'n'Roll Hits' — a K-Tel type release that later came out as 'Rock'n'Roll', minus versions of 'Angel Baby' and 'Be My Baby'. Plus regular favourites are Emmylou Harris' 'Gliding Bird' (her very first album recorded for the now defunct Jubilee label), that perennial rarity, 'Safe At Home' by Gram Parsons' International Submarine Band, and inevitably there is plenty of scope in the field of old rock'n'roll issues.

The ethics involved could be-debated for weeks, but obviously a record company that doesn't make something of the standard of 'Renaldo & Clara' readily available to the public is asking to be gazumped. And wasn't a similar situation with the same artist and the same label nearly ten years ago the major catalyst for the bootleg boom of the late '60/early '70s?

Dies' ist der modernische Welt

AND IN the beginning there was darkness. Then, it has been written, the Mood formed the Pistols, Clash, Damned, Stranglers, Vibrators and The Jam and it was good. It is now approaching three years since the genesis, and the high rise, dole queue, boredom revolution is a global business.

We can find The Stranglers in Australia, The Clash in America and The Jam in Germany — we can even find ex-fanzine scribblers being flown on expenses to interview the local lads who've made good.

Don't ask a man to drink and riot, he'll forget his point.

If you've seen the excellent *Blue Collar* film you may have noticed that the role played by Richard Pryor is a very nice summation of the cooled scream of punk revolution — all those who initially made the effort have been 'rewarded' and are now comfortably indulging in other schemes to satisfy the customers that they once were.

But that's not as depressing as it reads. We all know how brilliant has been the soundtrack accompanying the goings on of these past years. Everybody's taste, too, has been in for a service —how many copies did ELP's "Love Beach" dive in comparison to "All Mod Cons" — plus there are still facilities for any Hairbrain Joe to get up and do it if he feels the strain of creation pulsing through him.

This is GREAT Britain. Just shoot onto the Continent and find out if we've got it sussed or what. There's us with umpteen shades of speciality within any one brand of rock/reggae/soul, and there's our EEC cousins appearing like a huge clueless branch of W. H. Smith.

It can be ever so modern to whine about how reactionary the UK is and how the scene in France/Germany/Chad is a beacon to us all, but that, my friends, is more desperate bullshit from clueless posers.

OK UK, OK. In the Fatherland I just wish The Jam had retained one of their old standards and flown that Union Jack above the amps, because we can afford to brag.

BERLIN. The Jam are from Woking. I am from London. So we meet, of course, in Berlin. The theatre is on one of those highstrasses with a name as long as your arm, within a shopping complex where traditional traders like Burger King, C&A, and MacDonalds are still to be found touting their wares.

Inside, the house is well and truly full with a variety of punters — from a couple of dye-in-the-hair punks to a greying bearded man who turns out to be quite an enthusiastic old tomcat at heart. Past the toilets, through some curtains and into a bare concrete chamber which is the 'star' dressing room. Inside the mood is as dank as the trappings suggest, and faces don't perk up none when the member of the press is introduced.

Bruce Foxton, draped over a chair back, raises his head and breaks the thumping silence.

"Take a drink off the table, there's fuck all else happening . . ."

Ah, these wild rock'n'roll parties! Gathered are the band, a couple of roadies, Dick the tour manager and John Weller, Paul's dad and band manager. John is a big-built bloke with a thick shock of silver hair and a voice comparable to that of cockney comedian Mike Reid. Despite his initial appearance, the stocky frame belies an unobtrusive nature, and, although not the first person I'd choose to get leary with, I didn't hear him shout let alone get heavy during the four days I was around.

I was interested to know what Mr Weller Snr. did before coming to grips with the wild'n'whacky world of teenage beat music.

"Ah y'know, all over the place . . . bit a'buildin' — this'n'that. But y'know this might be twennyfour hours a day sometimes, what wiv the travlin an all that, but I don't never think o'this as work, d'ya know what I mean? It'll knacker ya as much as anything I tell ya, but the kicks I get from it well . . . it just never seems as though I'm doin' a job.

"Now look at the group. They're gettin' a bit down because they're playin' these countries, praps for the third time in some cases, an' they might wonder why they ain't in the bigger halls, but even if they crack Europe next year or the year after, to me, that'll still be like making it overnight.

"Because of the way things went at home ya might get to thinkin' it's all a doddle but I know geysers . . . like, I'm an old mate of Ricky Parfitt's dad . . . and compared to an outfit like Status Quo, The Jam have just started. I keep tellin' 'em that but to them it seems like a million years . . ."

In the cheesy bunker backstage conversation occasionally spurts but it's all very claustrophobic and forced. There's not enough room in the room for the trunks with the group's stage gear, so when the nod is given the conversion from Levi's and baseball boots to the legendary suits is done partly in the outside passage.

Rik Buckler keeps his boots on and they loom like grubby ski's beneath his sharp narrow two piece. Bruce Foxton looks him up and down, chuckling.

"What do you fuckin' look like . . ."

In the few minutes of milling about before they go for the stage I find myself in front of Paul Weller. The pair of us stand for a few seconds feeling a bit awkward until we realise the roles we are both cast in require us to BE FRIENDS though because of the phoney chuminess that riddles rock/rock business relations, neither of us knows the correct procedure for establishing common ground and from there to wipe out the obvious distrust that is bound to exist.

A couple of years back it was a simple case of us and them, but now nobody is sure who's with who, why they're there and even if it matters. If I were a rock performer the temptation to view any journalist, particularly any hack on a trip abroad, as a person merely reviewing my band to fulfil a duty tossed his way during an editorial meeting, would be overwhelming.

Weller shatters our mental circles and speaks first.

"Alright? . . . you like a lot of disco stuff dunya?"

"Yeah . . . but loads of other stuff as well . . ."

Christ. You know how it feels when your mate sets you up with his girlfriend's best mate and after the cup of coffee and all that old bollocks you have to play the enquiring wooer whose life itself seems to hang on acquiring information like "Where do you work?" and "So how long have you known Sue?".

Well, there was me and Paul engaged in an equally closeted conversation. We were both rescued when the cry came for the gentlemen to take up their positions.

A FEW MINUTES after they'd punched into the set I realised why I'd wanted to do a piece on The Jam. This trio are just so excellent. From what had been one of the worst cases of backstage depression since Ally Macloud crossed Iran The Jam were flying hard and high, a flush of steel confidence.

It was during this set that I began jotting down about patriotism, their string of magic muscle music creating a mammoth pride in my chest.

'To Be Someone', 'Billy Hunt', 'Away From The Numbers' . . . I mean, even knowing the catalogue of strength they have to fall back on they were truly awesome, and, during an encore masterstroke of Martha and The Vandellas' 'Heatwave', literally breathtaking.

Honestly, this is no love letter. Later on when I was babbling to Weller about how good the set was he too saw how difficult it would be to write a genuine appraisal of a band's music when every other article you read will tell you so and so hold the key to the vaults of paradise.

"Maybe you shouldn't've come," he said. "People are suspicious of good reviews and anyrate I spose we're due some bad press . . .".

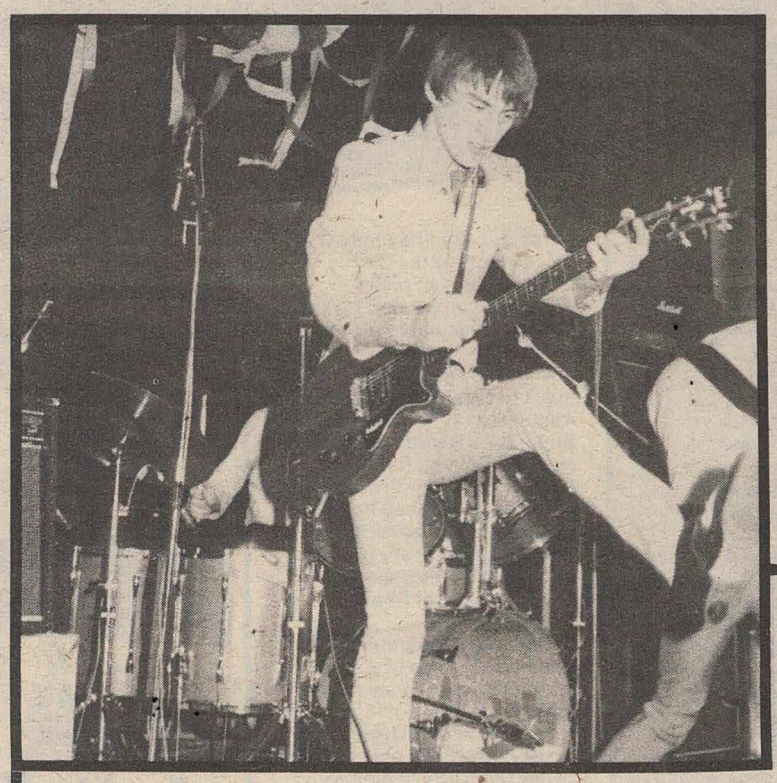
Last week they got some. In the singles column Ian Penman destroyed the new single on the grounds that Weller promoted poetic QPR and Woodbines imagery and in general did nothing to further mankind nor rock'n'roll.

Apparently countless reggae singles and the Public Image album *do* further mankind — but quite how escapes this poor stunted cloth cap. Maybe the prime reason that the Ayatollah seized control was that he advocated mass playings of 'Fodderstompf' or 'Best Dressed Chicken In Town' but I find that questionable.

The argument for the Public Image school of rock is that Lydon and Co are destroying existing rock structures and thereby creating healthy change. Well OK, but that angle of rock'n'roll only exists for those of you so obsessed by the importance of the hobby that it seems imperative to lay a cockamemie theory across everything that even vaguely comes into your idea of how things should be.

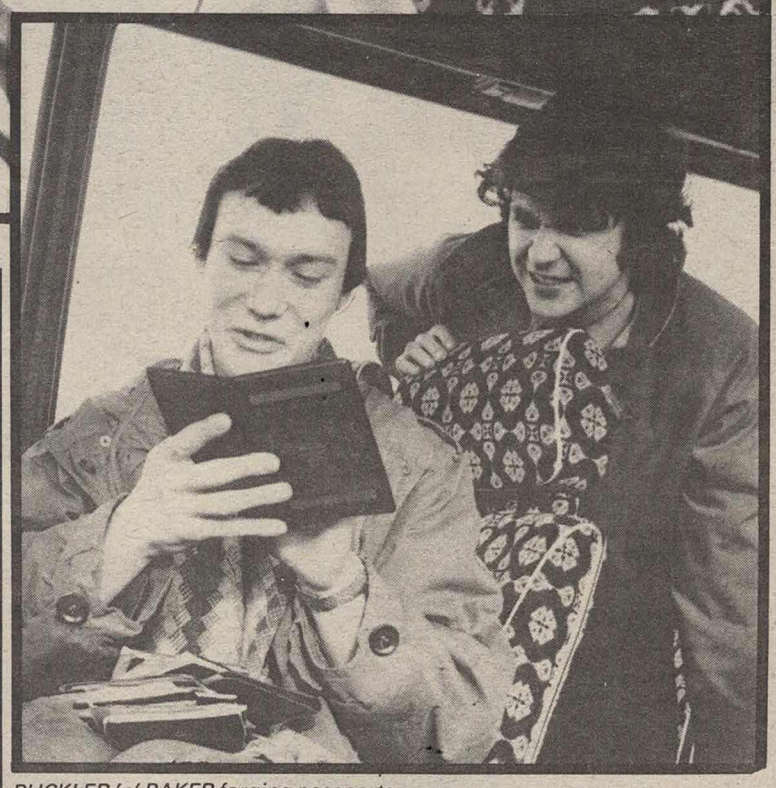
Why, for example, can't somebody be equally interpretive and say that the Public Image LP is an under-rehearsed expensive thrash that is not 'a joke' nor 'revolutionary' at all.

Why? Because then, sir, you are a philistine, a reactionary and a



From left: PAUL WELLER, RICK BUCKLER, BRUCE FOXTON. Top: a Jam jump. All pix: JOE STEVENS.

Ah, these wild rock'n'roll parties . . . PAUL WELLER — pic, JOE STEVENS.



BUCKLER 'n' BAKER forging passports.

. . . Dies' ist, in fact, THE JAM in Germany, where punks go by the book, the Union Jack flies proud, and the Star Club is empty. DANNY BAKER digs the beat and the bratkartoffel

blinkered fool who, in calling the album 'under rehearsed', can't see the wood for the trees. And it's a hard argument to disprove because you are standing by existing 'traditional' rock'n'roll and they talk in terms that can only be judged from hindsight, plus the 'reactionaries' hardly ever bleat back because they'll take their action on the night rather than debate about whether it's valid throughout the weekend.

Enjoyment, another trait of ignorance . . .

In every branch of expression, be it jazz, rockabilly, sculpture, theatre or writing, there will always be factions continually screaming over what is stagnation, what is progression and what is bullshit. That is how the game is played. But the music should always be a firm second to the motives and — and this is touchy — the morals of the artist as far as reviewing the case goes.

Weller was also chided for "penning singles for a mythical jukebox".

Well, sure, but the jukebox isn't mythical. Jam singles can be found at Al or whatever and sound excellent. If, of course, the crime is to pen 45 gems for public-playing then The Jam are stone guilty.

On this side of the fence let it be said that the single 'Strange Town' is, along with The Gibson Brothers' 'Cuba', the real heavyweight so far this year, and that it should be better than any track off of the sublime "All Mod Cons" is astounding.

Recently Weller was summed up in a *Record Mirror* article as being "a dull and simple lad". Paul takes the umbrage and guns.

"I read that and thought how ridiculous it was. Alright so look . . . you've seen I'm not like Bruce and Rick in so far as they'll muck around and be loud'n'nat while I'll sit with Jill" — his everpresent and lovely girlfriend — "and prefer to sit and have a quiet drink most o'the time. So journalists see that and think, 'Ah well I've seen Paul Weller do that for 20 minutes therefore that is Paul Weller . . .'

"Plus, when they bung a tape down in front of ya it's kind of expected that you're full of hidden meanings about your songs or you're full of witty anecdotes about being on the road or slagging another group down.

"When, if you look at it, there's him trying to ask important questions and me trying to give important answers when they're never there in the first place. Now this is gonna sound like a massive cliche, but everything I've gotta say — or not got to say — comes out in the records. So just because I ain't got so much to go on about in interviews, which'll make boring reading, it don't follow that I'm a dull and simple lad.

"You can't say that the records are exciting but he aint, even though I aint claiming to be something special, cos, face it I'm responsible for most of 'em."

The conversation turns to promises, promises.

"I spose most, no all, of the groups went back on what they sort of threatened in 1976, and from this point of view you can't blame them. You just don't realise what you're getting into."

Yeah, but The Jam were never into hard-line militancy.

"No, right. But I couldn't say we've never compromised. I mean even little things. I regret like changing the word 'fuck' for radio play and that.

"Even today, though, I'm still pretty sickened by the rock business. There's still so much of that superstar shit all the way through it — getting away with murder when they ain't released a good record for years. You've got to stay dead accessible or you're finished.

"But with record companies . . . I mean, it's OK saying you hate 'em and that you're not gonna have anything to do with 'em, but the only people we meet are the employees, who're just like us and are really OK. You never meet the fat cats up top. You only see the people who're working for you and you can't have a go at them.

"The thing is, though, to guard against thinking that they're all like that. You've got to remember that the blokes upstairs are only after what they can get out of you . . ."

"All the time we're getting rich / You hang around to help me out But when we're skint — Oh God forbid — You'll drop us like hot bricks. I'll tell You what / I got you sussed / You'll waste my time when my time comes."

"Y'know, I've read reviews where it says that my words are pointless, useless. Well, I know that nobody is going to take action because of a song but . . . if I feel it here and it's important to me then what's to stop me putting it in a song . . . what's so wrong in that?"

SOME PEOPLE want blood, and I mean blood. In the Berlin theatre the crowd is on its feet, bobbing gently, which for Germany is quite a party. Still seated at the back are two hardcore punk rockers and the duo are plainly baffled. All their literature had told them The Jam were one of the originals, so when the band hit town it was obviously on with the old black'n'bondage twin sets and touch up on the two tone crop.

The pair had also slapped on some dodgy Dusty eye make-up and, festooned with their badges — "Punk", "I'm A Punk!", and several Sid Vicious and Rotten pictures — had come to see the group vomit on stage as per brochure.

They sat together while the fever raged about their ears, occasionally looking to each other for comfort. Bewildered, they had sought outrage and 48 thrills and had discovered exhilarating pleasure and 45 Motown.

As the reborn power of Martha and The Vandellas trashed their typecast demands for Slaughter and The Dogs our couple slunk toward the exit and the street where maybe some old couple's shock might slake their thirst to be the werewolves of Berlin.

No different from any Kiss/Rollers/Liberace worshippers, their kind were the death of any punk politics as much as any record company fat cat.

The narrow minded duo had probably read a million words on the revival of flair and energy, and yet when presented with one of its finest exponents had sulked because the wrapping was different to that advertised.

ON THE COACH to Hamburg the next day, Rick Buckler insists on regailing us with his Devo cassette. Buckler and Foxton play gags off each other continually, trading insults and forever trying to top the punch line.

Upfront, John Weller — which, incidentally, is Paul Weller's name on his passport — has some of the road crew with him in a serious card school. At the back Paul is asleep in Jill's lap.

Through the windows East Germany is just like we pictured it — tanks, machine guns and hatchet-faced officials. Very grey and absolutely No Fun. We are stopped for nearly 45 minutes as we go through the Russian sector, our passports being checked at least four times.

As soon as we are back in West Germany we stop for nourishment. Wurst is sausage and Bratkartoffel is fried potatoes. Afterwards, and let me tell you Bratkartoffel are magic moments, the band pose for some photos by appropriate signs. I ask them how many photo sessions they've done — an impossible poser.

"No idea," comes back Bruce, "but the real killers are the ones we used to do for *Jackie* and *Pink*'n'at. Some bloke says 'hold this bit of card' and you'll say 'what bit of card?' and WHOOSH the flash bulb goes and the next thing you see is yourself on the cover of *Oh Boy* with a placard saying "Happy New Year To All Our *Oh Boy* Fans!".

It was seven hours to Hamburg and the Star Club. Nobody ever actually discovered whether it *was* The Star Club because on arrival nobody cared. Not a poster in the window, let alone name in lights, it's an off-the-highway nightclub with an interior a la Barbarellas, red velvet and alcoves.

Weller and Jill sit at the back of the place, totally shattered. I pass him and he looks up.

"We're booked to play two nights here an' all . . . they aint sold enough tickets to warrant the bar opening by the look of it . . .".

On the night there were maybe 50 customers top whack. As often happens on disasters like this, the gig was honed with that something extra, Weller still encouraging the few to get with it if they knew the words. The set was different from Berlin, no breaks yet unhurried, but the highlights remained the same — 'Heatwave' and a classic rendition of 'Tube Station'.

It must be destroying to be delivering one of the finest rock'n'roll sets to be caught anywhere in the world when all you see over the footlights is some bloke wandering mindlessly across the hall to offer a girl a cigarette. From Wembley Arena to a yawning Star Club . . . it could drive you round the twist.

The next night was cancelled and the promise of a luxurious free day in Hamburg soon turned to the reality of dull day in a merciless stone metropolis. When the four of us finally got sat around a cassette machine the result was predictable. We passed an hour or so rabbitting about the past few years but threw up nothing that would cause ripples in print. When I mentioned the first album faces were pulled.

"God, I could never play it now," Weller confessed. "Not that we're ashamed of it or anything. It's just that, like everything else from that time, it seems to have been done so long ago.

"Besides if we did it now we'd know exactly the sound we're after. I still think a lot of 'Modern World' but 'Mod Cons' is The Jam album and 'Tube Station' is the single. Don't worry about it though . . . we ain't peaked yet . . . not at all."

With songs like 'Strange Town', 'Tube Station' and (fill in any one from choice) behind him and still not 21 years old, Paul Weller is phenomenal. With Foxton and Buckler — and we must repeat that they are not simply backers — The Jam become tougher, better than the rest.

Enough people cried out that they'd blown it after the second album — enough to shatter them to pieces. But now they can feel entitled to strut; now all the favours are theirs to be dished out.

In a couple of years — and, believe it, they'll be around — Weller will be handling interviews with the passion he now keeps exclusively for his "work".

Y'see, it's just that his mind and his heart aren't into sitting down and telling somebody all about himself. He'd rather be somewhere proving and living his rock'n'roll. 'Sgotta be yours too.

Dull and simple lad? C'mon now, you've heard The Jam. Don't you wish you could be like . . .

We here on page 20 are righteously pissed off because our heroes The Jam ain't on the cover . . .

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Heaven In The Seven Sisters Road

Or: Jimmy Greaves — A Wizard, A True Star

PENNY REEL plots the path of Tottenham Rock, from The Migil Five to Osvaldo Ardiles. Late scorers: LEYTON BUZZARDS.

BUZZARDS uptown (L-R): David Jaymes, Vernon Austin, Kevin Steptoe, Geoffrey Dean.

Tott. Rock's finest exponent of the moment — Buzzards excepted — OSVALDO ARDILES.

"Sixty-nine was a very fine year.
Was a teenage rebel who knew no fear.
Hanging around the flats at night,
Drunk on cider — outasight!

"Six months later, barnet's grown.
I got a mohair suit to call my own;
Button-down shirt with a windowpane check;
Brand new strides with a dogtooth fleck.

"Growing up, I need much more.
The youth club kids were such a bore.
Me mate Neil said there's a place he knows.
Where his elder sister and her mates all go."

SATURDAY NIGHT beneath the plastic palm trees, and I am standing up in Tottenham Royal mecca of dance in an attitude of mute protest at the disc jockey's selection of Searchers and Hollies waxings, musing on not much, alongside such notable personalities as Lenny the Lion Tyler, Yonker Malcolm Chiswick, Beardy Pegley, Haggerston Harry, Monk Taylor, Neil the Pill and Street Wise Sarah, when a party from Dalston named Chopper Harper approaches us, in the company of his two regular spars Modernist Markie Feld and Mickey's Monkey.

Now this Chopper Harper is a very hard character in every respect, and in fact the way he gets his monicker dates from the day he takes an axe to the three Courtney brothers from Hackney Downs, who are at the time considered the most feared and prominent parties in the whole of Mare Street.

Knowing this, I am by no means pleased to see him at this present moment, nor at any other in the forseeable future, particularly not as he had Modernist Markie Feld and Mickey's Monkey in tow, as these are both snide and evilous brethren in their own right, although of course I give them a most expansive hi, and say I hope and trust they are keeping nicely.

Well, Chopper Harper and Modernist Markie and Feld and Mickey's Monkey ignore me totally, but Chopper Harper goes up very close to Haggerston Harry and says to him like this:

"Hey Harry, I am hearing certain rumours that you are seen of a Saturday afternoon in the *Chez Don* dancing with Susan Bernstein to Eden Kane records," says Chopper Harper. "And as is well known by one and all, Susan Bernstein is the same bird as I have been courting for this past seven months or thereabouts."

Now, of course, I am immediately aware that this is patently improbable, and in fact not possible at all. Seeing as how Susan Bernstein is celebrated in this town as Chopper Harper's bird, and knowing that Chopper Harper is more than somewhat fond of his birds. Haggerston Harry would no more dream of dancing with Susan Bernstein than he would of supporting Arsenal — and even if Haggerston Harry *were* to dance with Susan Bernstein, he would not do so to Eden Kane records, as it is quite impossible for anyone to dance with anybody else to Eden Kane records whatsoever.

"I am surprised at you falling for a line like that, Chopper," says Haggerston Harry by way of reply. "As you know, I am engaged to be married to Loretta Stolkein in the spring, and besides I never go anywhere else but White Hart Lane on a Saturday afternoon.

"In fact," he continues, "I will lay you plenty of seven to four that you hear this story from Buster Boulter, who has never forgiven me for wearing the same Conicks Young Esquire shirt as himself at Vicky Schneider's birthday party, and is always looking for ways to do me down at all times in consequence."

Well at these words, Chopper Harper produces a cut throat razor from his jacket pocket and, before anyone can make a move to stop him, if anyone has a mind to do so, Chopper Harper has sprung forward and wiped his blade evenly across the left cheek of Haggerston Harry, saying, "No bastard calls me a sucker and gets away with it."

The upshot of this is the appearance on the scene of a dinner-suited bouncer who promptly puts himself between Chopper Harper and Haggerston Harry while driving a beautifully delivered full-fisted punch into the latter's mouth, and ejects him from the dance hall with the declaration that hooligans and troublemakers are not welcome inside the Royal.

It later transpires that as Haggerston Harry is picking himself bruised and bloody from the step outside, Chopper Harper is disengaging himself from Modernist Markie Feld and Mickey's Monkey to join Haggerston Harry on the street and says to him like this:

'I am verry sorry I lost my temper in there," says Chopper Harper solicitously, offering Harry a hand to his feet, "and I hope you are alright."

"Oh, it's really nothing, Chopper," answers Haggerston Harry carelessly.

"In that case," remarks Chopper Harper, "you will not be too upset by this." And so speaking, he once again flicks open his razor, and ceremoniously proceeds to inflict similar surgery upon Haggerston Harry's opposite check.

Saturday night beneath the plastic palm trees, dancing to the rhythm of 'The Guns Of Navarone'. I found my Mecca near Tottenham Hale station. I discovered heaven in the Seven Sisters Road.

■ *Continues over*

Sod the lot of 'em! Page 23 wanted to see Leyton Buzzards and Osvaldo Whatsisname staring out at you from your newsie's counter . . .

BUZZARDS

■ *From previous page*

CHATSWORTH ROAD, in the heart of Homerton, is a singularly dismal arcana of Victorian terrace houses, shop fronts, '50s-style high rise flats, and the forbidding wall of the Eastern Hospital; dribbling, at one end, into Marsh Hill as it descends toward Hackney Marshes; negotiating, at the other, a particularly infecundite market of cheap drapery and vegetables, before emerging finally into Lea Bridge Road. Its only claim to fame is that the 22 bus, having trundled the sights of Chelsea, Piccadilly, Holborn, Liverpool Street and Dalston Junction, finally comes to rest there.

On this night of which I am speaking, a decade and a half later, Rock Against Racism are overseeing a benefit show at Chat's Palace with local group Leyton Buzzards.

Hardly palatial at all, Chat's Palace is the street's one-time community centre, now converted into a club for the area's youth, offering some temporary respite from the rigours of nearby Upton House Comprehensive School for boys.

"I hate Arsenal," 22-year-old Buzzards bassist David Jaymes is telling me. "I can't help it, it's in-built. Ain't it funny the way you can dislike a football team so much?

"Mind you," he adds, "Everyone else I know hates Arsenal just as much, too."

Seen, I reply.

"To a large extent," vocalist Geoffrey Dean joins the conversation, "you can suss out a person by the football team they support. Like, you can always judge a Chelsea supporter, for instance. I mean, they're all cowards."

As befits members of a group who claim to have found their Mecca near Tottenham Hale station, both Jaymes and Dean are confirmed Spurs supporters — although, as their name suggests, the Buzzards are a Leyton-oriented outfit, giving expression to a gamut of experience gleaned from growing up on the impoverished streets of suburban North-East London, and hanging around the flats at night, from Mile End to Manor House, Snaresbrook to Stratford.

At present, Leyton Buzzards spearhead a small movement of similarly-based rock and roll groups, on a drinking scene that revolves around pubs such as The Charleston in Maryland Point, and includes little known entities like Fatal Microbes, The Lea Hart Band, Legal Guardians, Patrik Fitzgerald, Poison Girls, and London Underground, all of them playing the RAR circuit in Hackney and Tower Hamlets, to the extent of not inconsiderable local notoriety, at least.

"Most of our gigs are Rock Against Racism," claims Jaymes. "At the beginning, it was very hard for us to get gigs and RAR was the only way we could hope to play live. Since we've made some kind of reputation for ourselves, we're finding it a lot easier to get bookings, but we still prefer to play for RAR, not only for the support they have given us in the past, but also because we think it is a genuinely good movement.

"I'm not too sure how effective it is, but RAR are at least making some kind of positive social statement; and then look at the crowd we've pulled here tonight — and they are all local kids — it's good to see that, punks and skinheads united, and especially in a place like Hackney."

"At least as a group we can make some kind of statement," says Geoffrey. "I think that RAR brings different, conflicting cultures together, albeit on a superficial level. Like, it's great when we play with Black Slate, and you've got all these black kids and white kids out there in the audience, all grooving together and not giving two shits.

"If white people can dig reggae, they will see it is being made by black people, and are going to learn that you can't tar people with the same brush.

"I don't think music is an end in itself, but it can be a catalyst towards breaking down some of the barriers."

Isn't that one of the positive things about punk?

"Well, we do a song called 'The Greatest Story Ever Told' which is all about the new wave, such high hopes, and how it didn't do what it was supposed to:

"Young disciples preaching words of wisdom through our land; non-believers could not understand. Persecution, prosecution, could not stop the young Messiahs, standing with their Fenders in their hands."

Hmm, pretty standard juvenilia, really, especially when compared to the truly inspired 'Saturday Night Beneath The Plastic Palm Trees'. Did that come directly out of your own experience, Geoff?

"Yeah, I just started thinking about it, and wrote everything down, all these images. Once I got going, I couldn't stop. It was either writing a book about it, or writing a song."

Are you referring to the Royal, or might it be the Palm Tree Club up by Blackhorse Road?

"Oh it's obviously the Royal, isn't it?"

Have you written anything else in a similar vein?

"I've just completed this song about a place I went to in Spain, Lloret de Mar, and all I met was pissed Englishmen. It's about the language problem I encountered out there, 'cause all the birds had Liverpool accents. But if that came out now, it would typecast us. We've got many different styles."

"Tottenham Rock — forward on the track.
When I take this stop I won't be coming back.
When I play the musical shock attack:
Sounds called the Tottenham Rock,
As I would tell you."

(U Brown: 'Tottenham Rock')

THE GENESIS of Tottenham Rock on disc is described by The Tottenites in 1961 with 'Super Spurs' — a 45 celebrating Danny Blanchflower's team winning of the League and Cup double with the most fluent and creative football ever played in England.

A similar sentiment is plied a few years later with a waxing by The Cheers entitled 'Up The Spurs' for Match Of The Mods Music, issued on the locally distributed Big League label; and in 1973, Young Blood Records secured a Top Twenty entry with 'Nice One Cyril' by The Cockerel Chorus — a paean to the Tottenham left-back C. Knowles — coining a national catchphrase in the process.

Last year, one Amigos O'Lane waxed lyrical 'A Tribute To Ardiles And Villa' (State), a title that is still selling strongly over the counter of the Spurs Shop in Park Lane. (And we will not even talk of the aborted Terry Venables singalongs, recorded when he was still wing-half with the club).

Soccer aside, Tottenham Rock came into its own via The Dave Clark Five, who first hit in late 1963 with a cover of The Contours' 'Do

GEOFF DENE. Pic: GUS STEWART

You Love Me?', broke into the big time with a follow-up 'Glad All Over', enjoyed some two dozen Top Fifty chart entries over the next seven years, and went on to become a US obsession.

A few years earlier guitarist Rhet Stoller ('Walk Don't Run', 'Chariot') and beat balladeer Gerry Temple *alias* Keith De Groot ('No More Tomorrows') had laid some sort of foundations for The Dave Clark Five, although their music probably owed more to Stamford Hill Hassidicism rather than the inspiration of Edmonton.

Like Dave Clark, The Migil Five were a further quintet based at Tottenham Royal, and in 1964 they became the only white act ever to score in the ska genre, when their 'Mockingbird Hill' hit the charts in the wake of Millie's 'My Boy Lollipop', at the height of the short-lived bluebeat craze.

More recently, Tottenham Rock has established itself through the medium of reggae, espcially as regards the recordings of Errol Dunkley and John Brown, various Johnny Lynch productions, the rise of Fat Man Hi Fi sound-system and, more recently, the dominant Third World set-up in The Broadway.

With their recording of the supreme 'Saturday Night Beneath The Plastic Palm Trees', Leyton Buzzards have given the style its most enchanting expression hitherto.

"Eddie Holman slows things down.
You ask a girl to dance,
But you get turned down."

FRIDAY NIGHT beneath the draughty rafters. And following the soul, reggae, and Sex Pistols floor show, Leyton Buzzards take the stage at Chat's Palace to invigorate a sharp set of 16 short songs, in a variety of styles, the majority of them realised at breakneck speed.

Recently, the band won The Band Of Hope And Glory Competition, sponsored jointly by Radio One and the *Sun*, a success that Jaymes says "has done us both good and bad. It puts some unsavoury connotations upon us, and I'm sure we'll get the piss taken out of us in the press. On the other hand, it did give us a Chrysalis contract, and that has helped the band no end."

In their present line-up the Buzzards have been together for little over a year, although the nucleus of the group was determined when Jaymes, Dean, and drummer Kevin Steptoe were at college together "playing stuff like 'Honky Tonk Women' for the students," Jaymes recalls.

Last year they issued a debut single '19 And Mad' for Leyton's Small Wonder label, which is reckoned to have sold some 10,000 copies to date.

They open their set with 'Nice (That's What You Are)', followed by 'Hanging Around', and then the contentious 'Baader Meinhof Gang', the lyric of which has already earned the Buzzards a deal of adverse criticism in some quarters.

"Urban warfare, pride and joy, Time Out *readers' pin-up boys,"* snarls Geoffrey Dean. *"We hate your damned democracy, founded on hypocrisy. Smash your bastard tyranny."*

"What a lot of people don't seem to realise," Dean tells me later, "is that a lot of our material is intended to be satirical. 'Baader Meinhof Gang' was meant to be a joke."

Why have you not got the courage to stand out and say what you really mean, I ask.

"If I've got something to say about it," comes the reply, "I can't say it in a song. I wrote the 'Baader Meinhof Gang' lyric, looked at it, and I though it appalling, I've made the same mistake as dozens of other bands. So, I thought I'd go right over the top and make it a satire, but then obviously it wasn't satirical enough.

"It makes me laugh the way kids are still sining 'Baader Meinhof' at our gigs. I mean, I'm Jewish. What if I wrote a song called 'God Bless Hitler'?"

Another Buzzards composition I had cause to take Goeffrey Dean to task about was an item called 'Extra Extra', introduced by the vocalist with a sneer at all journalists, knowing I was in the audience, watching.

"Articles, particles of glory and gory. I must have my headline, I've just got to have a story."

"I'm sorry if that song offended you," I am told, "it wasn't meant personally, honest.

"At one of our first gigs we got a really heavy headline in the local newspaper: 'Punk Riot'. It was just like a bunch of yobs making trouble, and got blown out of all proportion. That's the role of the press.

"As for the music press, what every reader of *NME* and the rest should always remember is that they are not necessarily reading the truth about a band. What they are reading is the written account of something by a man just doing his job."

Let's talk about your job. What are you doing in rock and roll?

"At the moment," Dean fixes me with an earnest stare, "it's holding my interest. I certainly don't see it as a long term interest. It's something like I don't have to clock in. I need it to be a success, and if you think that's a financial thing, well up yours, 'cause it ain't, it's a purely personal thing.

"I've got a need to be successful in something, and if this proves second-rate, it won't last long. The art in itself is not sufficient.

"Going back to what I was saying about the role of the press. It's like suddenly there's all this interest in us, just because Tony Parsons gives us that splash review on 'Saturday Night'. I think that's all wrong, one man shouldn't have all this power."

It's less a question of power than simple information, I return. A lot of records are issued each week, and a reviewer's job is merely to pick the best of the pile. It was the transcript of lyrics about 'Guns Of Navarone' and Tottenham Hale that captured my interest.

"And what do you think now you've seen us?" he asks.

I still think 'Saturday Night' is your best song, I say. I also enjoyed 'I Don't Wanna Go To Art School' *("I don't wanna be a commercial artist, I wanna be a piss artist")*, 'Last Tango In Leyton', 'I Wanna Be O DLT' and, surprise, surprise, 'Baader Meinhof Gang'.

What intrigues this particular observer, however, is whether or not the Buzzards might consider taking a leaf out of The Markeys' songbook, and follow up the adventures of 'Saturday Night' with a similarly evocative account of Sunday morning . . .

THE PRETENDERS

■ *From page 8*

the extremely unamused Farndon, and seem at times confused by the musical diversity and individualism of the band — all of which is forgiveable if your only frame of reference is the doe-eyed 'Sobbing'. The latter's tender-trap commerciality is unique in a set where tenderness is otherwise strictly out of bounds.

Watching them afterwards, drained and relaxing, one can remark on the characters concerned. Farndon, for example, has one of those classic handsome English hoodlum faces that, if he were younger, might compel him to display self-conscious toughness. However his evident worldliness allows him to overcome all this and instead one finds a guy with a firm grip on his personality and his role in the band.

The impression he gives is one of great inner strength that will prove invaluable as a tempering influence on The Pretenders.

Honeyman-Scott is the most extrovert of the foursome. A facile but nonetheless distinct and immediate impression of him forces me to liken him to a less rabid and less obnoxious Rat Scabies (the two have met and the guitarist claims he thought Scabies was an arsehole).

Immature but extremely likeable, he's likely to go through fearsome changes as time goes on. He's a survivor though, and he could very easily become one of the breed of precious few lead guitarists currently redefining the state of the art. Watch him closely.

Drummer Martin Chambers is quiet, the archetypal nice guy and perhaps even more of an anchor man than Farndon when things get heated. His drumming is always on the beat, always marking the right accents.

And Chrissie Hynde? Well, she is destined for greatness. That is as obvious as it is potentially traumatic. But her abhorrence of interviews comes not so much from a constant fear of over-exposure (as it may actually do when she remarks that she really has nothing to say about the music she makes). She will talk about anything, about the stories behind the songs, about the nights she spent alone on the tube crying because there seemed no possible way of breaking into the marketplace, of finding a niche. But you believe her implicitly when she says, "I'll just do it 'cos I like it, that's all. I've never done it because I believe I'm something special."

THE NEXT MOVE is going for the big one. An album and single will be recorded together as soon as the right producer is found. Nick Lowe is too busy so top of the list is Chris Thomas, although he still has to be contacted.

From there on out it's going to be fast and furious. This band are going to need to be level-headed and to learn how to pace themselves and, most of all, to trust in their instincts and hold together because what they have is precious and must not be diluted.

Not for the prestige and the glory. Or another human interest story. Because they are far, far more than that.

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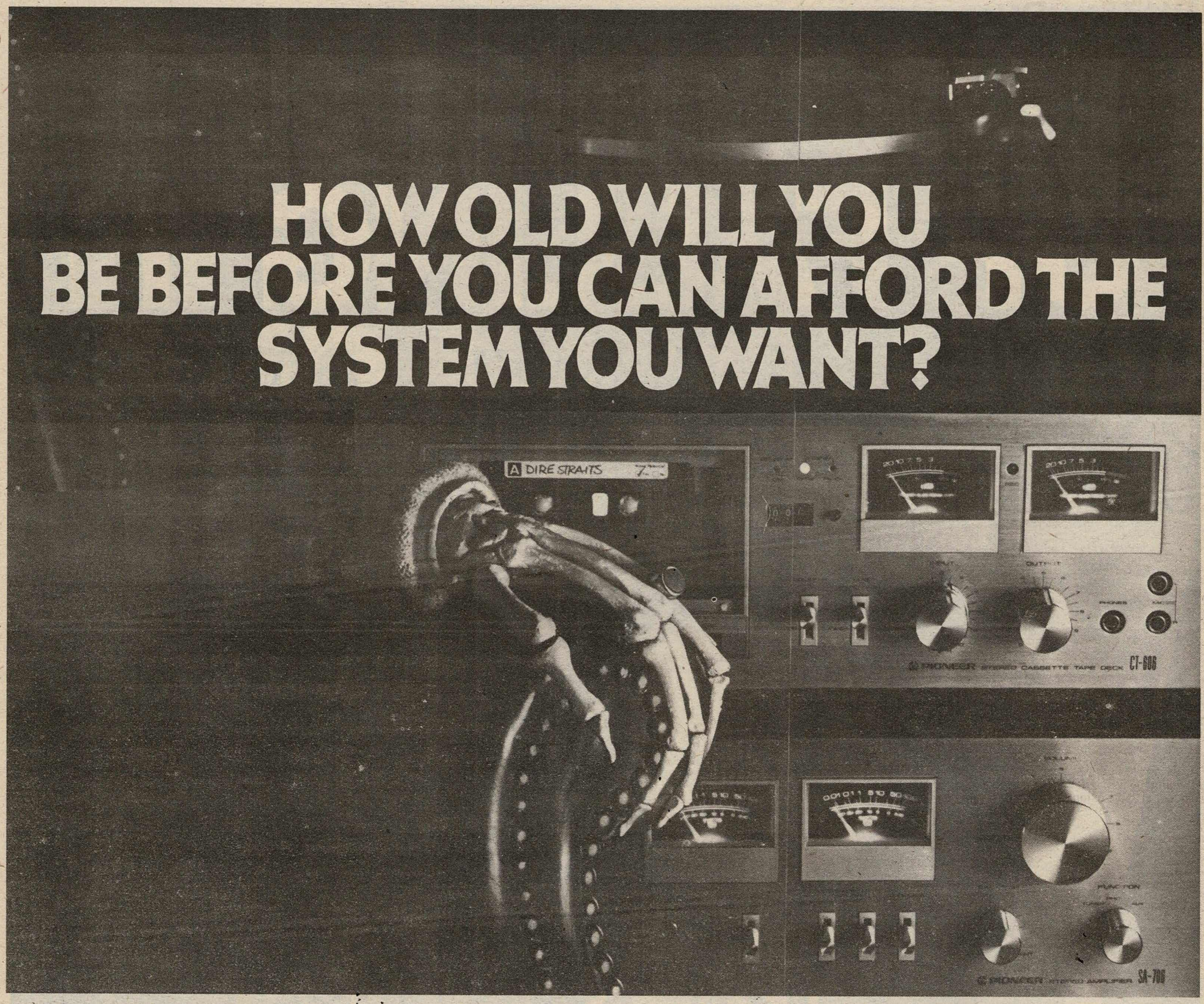

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SINGLES

SINGLE OF THE WEEK
THE DISTRACTIONS: You're Not Going Out Dressed Like That (TJM).
More Manchester magnificence! Sadly skimmed over in Johnny Clarke's wordless guest column a few weeks back, this poshly packaged 12" EP on Manchester's wealthy TJM label is yet another Mancunian pop classic and no way must it be overlooked. Like 'Spiral Scratch', 'What Do I Get?' 'Shot By Both Sides', 'Jilted John', unique complete, tenacious.

Contained are four immaculate gems of teenage vulnerability, each of three minutes or under, based on steely, needly guitar poetry, sung with smooth charm, structured with superior ' wisdom. Such precious, precocious pop! (sigh). Brittle young Byrds meet Peter Pan Shelley and it's so very, very special.

The opening song 'Don't Bother Me' is truly sublime — Peter Powell has simply got to make it his record of the week. Buy it and make it a hit. (What is it about us Mancunians that makes us so soft and sulky?)

SINGLES OF THE CENTURY

BUZZCOCKS 1-7 (United Artists).
For those of you who forgot to buy or ignored that brilliant, breathtaking run of classics from Buzzcocks last year, or who didn't get the colour bags that complete the package, UA have re-issued them all in their original sleeves. There is now no excuse not to collect the set. After the cross cartoon 'Orgasm Addict', the best pop of an era; 'What Do I Get?', 'I Don't Mind', 'Love You More', 'Ever Fallen In Love', 'Promises' right up to the flighty, flirty 'Everybody's Happy' which at this very minute shoots chartwards with the warm blessings of all discerning pop fans.

Spread the sleeves out on the floor and smile at the colours, shapes and associations; play the singles one after the other bam-bam-bam and swoon and drool at the twists and trickery. Smartie pop! — smooth, crunchy, playful. Smartie people are happy people, they smile all the time (a myth). Peter Shelley has turned sobbing and sulking into an art! The sardonic acknowledgement of infatuation as a welcome yet hateful adventure!

For the price of a crummy album, the completest set of pop singles this side of Blondie, T. Rex and The Kinks, symbolising the magic of the charts these days, and the games people play.

SPIRAL SCRATCH OUTTAKE OF THE WEEK

SWELL MAPS: Dresden Style (Rough Trade).
Birmingham's probing misfits Swell Maps continue their crooked march towards inevitable mass acceptance. This stubbornly unsophisticated EP, is even better than their endearing and random debut.

'Ammunition Train' has the same kind of insistent, strolling gait as early Fall, rolling out curiously and colourlessly (in fact Swell Maps do sound like a bubblegum Fall, or even Faust crossed with The Monkees). 'Full Moon' is 59 seconds of dubbed and dabbed coughing, grunting and groaning — avantidiocy.

'Dresden Style' itself is a stirring example of hypnotic primitivism; a careering riff, messy guitars, erratic bass, galloping drums and the minor genius Nikki Sudden not actually singing a melody but doing all sorts of inspired bending and drawling with his deliberately flat voice.

Swell Maps achieve a cunning and winning balance of the serious and the silly. How to be blank and fun! (They could even be Wire crossed with T. Rex, but then I know something you don't). Nikki Sudden is vocalist of the week. Garibaldi is biscuit of the week. Rough Trade is label of the week. (Year?)

CLOWNING OF THE WEEK

SPIZZOIL: Cold City (Rough Trade).
More Birmingham whimsical primitivism — the brash and boundless Spizzoil and their second record, with Spizz on clipped, whinnieing vocals, kazoo and percussion, Pete Petroleum on coarse, clumsy guitars and percussion, and four more artless, audacious rants about the ardours of industrialisation, approximately played.

This is nothing more than unadorned punk skiffle — anyone can do it, not many bother — but such expressions are always worthwhile and repeatable cos of moments of accidental splendour, such as the chorus of 'Cold City' and the words of 'Platform 3'. Spizz has established himself as the Spike Milligan of punk; he succeeds because his impudence always draws a positive response. Rumour has it that he's formed a big band with real musicians and synthesiser and things like that. Can't wait! Where will it all end! On *This Is Your Life*

EXPENSIVE IMPORT OF THE WEEK

CHI-PIG: Ring Around The Collar (Chi-Pig).
There's a fascinating plethora of sounds flooding over from America as the dissenters finally stir into doing something positive and practical about the appalling state of their nation.

By now we should all be grooving, grinning and grinding to James Black And The Whites, Nervous Rex. Theoretical Girls — and this supple, simmering single is well worth adding to that set.

Why? Maybe it's the healthy guitars that sprily snake around and slily snicker at each other, maybe it's the light psychedelia of the two sides' meandering pop patterns, maybe it's the girl singers' memorable phrasing, maybe it's because they're the missing link between Jefferson Airplane and The Slits. It's potent, puzzling pulp pop. It comes in a sleeve like those early Devo imports, costs you £1.50, but I'm not complaining and I'm saving up for a synthesiser.

CHART CERTS OF THE WEEK

KATE BUSH: Wow (EMI)
I remain unconvinced by the winsome waif. What she takes from others for her music is a lot stronger than what she herself puts in. Her fractured naivity is a little irritating, and her wide-eyed ability to delude people with her mock artiness is more annoying than admirable. But her records are so well presented and preened I usually find myself reluctantly absorbed into their fresh, glowing luxuriance. Maybe I feel sorry for her. Maybe I'm jealous.

This is my favourite of her songs, less arch than 'Wuthering Heights', less Mitchellesque than 'Child', a gently fluctuating song — 'wantonly erotic' as the *Daily Express* would have it — of translucent grace. She looks set to be more permanent than De Paul; certainly she does seem to have a peculiarly heavy respect and a proportionately punk following. I saw them the other day queuing for tickets outside The Palladium with their Jam and Clash badges.

The thing is, Linder of Lūdus and Lora of Essential Logic do the Bush sort of thing much harsher and headier, with much more musical muscle, and with far more insight. Obviously they're not as cuddly and submissive as Kate, who can spread her legs on telly and be as innoffensive as a three year old playing on a swing.

VILLAGE PEOPLE In The Navy (Phonogram)
A samey blast of excess and celebration to 'YMCA' but who's complaining? Yet again it's pivoted with that distinctive non-stop bass drum that pump pump pumps away with manipulative regularity whatever the rest of the song does. Yet again its hook is a triumphant anthemic glorification. Their gusto and gaudiness is much preferable to their kinfellows Kiss. Much more transient too, thank God.

NOISE OF THE WEEK

ELECTRIC EELS: Agitated (Rough Trade).
Where volatile rock'n'roll gets recorded in a tunnel of grime. Or is it really a garage! The scoundrels! Two gnarled grimaces mostly sounding like a splodge of perverted vocals, disintegrating drums, and amplified vacuum cleaner, with a trebly burst or two of amorphous guitar . . . '64 Stones fed through a mangle, cut up and sucked through a straw. Some loveless noise! Such sour intent! And of course, slightly sinister. But, if you want, just a repugnant POP record to shock your friends with.

Rough Trade are supplying access to the great unorthodoxies and indiscretions of today, and that's a valuable function. The best thing you can say about it all is 'I could do that!'

CHART CHANCES OF THE WEEK (Selection)

RASPBERRIES: Overnite Sensation (Capitol).
Five years old, re-released to coincide with a Best Of . . . compilation. You should know it well — last time round it was something of a 'turntable hit'. A rare example of substantial pretty boy American pop-pap, cleverly built, packed with fancy gimmickry, with some neat, faint soul inflexion. Prime mid-day radio pop.

THE POINTER SISTERS: Fire (Planet)
A big hit in America, but don't expect their vintage verve or anything like that. This is the Pointers singing Springsteen produced by Richard Perry and as sophisticated, solemn and smouldering as that arrangement would suggest. So subtle and dignified (too subtle and dignified?) It'll need a few plays to chart.

THE SQUARES: This Is Airebeat (Sire)
The last Sire single I bought was the unexpectedly inventive Undertones beaut 'Get Over You'. This isn't half as elusively ingenious; the trio are currently touring with the Derry dazzlers, and the title slogan sums up their frothy, flimsy pop — airy and beaty. They approach their pop the same way as The Distractions, with a quarter of

■ *Continues over page*

THE DISTRACTIONS

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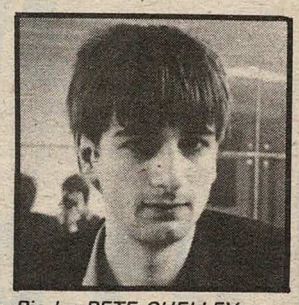
Reviewed this week by PAUL MORLEY



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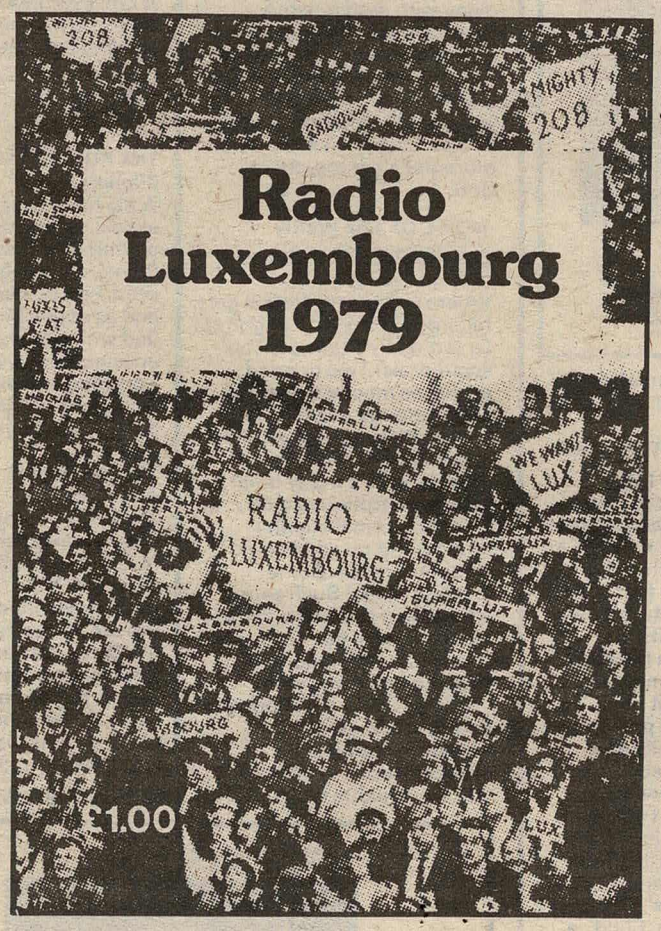

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■ *From previous page*

FINGERPRINTZ: Who's Your Friend? (Virgin).
Fingerprintz have been working hard lately; they've just finished the Lene Lovich tour and are now starting the Red Noise one (coincidentally, blur those two sounds and get some idea of Fingerprintz edgy pretensions). This composed four-tracked EP gives good warning of their spicy, spiky sound. 'Who's Your Friend?' is fine, frantic metallic R&B, and there's an extreme, resourceful interpretation of Lennon/McCartneys' 'Do You Wanna Know A Secret?' Fingerprintz have a lot of potential, as they say, and do tend to use their electric guitar with refreshing resonance. (Why are Virgin so obsessed with coloured vinyl?)

CARL DOUGLAS: Choose Between Two Lovers (Pye).
More competent, considered animation from Douglas. A busy and brisk slab of poppy funk. It kicks about a lot and that's what I like. Not as fizzy as Real Thing, though.

JUDGE DREAD: The Touch (EMI)

The shrewd and lewd Dread fumbles and gropes where the action is with an infectious, wrinkled length of dance noise. Until Big Daddy gets round to making a disco record, this'll do. I can just see the flesh flopping. Gross.

GEORGE BENSON: Love Ballad (Warner Bros).

EDDIE HENDERSON: Cyclops (Capitol).

The distant sons of 'Bitches Brew' and 'Music Of My Mind' continue to consolidate. The albums these two singles are lifted from — Benson's 'Livin' Inside Your Love' and Henderson's 'Mahal' — I find totally unpalatable with their slick, sickening oozing and easing, but as singles these two pieces are moderately appetising (remembering that what these two professionals are doing is nothing to do with jazz). Benson picks and scats with typical deft precision, and Henderson's bubble and squeak is smart, histrionic and much better than the horrible Hancock hit. I lived through playing them both and I wasn't expecting to.

THIS WEEK'S STIFFS
LEW LEWIS: Lucky Seven (Stiff).
RACHEL SWEET: I Go To Pieces (Stiff).
THE SPORTS: Who Listens To The Radio (Stiff).
DYAN DIAMOND: Mystery Dance (MCA).

Stiff just get bigger every day and still they continue to splash all over the place the slightly eccentric, the slightly odd, the slightly good-time. Stiff numb me. Still, Lew Lewis' 'Lucky Seven' chugs along chunkily and cheerily, and has a slippery guitar-harmonica duel (what else). Could be a hit. The reviewer's free gift is a Shnaghia harmonica.

Rachel Sweet yearns for a brother called Donny as she puts some twang in to a tender version of Del Shannon's pretty 'I Go To Pieces'. Now, I like 'B.A.B.Y.' . . Will be a hit. The reviewer's free gift is a 750-piece jigsaw puzzle.

The Sports are Australian — something you'd never guess from the stupid sleeve — and are a quaint, antiquated mixture of all the pub rock noises Stiff have ever plundered. Stylish, they're currently on tour with Great Parker And The Artful Rumour.

Dyan Diamond, the ex-Runaway produced and directed (directed) by Kim Fowley, is an honorary Stiff. The best thing about her plain version of Costello's 'Mystery Dance' is the way she forces out the words 'Mystery

Dance', but such moments are hardly worth 90 odd pence. Stiff could wrap up such ordinariness with their usual insulting irresponsibility, and make it a little big hipper.

THIS WEEK'S FAULTIES

THE LINES: White Night (Illegal).
JOHNNY CURIOUS AND THE STRANGERS (Illegal).
THE RESISTANCE: Kidnapped (Maquis).
FASHION: Steady Eddie Steady (Fashion).

Faulty Products are growing up too, almost out of sight, but the nearest thing they've had to a major hit is with Klark Kent, whose new single is so pathetic there's nothing I want to say about it. Faulty, despite The Fall and ATV who must be their most wildly popular entertainers, prefer to play it safer than Rough Trade and only slightly lumpier than Stiff. Nothing out of the ordinary amongst these records, not that there's anything necessarily wrong with that.

The Strangers four-track EP, for instance, is the work of a young quartet with a perceptive, versatile pop sensibility who I'd be quite enamoured with if it wasn't for the brilliance of The Distractions. They're worldly and visionary than Sires' Squares, though, and 'Road To Cheltenham' is soaked in vague vaudeville-Floydian psychedelia that I like a lot.

The Resistance single is a pretend piece of mature, allusive rock-balladeering, produced by old hardies Poli Palmer and Tim Hinckley that's just not vivid enough.

The Lines make a meandering, inconspicuous touch music that makes me think of The Zombies, Spirit and clear blue skies. Pretty and inconsequential. Fashion's facile modern gestures, their anonymous exaggerated exertions and their attempt at dubbing are well nonsensical. Drab, dribbling new rock. Faulty, you're dealing with too much mediocrity!

INDUSTRIOUS MEDIOCRITY

THE WALL: New Way (Small Wonder).
DISCO ZOMBIES: Drums Over London (South circular).
THE DUNNEAU: On My Own (Clubland).
PLASMATICS: Butcher Baby (Vice Squad Import).
THE DAZZLERS: Lovely Crash (Charisma).
THE K.9's: K.9 Hassle (Dog Breath).
THE MANIKINS: I Never Thought (Manikins).
EARTHBOUND: Liberated Lady (Archway).
The more pop records that are made, the more unexpected genius and greatness is churned up — opposed at the other end by the inevitable pale pile of presumptious drivel.

There's nothing much here to jump about to or for, but you can hardly knock them for their action.

The Wall, a reckless teenage London quartet, thrash about with none of the ebullience of The Members or voracity of The Skids and chant with aimless hope about the new way, suckers and uniforms. Young punk; one day.

'Drums Over London' comes wrapped in what seems like pink wallpaper, is ill-disciplined, slackly structured new pop but the chorus almost makes up for it.

The Dunneau play economical, indifferent light metal, something like Lizzy crossed with The Ramones.

The studiously weird Plasmatics are New York stunt people. Their pop is as crude, contrived and crazy as the titles on their EP indicate — 'Butcher Baby', 'Fast Food Service', 'Concrete Shoes' (the last two recorded live at CBGB's) — like Vanilla and her band in a bad state of shock.

The Dazzlers, who all seem about 12, come dressed in oranges, pinks, blues, pointed shoes, are Charisma's latest attempt to be contemporary and commercial, and play empty bubble pop that wouldn't for a moment interest even Stiff or Sire.

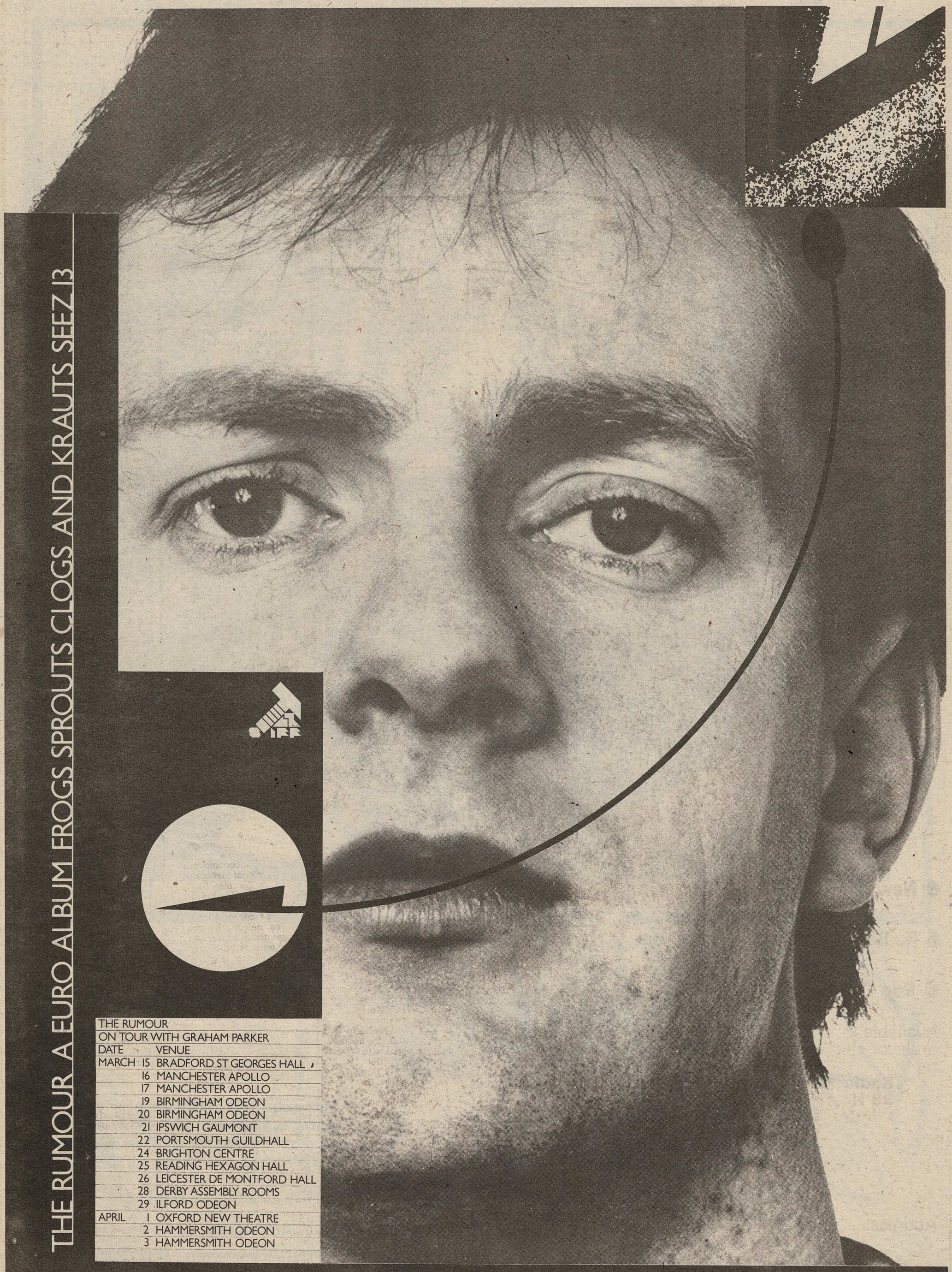
K.9's 'K.9. Hassle' is like a retarded Albertos disco out-take, and it's coupled with two useless, puerile shock songs, 'Idi Amin' and 'Sweeney Todd'. The Manikins make heavy going pop; they've a long way to go before they achieve the state of sloppy Gen X.

If you study Brian B's page you'll know Earthbounds name well. This 12" EP comes in laminated cover, with lyrics, and is produced by the group with David Vorhaus, who used to be White Noise. It's a clumsy ambitious attempt at exotica-rock, fronted by absurdly contorted vocals from Jutta Neinhaus that make Kate Bush sound like she's talking. They're not an ordinary sort of pub group. They're almost impossible to listen to. Could support Enid or The Only Ones, which is significant.

MEMORIES OF THE WEEK

STEVE HARLEY: Someone's Coming (EMI).
JOHN MILES: Can't Keep A Good Man Down (Decca).
Harley is definitely one of the, main benefactors of the new pop (with Bolan, Bowie, Chinn-Chapman, Hunter, the Maels) and without losing any respect (he never really had any) he could continue with his old perfidious, insidious pop and have a few hits. Make people smile. But . . . elderly popsters just want to grow serious, bare themselves and reveal the stretchmarks. This is a watery ballad, with mournful steel guitar and flabby strings.

Miles gets autobiographical, honestly accepting that *Melody Maker* are not going to put him on the cover every two weeks any more, and with this Alan Parsons-produced trivia bravely aims for that sensitive heavy metal audience.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17 MANCHESTER APOLLO
19 BIRMINGHAM ODEON
20 BIRMINGHAM ODEON
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22 PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
24 BRIGHTON CENTRE
25 READING HEXAGON HALL
26 LEICESTER DE MONTFORD HALL
28 DERBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS
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APRIL 1 OXFORD NEW THEATRE
2 HAMMERSMITH ODEON
3 HAMMERSMITH ODEON
AQUARIUS DEALS WITH DEMOCRATIC COMMUNICATION BETWEEN HUMAN BEINGS WHO LOOK ON EACH OTHER AS BROTHERS: ITS RULER URANUS GOVERNS ELECTRICITY

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Armatrading's American Dream: Strictly Personal . . .

In which JOAN ARMATRADING boxes clever, evades the issues, sorts herself out, and plays a great gig. Which is what it's all about, isn't it? GRAHAM LOCK says no. Smile please says JILL FURMANOVSKY.

Live (Just).
A Night In Bavaria

THIS STORY begins with a road crash.

Seven am on the autobahn that runs from Berlin through East Germany, to the West. It's cold, dark and snowing. The roads are icy and treacherous. A truck carrying nearly all the instruments and stage equipment for the Joan Armatrading European tour starts to pull in towards a welcome lay-by. The driver's been on the road for four hours and he's looking for a rest.

But as he touches his brake the huge truck suddenly goes into a skid. The rear end swerves onto a verge; the cab swings round and smashes side-on into the vehicle behind. Windscreens shatter. Metal slams against metal. Shouts. The cars behind dance crazily across the road trying to avoid the wreckage.

The truck, like a wounded animal, slides quietly down the verge and comes to rest in a ditch.

Shock. Silence. Cold.

The next few scenes are like moments from a macabre farce. The road crew, following in a different van, slide to a halt and leap out onto the ice. To a man they fall flat on their backs; one of them cuts his head open. Later the local police chief drives onto the scene, skids, and also ends up in the ditch. Like a comic nightmare.

But it's no joke. The driver, badly hurt, is rushed to hospital. The equipment, which may be damaged, is held by the East German authorities. And the road crew still have a six-hour drive to Munich.

It's gonna be hard day for everybody.

The end result is that the evening's concert at the Deutsches Museum in Munich (where they serve champagne in the interval — that or lager) begins a couple of hours late. It's a miracle it's on at all — instruments, lights, an entire PA, have been hired, borrowed and scrambled together in a few desperate hours.

The musicians are using totally unfamiliar instruments; there are no monitors, so they can't hear what they're playing; and the usual light show, consisting of 120 separate units, is reduced to three spots plus the built-in onstage lighting.

A lot of people would've refused to play, but Joan Armatrading takes it all in her stride. At first the band are understandably sloppy, but they keep smiling and gradually get into it. Joan is in superb voice. She carries the beginning of the set, then turns it around with an immaculate solo spot that features brilliant acoustic guitar on 'Steppin' Out'. The applause is ecstatic; after that everything becomes easier.

The first of two encores is a rousing, rocking, funk-out version of 'Back To The Night'. Joan is laughing, dancing, prowling the stage, having a ball — totally transformed from the nerve-racked, uptight, motionless performer of a few years ago. No doubt about it — Joan Armatrading has reached dry land.

Work. The Simple Way To Complete Control

THE INTERVIEW takes place the next morning. Our search for a quiet place takes us to the Munich Hilton's indoor swimming pool — a vast, glassy building, quite deserted at nine am. We sit at a table in the far corner, surrounded by large plants, while Jill Furmanovsky hovers nearby taking her pics. It's an unusual scenario for a rock 'n' roll meeting; and what's worse, none of us smoke or drink!

For a while, Joan is gently taciturn, answering many questions with a mere 'yes' or 'no'; gradually, she becomes more talkative, punctuating the conversation with a deep, throaty laugh. But abrupt or joking, Joan Armatrading remains exasperatingly evasive — it's not until the interview is nearly over that she allows a few intriguing glimpses of her real feelings to emerge.

She was born in St. Kitts, in the West Indies, in 1950, and came to England eight years later with her parents. The family settled in Birmingham.

She left there 1969/70, but didn't settle in London until 1972. Part of the intervening period was spent touring in *Hair*, an episode Joan is reluctant to discuss. She recites quickly "I enjoyed it, didn't take my clothes off, 'n' it was great" — then lapses into a profound silence which intimates that the subject is *closed*.

After *Hair*, Joan took her songs around the record companies. "I got offered contracts 'n' ended up saying 'yes' to Cube, 'n' wishing I hadn't. But there you go."

'Whatever's For Us', the first album, featuring songs written with friend Pam Nestor, was released to critical praise but dismal sales — due, in Joan's opinion, to Cube's lack of promotion. "They were *useless*. I mean, I didn't wanna sell a million, but it would've been nice to sell one or two," she laughs.

It took two years' litigation to free her from that contract. The next step was a move to A&M and a second album, 'Back To The Night', which collected good reviews — but it wasn't until her third album, 'Joan Armatrading', that she achieved a breakthrough in terms of mass commercial success. That album, her first to be produced by Glyn Johns, was *NME* Record Of The Year; and a track from it, 'Love And Affection', became Armatrading's first hit single, reaching the Top Ten late in 1976.

The subsequent albums, 'Show Some Emotion' and 'To The Limit', show her consolidating her reputation as a perceptive writer and experimenting quietly with a variety of musical forms — reggae, gospel and blues are evident influences. In 1978, an extensive tour of Europe, Australia, New Zealand and Canada climaxed with an appearance supporting Dylan at Blackbushe, her most prestigious gig to date.

She obviously has a firm grip on her career, and knows exactly where the music is going. When I ask if she's ever felt caught up in a process she can't control, the suggestion is dismissed out of hand.

"Nah. Listen, you can always stop. Nobody *makes* you do anything. If things get too much, you can say 'Thank you I've had enough'.

"If I felt at any point that I didn't like what was happening, and there was no way I could say 'I don't wanna do this' — it's so easy; I just stay at home. It's no problem: I'll still have my two hands 'n' I'll still be able to walk 'n' breathe, 'n' hopefully have my health. That's all that matters."

At this point I inquire if she's made a lot of money. Joan becomes jokingly evasive. "Not yet, but I'm working on it." You'd like to be rich? "Yeah, why not?" What would you do with the money? "Put it under my bed." There's nothing you'd like to buy? "Yeah, Britain." Again the subject stays *closed*.

Apparently at the pinnacle of her career and in a position of unique independence, it's ironic that Joan Armatrading has again become involved with litigation against her record company. Typically, she refuses to discuss it; but the dispute appears to centre on an option in her contract which, it is claimed, A&M failed to exercise. Her suit, in the American courts, alleges that A&M illegally interfered with her attempts to negotiate for a new label, and asks for a variety of damages totalling over ten million dollars.

A&M maintain that she is still under contract to them and they have been granted an interim injunction by an English court which restrains her from recording for any other company. It seems unlikely that either case will be settled until late in the year. Until then the situation is in deadlock — Joan refuses to record for A&M and is prevented from recording for anyone else. A depressing tangle; or Cube squared.

Politics. A Portrait Of The Artist As An Island.

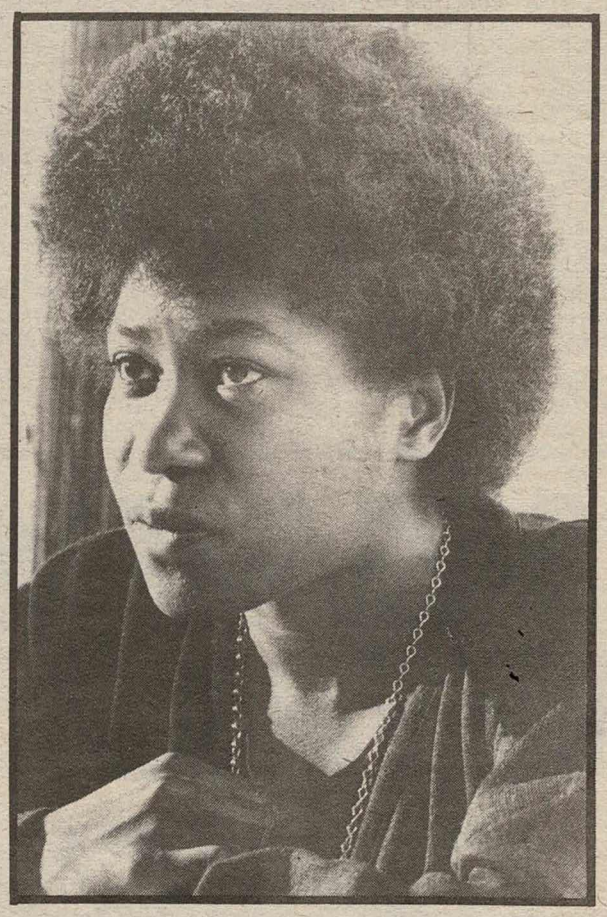
THE ARMATRADING evasiveness takes on the contours of an ideology when we begin to talk about politics. I'd read that in the early days she'd received support from the Women's Movement, and I was curious to know her relationship to feminism. I get a short answer.

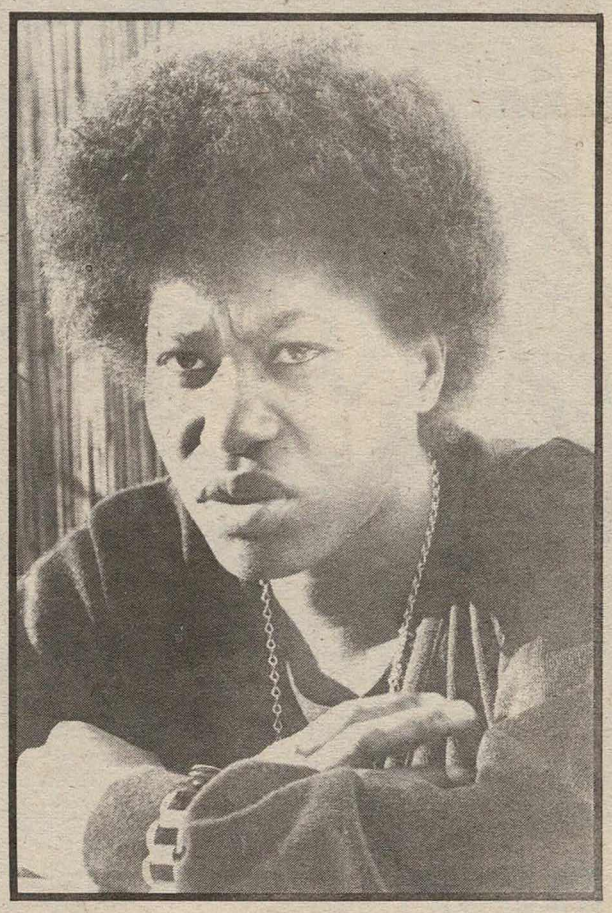
"I was never involved with feminism."

But didn't you do benefits gigs for *Spare Rib?*

"Not *gigs*. I did one gig 'n' I only did it because I knew somebody who was on *Spare Rib* and they asked me

■ *Continues over page*





Listen, all us ANL retentives think a black woman should be on the cover

■ *From previous page*

to do it. I didn't do it for the Movement, I did it for a friend. I wasn't trying to say anything."

Well, I can believe that. But didn't you even feel you were getting support from the Movement at one time?

A long pause. Then Joan shrugs and laughs. "I dunno. I suppose so."

My remark that she seems to be very cagey about it elicits an indignant rebuttal.

"No, I'm not cagey. I just didn't get *involved* with 'em — and I don't know anything about 'em ... so I can't give you answers I haven't got. If the Women's Movement wanted to ... um ... sort of adopt me, then I think that's great. The music is there for everyone — men or women, gay or straight, or whatever. I love it when they like it."

She also argues that simply doing what she's doing is more effective than joining any movement. "It helps black people to think they can get on, it helps a woman to think she can get on. I mean, I'm doing my bit."

The fact remains that few people have followed her example; that few women performers control their carrers to the extent that Joan Armatrading does hers. She explains: "That's probably cos I'm just stubborn. I dunno ... I can't be bothered with being pressurised, with somebody who's gonna tell me how to dress and what to say and who to talk to. I just like to be myself and not worry too much. It's just me; I've always been like that."

It may well be that Joan Armatrading is exceptionally talented, or determined, or has just been plain lucky. Whichever is the case, the fact that she's in an exceptional position undermines her contention that anyone can follow her example. The last thing that's likely to change prejudice in the record industry is a watered-down version of the American Dream.

This aversion to political involvement extends to organisations like the Anti-Nazi League, even though Joan becomes almost vociferous in her condemnation of the National Front.

"Listen, I'm very pleased the NF is getting the publicity it's getting because everybody knows it's there. I'd hate them to be an underground movement, just building and building, and suddenly we've got a whole other Germany.

"And it's so negative, what they're trying to do. It makes no sense. What they're saying is you should just kill everybody, just deport 'em to ... uh ... outer space or something. Cos if you wanna trace everybody's history you're gonna find all sorts of rubbish in there. You're not gonna find a *true* anything.

"And what happens to the guy who falls in love with a black woman? Or falls in love with a Jewess? He's gonna be off ... they want a perfect race, but what is *perfect?* I'm sure half of them aren't."

So why not work with RAR or the ANL?

"I think they're great — but it's something that needs dedication. It's like I read something about Ian Dury saying if every person in the world sorted themselves out, this world would be great. It's the only way."

But it's not likely to happen, is it?

"No?" A shrug. "But you can try 'n' do your bit. I don't say I've got it all together but I have a go."

Apart from your singing, what do you mean by "doing your bit"?

A pause. "Well ... uh ... OK, it's like, for example, by living peaceably with somebody, like a black person and white person. Then it's saying OK white people and black people *can* do it. Then you can do your bit without actually joining in the gang."

Songs. The Seen Says Hello To The Felt

THE QUESTION of privacy has also figured prominently in discussions of Joan Armatrading's work. She has always maintained that her songs are not about herself. Pam Nestor, who co-wrote the 'Whatever's For Us' album, once told Nick Kent: "With Joan, she doesn't feel she *has* to experience things in order to write about them ... She knows that certain stock situations exist ... and that's where a lot of her lyrics come from."

This doesn't necessarily mean that she's a cold or calculating writer; it could just be she's perceptive, sensitive to other people, and reasonably imaginative. When I quiz her on this, I don't get very far.

I begin by paraphrasing Pam Nestor's comment in a long-winded question which goes something like — your songs about relationships seem to use a lot of the standard romantic notions and situations; is that because you're deliberately using love-song conventions as components of your song-writing techniques, or is it because you think life is really like that?

The answer is much more succinct. "Yeah."

Huh? Which?

"The last bit. I don't get it out of a book! No, I know what you're saying, but I just write it as I see it. Writing so many songs it's sort of impossible not to put a tiny bit of me in it, but I do try not to write about myself.

"And though they're not personal, I do get very involved in the songs. I mean, it's not just a bunch of words, or cos they *sound* good together; they have to mean something to me to get to other people."

Why don't you write about yourself?

Pause. "Ah, I dunno. I don't want to, really."

Why not?

"Cos I don't." Laughs.

There's no explanation?

■ *continues page 56*

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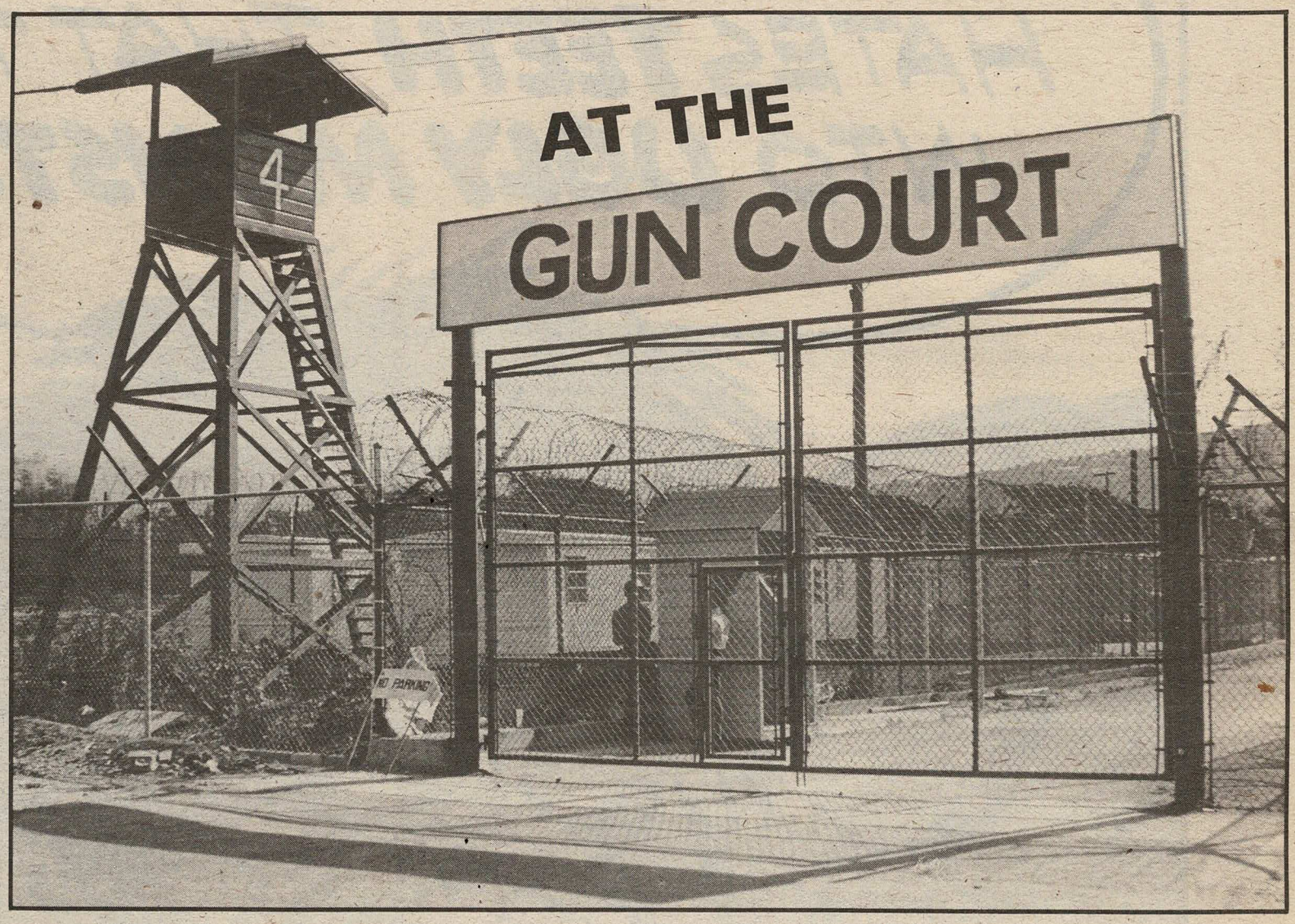


CHRIS SALEWICZ checks BOB MARLEY at home in Kingston JA, gets a lift and enlightenment on matters Ras Tafari.

SET IN maybe half an acre of ground, 56 Hope Road, Kingston 6 is a sprawling, wood-fronted, two-storey detached house, its flaking cream paint seeming to symbolise the decayed colonial gentry for whom it was originally built and who are now mostly long gone from Jamaica.

Its former name, Island House, remains on the gates even though it's now some years since Island Records boss Chris Blackwell sold it to his label's largest selling act, Bob Marley.

It's a long way from the ghetto of Trenchtown down on the coast road where Robert Nesta Marley grew up. A mile or so more up the Hope Road and you're on the edge of the hills, felt by Rastas to be the true spiritual centre of Jamaica.

Uptown though it may be in its geographical location, the collective Jah-ruled head state that resides here transcends such petty physical limitations to remain anchored well and truly down in the roots, in the soul of the island.

Anyday up at Hope Road you may find 50 or so brethren reasoning, playing football, or drinking fish tea.

It's said that this is where a lot of Marley's money goes; in keeping with an altruistic Rasta philosophy (which is the very antithesis of the more traditional sharp Jamaican division between the haves and the have-nots, arguably a colonial legacy), he must surely invest a lot of his royalty cheques in all these people.

No wonder I saw him haggling over the price of some lambsbread herb that was going for 100 Jamaican dollars a pound.

DESPITE all one hears about the early-rising habits of Rastas, the only person visible on this cloudless blue morning is the middle-aged dread at the rear of the house damping down the dust with a hose.

The only sound is the joyously celebratory rhythm (in England it'd be called a summertime sound) of Anicia Banks' (aka I-Three-ite Judy Mowatt) 'I Want To Thank You, Jah' jumping out of the system in the Tuff Gong shop, with Judy's promise that she can see *"It's a brighter day"* and that she is *"stronger because of sacrifice"*.

It's from 56 Hope Road that Bob Marley runs his Tuff Gong label, with the shop tucked away with its own entrance in the far right room (as you enter the gates from the road) of the building.

Tuff Gong will shortly be adding to its catalogue the Island Steel Pulse and Ijahman albums. Its current biggest seller, however, is The Wailers' 'Rastaman Live Up', an excellent single that follows in the fine tradition of last summer's Tuff Gong Marley 45 'Blackman Redemption', the first sign of Marley breaking with the slickness of 'Kaya' and 'Exodus' (both recorded out of Jamaica).

Neither of these singles will be coming out in England on Island — though there are plentiful supplies of 'Rastaman Live Up' on import in reggae shops.

After talking in the shop with Diane Jobson, Bob's lawyer and assistant, who is arranging freshly cut flowers in a vase to put on the counter, I step out onto the wooden verandah where several brethren have by now arrived, as if gathered there for some pre-arranged purpose.

Some few minutes later a large black BMW flying a small red, gold and green Ethiopian flag from the front left wing pulls into the driveway and parks directly in front of the shop.

Wearing fawn track-suit trouser bottoms, running shoes, a white T-shirt with cut-off arms and a delicately crocheted fawn tam — again with red, gold and green interwoven into it — the slight figure of Bob Marley bounds up the steps.

He reappears a few moments later and I introduce myself.

He responds just like Bob Marley should: "You want some 'erb, mon?". Smiling, he presses some ganja, along with a single ZigZag paper, into my right hand.

As this is my first morning in Jamaica for nearly a year I've yet to refamiliarise myself with the highly idiomatic combination of Rastaspeak and standard Jamaican so I content myself with my spliff, while Marley engages in deep conversation with the brethren.

At this point there appears to be a certain mustering of forces. They have to go somewhere now, he turns and tells me.

"Alright," I nod, feeling it best not to press my presence too much. "Later then."

Two more guys and Diane Jobson join the party. They climb into a VW bus. From the doorway I turn to watch them drive off. Then suddenly Marley, sitting in the open mini-bus door, gives me about two square miles of utterly trustworthy, open grin.

"Come on!" he laughs, waving me over. "Come with us!"

I climb in between him and another brother and soon we're bouncing crazily, like some Furry Freak Brothers cartoon vehicle, along a rut-filled road lined with detached middle-class homes (several of them boarded up, their weak-hearted owners presumably having fled the country to the States).

It is only now that a vital question occurs to me: Where are we all going? I turn to Marley and ask.

"Gun Court", he replies, and nods to himself.

The Gun Court . . . Oh, of course! Where else would we be going?

My question and the reply have been the only words that have broken the almost religiously meditative silence that has reigned in the bus since it left Hope Road. I sit back, let it waft around me, and try and keep my considerably herbed head in shape.

YOU MAY know about the Jamaican Gun Court where, if the forces of law and order find any part of a gun or a bullet in your possession, you're sent for a trial that may result in a life sentence.

Out the back of the court you go into the sinisterly, euphemistically named Gun Court Rehabilitation Centre and it's see you in a quarter of a century's time.

Unfortunately in many quarters the standard of justice is considered doubtful, with allegations that 'if the police say you're guilty then you must be' attitude prevails.

More subtly iniquitous, however, is a recent Government Act known as the Suppression Of Crimes Act that apparently allows arbitrary suspension of civil liberties.

However, back to the Gun Court: after reading a report in an American magazine, I'd always pictured the place as lying on some Devil's Island-like swamp right on the edge of the sea. But this is not the case.

The Gun Court Detention Centre lies on the edge of the comfortably suburban foothills that become Beverley Hills.

In a way, though, this setting — such a forced attempt at making these green-painted concrete blocks appear *normal* — carries an even more sinister air about it.

As on the only other time I've been inside a long-term prison — Wandsworth in South London — I feel incrediby exposed and vulnerable as soon as the VW has driven through the main gates and we're standing there in the sun.

There really is a sense that they've got you now, and that if it is so desired anything whatsoever may happen to you and nobody need hear about it.

I suspect Bob Marley feels the same way, too.

But why are we here? Who have we come to see?

"To see a Youth," Marley tells me.

Why's he in?

"*Them* says 'e kill someone," he replies sadly.

We're ushered over to a wooden hut by a gate in the middle of a tall criss-crossed wire fence. We give our names, step through the gate, then through a doorway and into another concrete building.

In the high-ceilinged stone hallway there's a further wait as another barred door is opened.

Through that, and then through another more conventional wooden door, and we're in a another hallway — long with a dark-stained wooden floor, this time — with a long table set in the middle. On either side of it several doors lead off.

The khaki-clad prison sergeant (with holstered gun on hip) shows us through a door at the opposite end from where we've come in. And inside the room we all sit on wooden chairs.

Someone makes a crack about Bob always hogging the limelight as he edges his chair forward.

After a moment or two a man in police

Bob herbs up

Pix: ADRIAN BOOT

And it's blatant racism that Bob Marley didn't make it . . .

officer's uniform enters and sits behind a desk at the other end of the room. There is an embarrassed silence for what seems like some ten minutes — though it's probably much less — before a slight, fragile-looking figure in prison khaki with a small blue and yellow fez on his head enters the door.

Michael Bernard, as I later learn his name to be, is ushered over by Marley to a chair between him and Diane Jobson. They talk in low voices which I'm unable to make out. Then after a few minutes Bob and Diane confer together and the eyes of Michael Bernard and myself meet.

I ask him why he's in.

"They say I murdered someone," Bernard tells me in an incredibly soft and gentle voice.

Is he innocent?

"Yes", he nods, and if it's possible to look into a man's face and see innocence there then I'd say Michael Bernard is innocent.

Before I can ask anything more of him, Diane Jobson, who used to work for the Jamaican legal aid scheme, begins to talk to the police officer sitting behind the desk. Bob Marley lends support, but in total contrast to the religious rebel-rouser one sees onstage, this Bob Marley speaks almost in a whisper, almost brought to tears by the prisoner's plight. It's said that he *was* in tears when he went down to the jail to get Peter Tosh out after the latter had been brutalised by the police last Autumn.

The police officer seems edgy and awkward, hardly capable of enunciating a proper reply. Later I discover this is probably because he was Bernard's arresting officer.

MICHAEL BERNARD, it transpires, is something of a Jamaican *cause celebre*. Sentenced in 1972 to life imprisonment for the murder of another youth, his case later took a dramatic reversal when the chief witness, a 13-year-old girl, declared that she'd made her statement to the police under duress and retracted it.

The subject of assorted petitions and a play, *Youth Against The Crown*, written by one Orlando Wong who is a Jamaican resident equivalent of Linton Johnson, Bernard is apparently now almost certain to get his release. However, as is the way of officialdom across the world, this cannot be until it appears his release is *not* a result of the public pressure! (This latter fact is, apparently, one of the things of which Bob, Diane and Michael have just been informed.)

When we leave Michael Bernard is allowed to accompany us as far as the first set of locked gates. But though I find myself side by side with him for a few moments the mood is hardly apt for any hard-nosed sleuth reporter questioning about conditions inside the jail. All I can do is wish him well, hope that he can keep on hoping.

Leaving the Gun Court obviously takes a strain off Bob Marley. As we get back into the bus he's smiling for the first time since we left Hope Road.

"There, you're the first journalist ever to go inside the Gun Court."

He laughs, no doubt aware from just looking at my face as to how phased I am from all this having gone on within the first 11 hours of my being in Jamaica — seven of which I'd spent sleeping anyway.

All I can do is nod, and I realise just how full of shit you can become living in the "reality" that is London.

THOUGH BOB's currently having a recording studio built into the ground floor at Hope Road — the house is now just the musician's hanging-out and general Wailing yard as opposed to one where he actually sleeps — it won't be completed in time for his combo to cut their new album there.

Indeed producer Alex Sadkin, of Third World and K C And The Sunshine Band production credits fame, is currently checking out studios in Jamaica with Bob for that very purpose.

Until then Bob Marley and The Wailers rehearse every night in the music room upstairs at Hope Road until, as Wailer guitarist Junior Marvin describes it, "Bob reaches the place in his head where he can find all the music he's been hearing inside him."

Judging from the one evening of rehearsals I heard he must be getting pretty close by now. With Bob sitting with his guitar on a stool up against a wall — from where he could see all the rest of the band — they played fiery, emotionally clear and beautiful music that sounded at times like passionately religious chants and for which 'Blackman Redemption' and 'Rastaman Live Up' are obviously the closest reference points.

Missing from the rehearsal studio, however, were the horn section that is due to become part of The Wailers for their next tour.

The two-Tuff Gong singles, incidentally, were both recorded at the same time and had their initial rhythm tracks cut at Lee Perry's Black Ark studio with Scratch at the controls and later overdubbed and mixed at Island boss Chris Blackwell's Compass Point Studio in Nassau.

Bob also has a Disco 45 ready for release though I'm not certain if that came from the same session.

Other projects from individual Wailers include a seven-piece band, led by one Richard McDonald and called the New Waves (christened courtesy of R N Marley). This is Family Man's project, and material will shortly be coming out on Tuff Gong.

The much-maligned Junior Marvin, an excellent guy who is the son of a jazz professor and who grew up in JA, London, and New York, has also cut in Nassau a fine solo LP on which most of The Wailers, including Bob, play. As well as original material the album includes both a version of Eric Clapton's 'Layla' and, as if taking something back to its roots, the Marley song that Clapton popularised, 'I Shot The Sheriff'.

Wailer keyboardsman Tyrone Downey is also working on a solo album.

As to the evasiveness of the hopelessly reactionary United States in falling under the Marley spell — subsequent albums have failed to emulate the success of 'Rastaman Vibration' which made the top ten — manager Don Taylor is disappointed that Warner Brothers, who now distribute Island in the US, have not done more with the 'Babylon By Bus' double live set.

Going on precedents of American fondness for double live albums one might have reasonably expected the Yanks to lap it up. However, we'll get onto this matter of America in a moment . . .

For the time being, in addition to their world tour in the spring, Don Taylor (who also has a share of Marvin Gaye's management, apparently) is considering an open-air festival in Cuba with Bob and The Wailers topping the bill with his new client Jimmy Cliff, generally felt about to have an upwardly mobile career once more, as support.

IT'S 8.00 in the morning a week after the visit to the Gun Court. Bob Marley stands under the arbour that shades the front door of 56 Hope Road, smoking a spliff and reasoning with the brethren who tends the yard and a dread who, as the result of a car accident, has had a foot amputated and sits in a wheelchair.

On each of several visits to Hope Road I noticed Bob investing a lot of time in caring for this poor man's head state.

Amongst white rock writers it has been fashionable over the past 18 months or so to be disparaging about Bob Marley, to suspect him of the kind of Macchiavellian stroke-pulling to which many rock artists are prone. All I can say, after observing the man, is that you shouldn't lay your own paranoias on others, baby blue.

Sticking his hands deep into his blue jeans and standing tall in his ankle-strapped tan boots, Bob Marley displays an almost pugnacious, almost threatening, street-fighting stance that is the antithesis of the softer side he'd displayed earlier.

"*America*. . ." he breathes passionately. "It is pure *devilry* them things that go on there. Them just work with force and brutality!"

Does he think that the American music business has deliberately held back reggae music?

"*Of course!*" his reply has far more certainty than I'd even expected. "Them see that everywhere throughout the world reggae music produces Love!"

Of course, the running scared Americans have also done their best to prevent Punk getting any foot-hold in their wretched country. . .

Bob nods: "Them lock out the punk thing because they see something is happening. Them 'ave punks, mon, so the oppressors bring another man to blind the Youth to the truth. And they call him," he draws the word out with a sneer, "John *Tra-vol-ta!*"

He points to his locks underneath his woolen tam: "If you wear locks it causes you a tribulation. Men not want to give you work. But you know the difference between stepping free and being in jail."

Though there are quite a few false Rastas around — even if once they get into it they're probably unable to escape its true pull.

Bob nods: "Not every man 'oo wears locks need be a Rastaman. There is many a man 'oo 'ave locks but 'oo 'ave a wicked 'eart, 'oo is a wolf in sheep's clothing.

"But a Rastaman can be any *nation*. Even," he seems to hesitate for just a moment, "Any *race*.

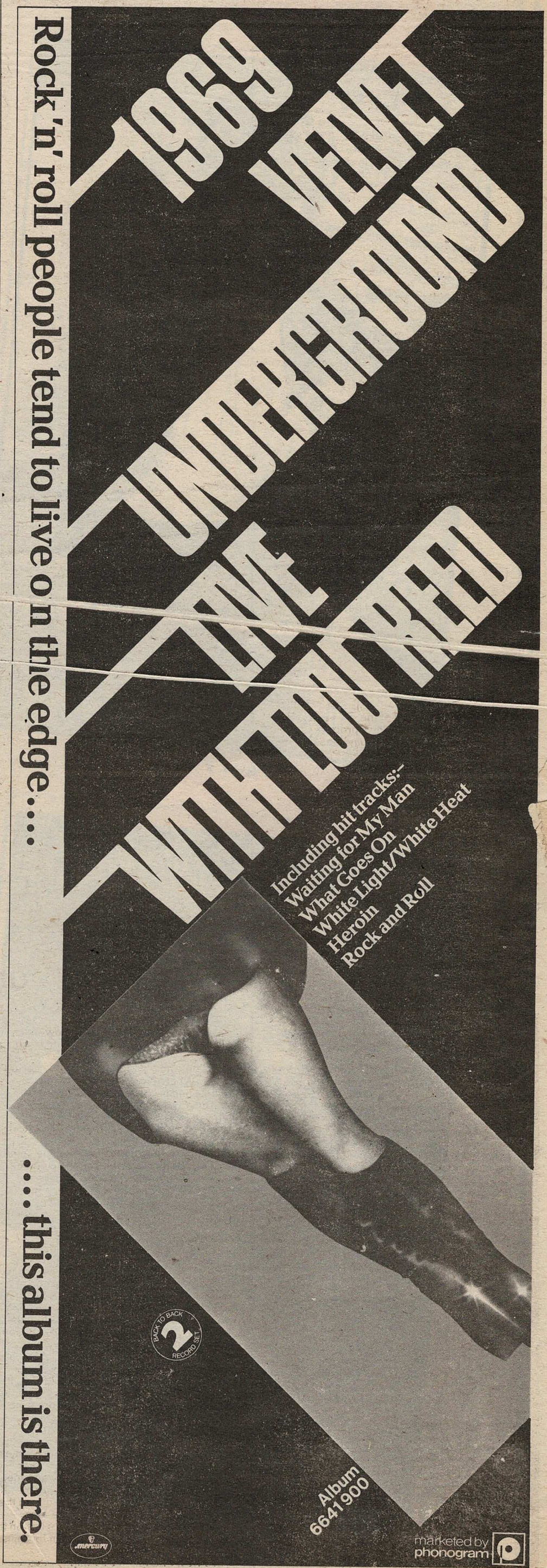
"Just so long as 'im 'eart is *pure* for Rasta deal with pure livity (living).

"They are called *dread* locks because them put *dreadful* fear into the hearts of other men."

I-ward, a white Rasta who lives on the beach at Negril, appears in the doorway and interrupts us with his boice booming out Rastafarian fire and brimstone like Charlton Heston playing an Old Testament prophet. He spent his childhood in Ethiopia, ("a wonderful place"), he tells me, and then became a DJ in South Carolina. The day 'Natty Dread' arrived on his doorstep he got stoned on grass and listened to it all evening. The next day got a flight to JA where he's lived ever since.

I turn to ask Bob about his impressions of Ethiopia on his recent visit there at the end of last year.

He's disappeared, of course.



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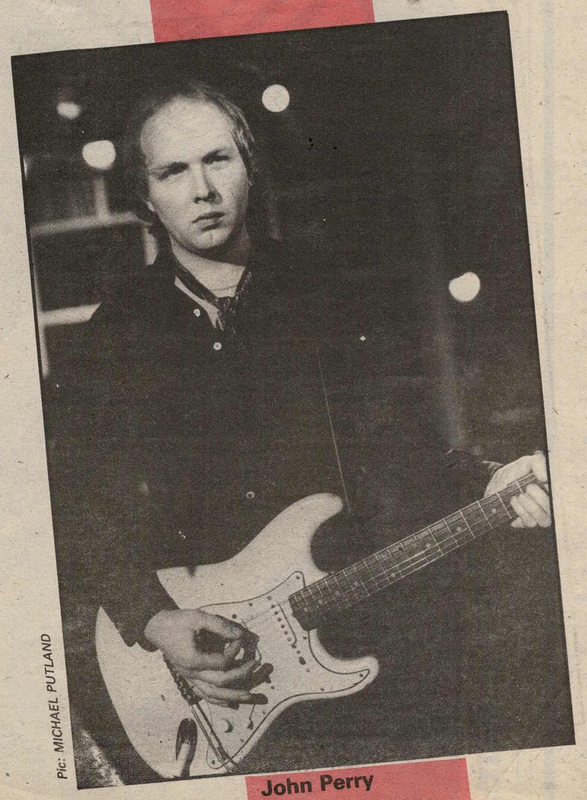

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A New Yorker familiar with the lingo obliges, and suddenly the room is ablaze — the joints are jumping, going round and round. The Only Ones are psyching themselves up the best way they know how, for what they know not.

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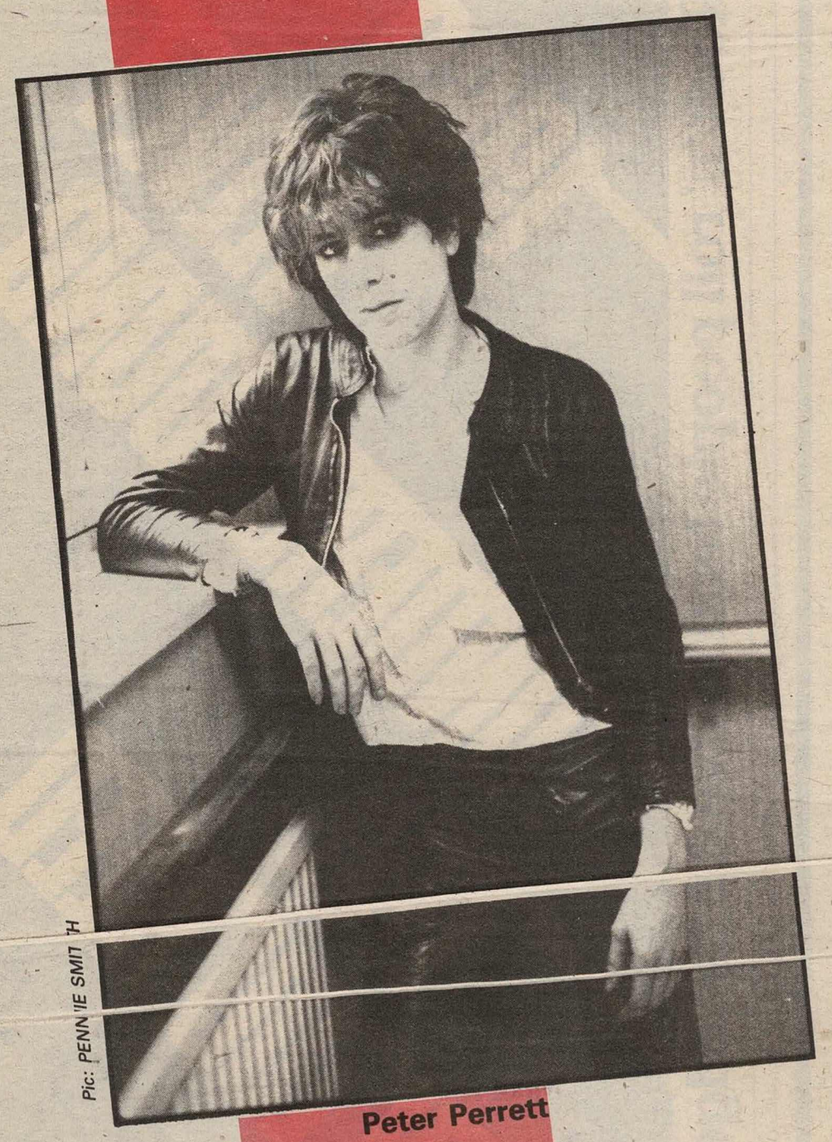
Ho ho, our page won



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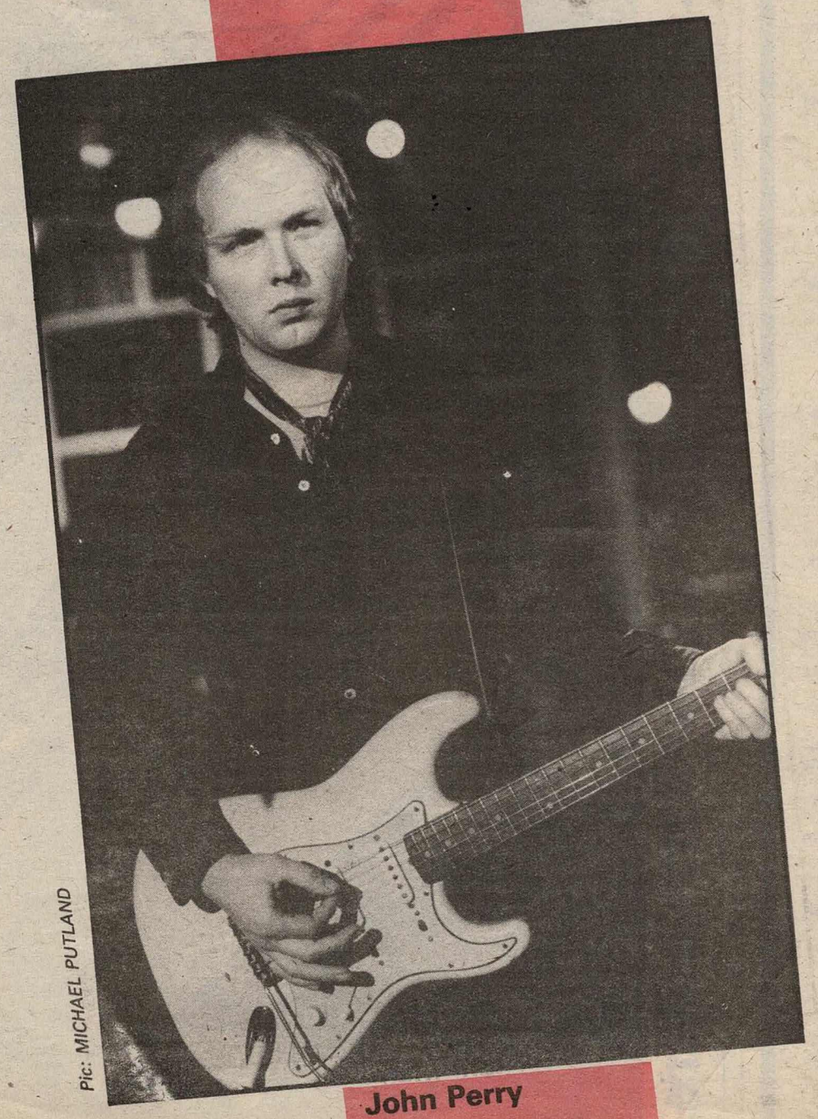

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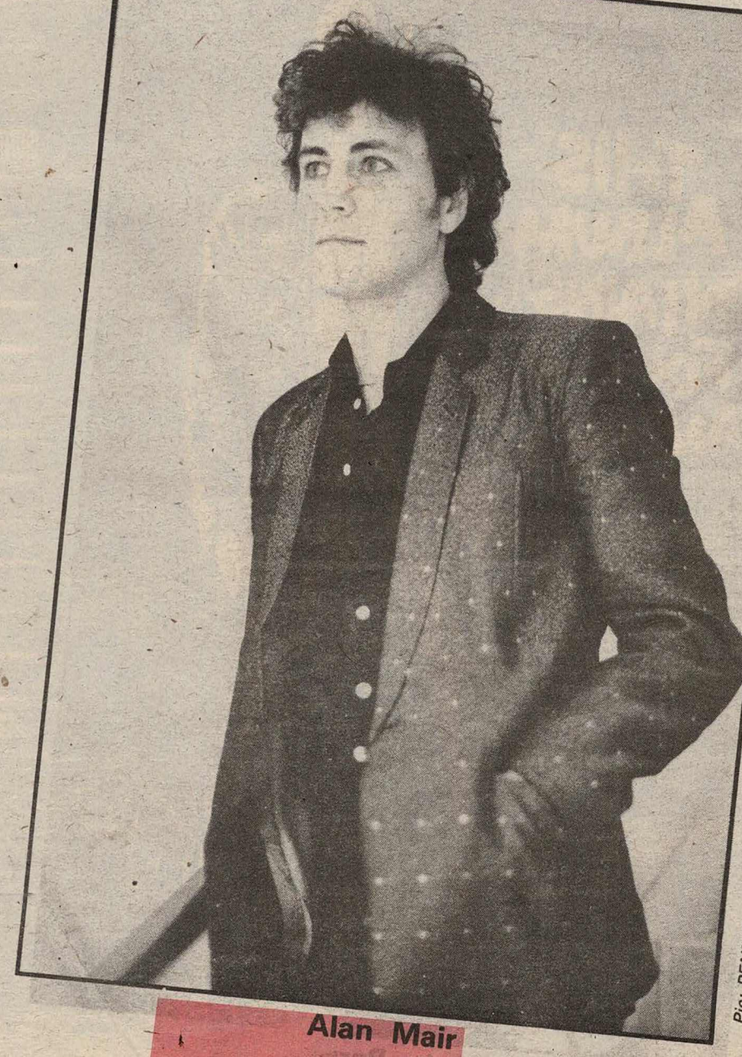
Pic: MICHAEL PUTLAND

Mike Kellie



Pic: PENNIE SMITH

Alan Mair

Ho ho, our page won

ONLY ONES

■ *From previous page*

had done service on the Mad Dogs and Englishmen tour.

It must be strange for Kellie, a veteran of three tours with Spooky Tooth, the days of 'groupies', mass hype, expensive hotels, cars on call, hot and cold running women, all the rock and roll paraphernalia — now conspicuous by its absence. Old acquaintances emerge, nostalgia is tempered by this new, more important, job.

Back in England talk centres around the desire to work harder than ever. There is much soul searching and what Kellie calls "the mood to ask and answer questions frankly."

The Only Ones have yet to stage the full frontal assault on the British sub-conscious they need in order to shake off the uncertainty. Costello, Dury, Buzzcocks have made themselves constantly available, whacked out singles regularly. Yet many of these acts are paying the price for overwork; they have become stale, or have alienated their original fans with displays of arrogance.

The Only Ones are not stale, though they recorded their second album 'Even Serpents Shine' under bizarre circumstances. Mair recalls: "It was done between dates, a track here and there. You need a different mental attitude to cope with studio work, intense concentration, a higher state of mind."

So far success has been elusive. They've impressed critics but failed to secure matching sales. 'Serpents' should change that. It is a vast improvement over the debut, the emotional impact of Perrett's idiosyncrasies, that honesty and petulance which put off many a casual listener, being heightened by determined, showcased arrangements. The atmosphere on the record is metallic, it thrusts, coheres, demands to be taken seriously.

Songs of anthemic proportions like 'Out There In The Night' and 'Someone Who Cares' are aligned with new ground in 'Programme' and 'Instrumental'. The styles vary but the kick is direct. They've taken more chances, and if they've borrowed they've done so with full return. (Perry: "The percussion part on 'Instrumental' is reminiscent of Pharaoh Saunders' 'Japan', it's a lot of tin cans and bells and stuff." Perrett raises his eyebrows: "Fuckin' hell John, I thought you invented all them licks.").

The overriding impression is of a band with huge ambition, the flights of heavy duty expertise from the front men proves the obvious — this band will be at their best in concert auditoriums and not the neighbourhood Mecca.

Kellie says: "We don't want to be a cult. We haven't got this far for purely artistic reasons. We want success, to be rich. If we stayed in clubs we'd get nowhere."

Tony the driver echoes this sentiment after the last set in New York. "Youse guys is too good for dis place. Next time I'll drive ya to Madison Square Garden."

MAIR AND Perrett co-produced 'Serpents' and it's difficult to imagine a name producer improving on the result. Yet because 'You've Got To Pay' hasn't got on the BBC playlist CBS are thinking of calling in a commercial producer for the next single — a move Perry refers to as "a desperate marketing ploy".

This lack of a hit single is perplexing. Neither 'Lovers Of Today' or 'Another Girl' created the effects they merited — and these are two of the finest singles to emerge from a British band in years. ('Another Girl Another Planet' in fact crops up as the theme tune for Den Hegarty's new weekly TV show — third time lucky?)

As Mair points out, "Most people think we're an oddity. We need a hit to get them attuned. It wasn't until Pink Floyd broke through with 'Money' and 'Dark Side Of The Moon' that *they* won their elementary mass appeal.

"I sometimes wonder if we're too indulgent, but we try and keep a balance on any obsessions. We feel the songs are outstanding so we've got to graft . . . and wait. Sometimes it seems that we don't have the organisation to hard sell, or we aren't capable of a commercial hit. It won't make any difference in the long term."

Perry pours on the cold water: "Alan's an eternal optimist. Maybe after ten years' hard work we'll have a minor hit with a totally unrepresentative song. Four year-olds are capable of hit singles."

Perrett says he listens to stuff like 'Armed Forces' — "to see if we're going wrong. We've got to get on the airwaves of the world; our fans are great but there aren't enough of 'em. Perhaps we're being overtaken commercially . . ."

Perry: "But not artistically. There's millions of these new bands and none of them inspires me to check them out further. You can't believe what you read in the papers — every week something is greater than everything else.

"It would feel odd if we went out as support with a bigger group. We've got to stand on our own ground, however small, because the band's been together long enough to exist in its own right.

"We should present ourselves in a way appropriate to the number of people. We want thousands screaming 'cos the band works better in concert, we present ourselves as a unit. I want riots, fans rushing the stage, falling equipment, crushed bodies . . . we never wanted to get stuck in little clubs, that ideal was never shared by us."

Perrett: "Clubs are great if there's a good atmosphere . . ."

Perry: "Yeah, if."

I ask Perrett some specifics about the lyrics, a subject he hates discussing.

"I'm proud of 'From Here To Eternity', 'Flaming Torch', 'Miles From Nowhere'. Some of the songs, like 'In-betweens', are old and the words don't mean anything to me now.

"'Flaming Torch' is the most abstract lyric — all that stuff about 'ancient ruins covered in dirt' and 'I practise spiritual research' has to do with dreams, the past. 'Miles From Nowhere' . . . that's the feeling that I want to be untouched by everything. It's hard to retain the things you thought were important. I dunno, but I try not to let life affect me.

"Sometimes I look at the songs afterwards and discover hidden depths . . . I haven't got the patience to do any other kind of writing. The songs are modern poetry; poets were stars in the 19th Century, they had the effect that rock and roll has now, people like Byron and Shelley. I had that forced down me at school, suppose I enjoyed it. I don't read books now, just the *News Of The World.*"

This introverted, self-deprecating stance is typical of Perrett, though the quality of his imagery belies the inverted snobbery he falls back on when pressed. His songs are so personally conceived that it seems unreasonable to dig deeper in conversation.

Perrett also speaks of "a need to make music that transcends money". He's been doing it for ten years, first with England's Glory. Same is true of Perry, who with Magic Muscle then The Rats, Robert Hunter and now The Only Ones has established total credibility. All of them are born musicians.

Watching Perrett in the studio or on stage you witness a character quite unlike the retiring, sometimes inarticulate individual who spends days in bed at a time. Once the guitar is strapped on Perrett becomes immersed in his songs, his performing role, his alter ego.

It's his world.

NOW THE Only Ones embark on a lengthy spell of English and European touring.

Some of the gigs are RAR backed and will expose the band to a wider cross section than Only Ones stalwarts, though Perry is as agreeably caustic as usual.

"I support the ideals but I'm not sure what the movement achieves. It's such a cliche. Everyone with any sense is against racism but it's got to the stage of 'Stamp collectors against racism' and 'Skateboarders against racism'. I've got visions of a lot of liberals with their fingers in their ears: 'It's an awful noise isn't it?' — 'Yes, but it's all in a good cause'."

The Only Ones' mixture of brutal cynicism and their greater personal belief is part of the make-up. They are not hypocrites or fools; their organisation is anarchic and opinions differ. Perrett, the eternal patriot, voiced misgivings over going to America and has doubts about the possibility of recording the third album in Nassau — a move favoured by other band members (at least they'd all be there at the same time . . .).

"Did you see the Average White Band on the *OGWT* in Nassau? I hate all that, people walking around with fat stomachs hanging out of their shorts. Besides, it'd be too hot there. I like England."

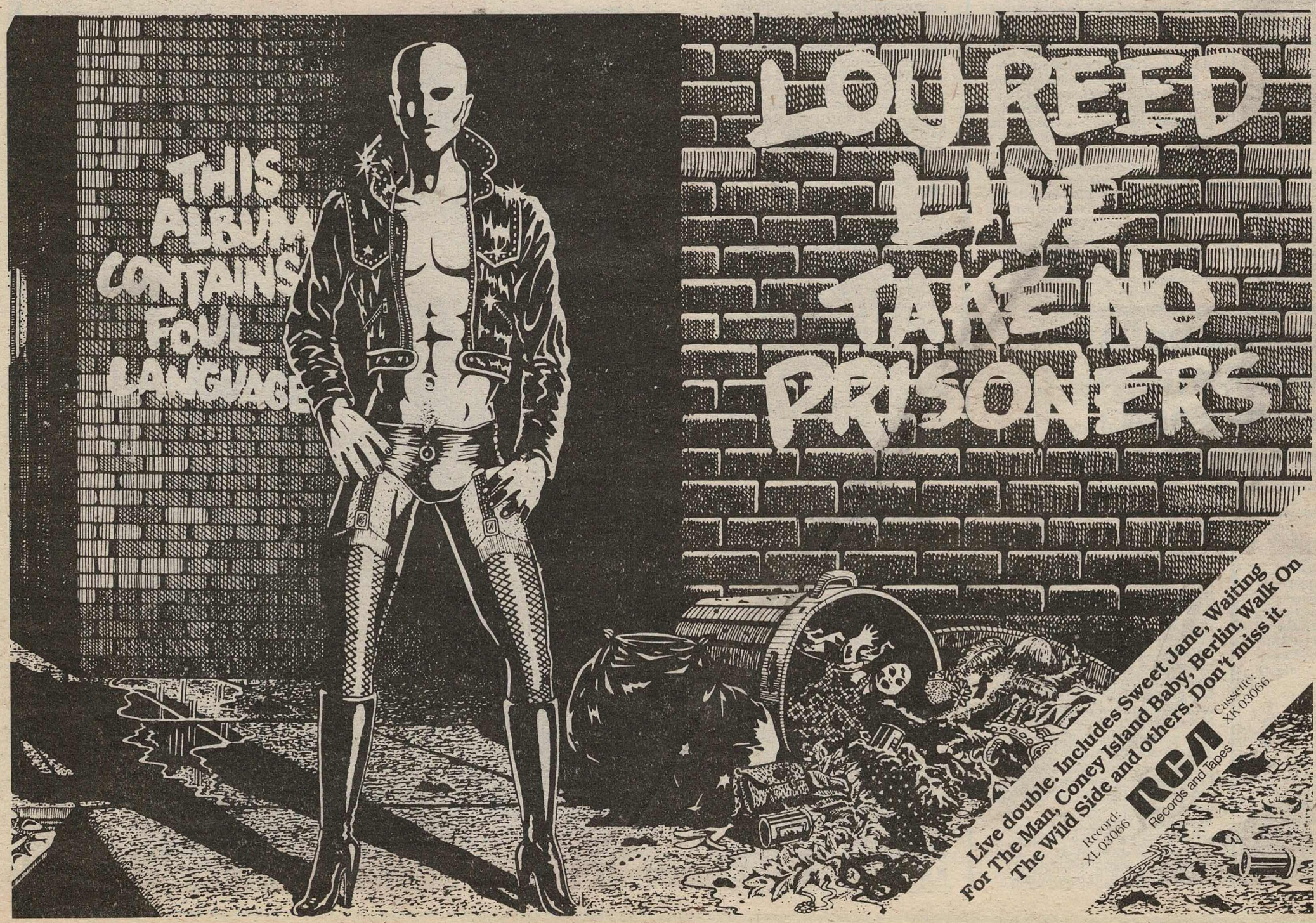
Perry chaffs at this insularity. Band democracy will decide. All are adamant that the previous untogetherness must be a thing of the past.

Kellie: "There can't be any more splits in ideals. We've got to share the ambitions, go through the shit together, and we'll do it."

A naive sentiment perhaps, but inevitably true. 'Even Serpents Shine' will establish the band's credentials once and for all as a force to be reckoned with, while the live shows are invariable displays of unequalled class in this writer's book.

The band that returned from America was hot to display its master moves on home territory, ready to add some important notches to its belt. The time has to be right for The Only Ones' flaming torch to spread its magic in the night. As Kellie said, when the band left their final rehearsal before the opening night in (Old) York: "This is an interesting time for The Only Ones. A very interesting time."

That's the understatement of the year.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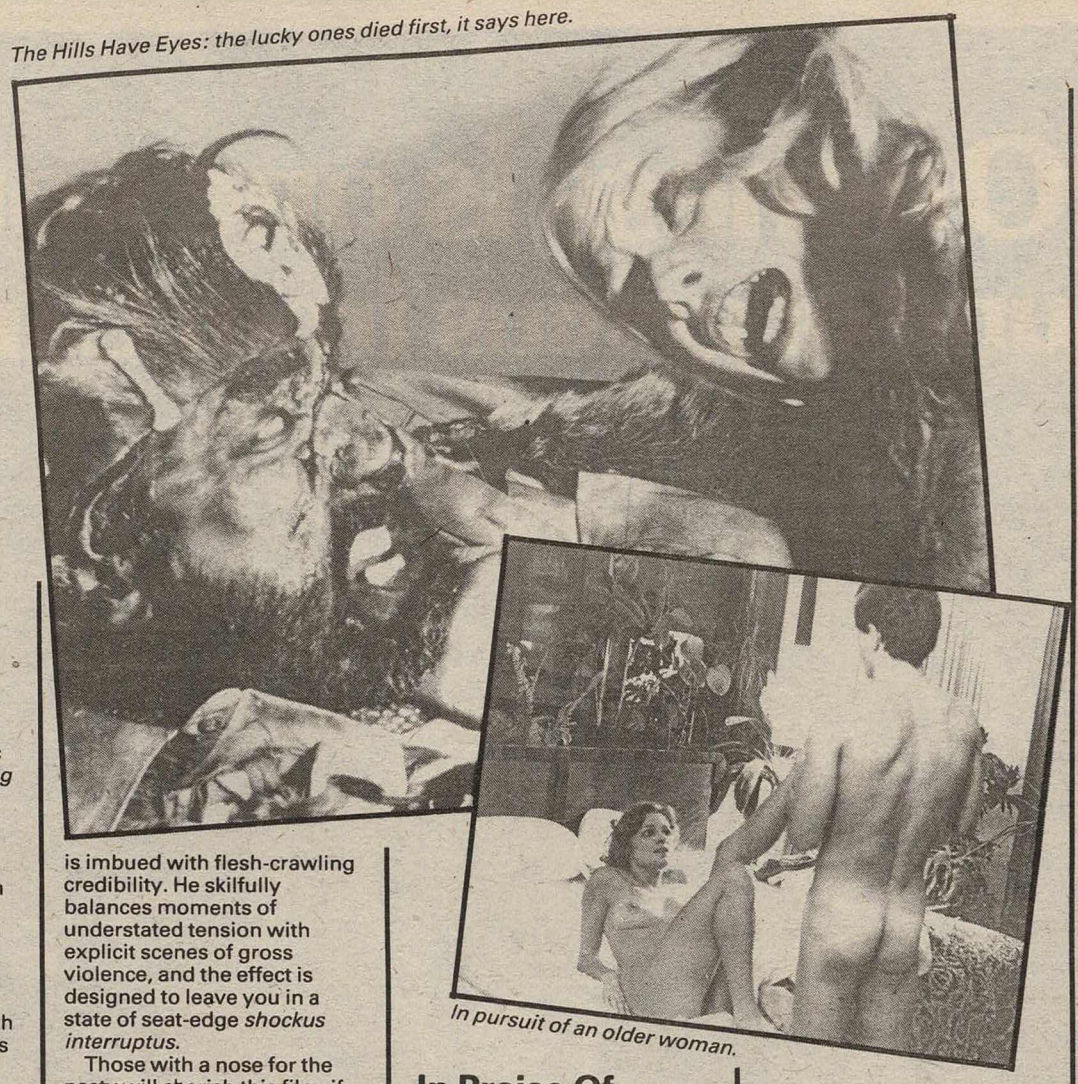

The Hills Have Eyes: the lucky ones died first, it says here.

In pursuit of an older woman.

The Hills Have Eyes

Directed by Wes Craven
Starring Susan Lanier and Robert Houston
(New Realm)

Take one WASPish family from Normalsville, Ohio — Mom, Pop, 2.8 kids, frisbee and dogs — en route for L.A. Snap the back axle of their cosy trailer-towing Buick, stranding them in some Godforsaken backwater snake desert (marked on the map as a USAF nuclear testing site). Add a colony of marauding mutant Masoneque-hillbillies and *Voila!* The recipe is complete for an all-out, nail nibbling chiller-pic.

And that's exactly what you get. Written and directed by Wes Craven in 1977, *The Hills Have Eyes* — winner of the Sitges International Horror Film Festival and selected for last year's London Film Festival — fits squarely in the same American Hulk-Gothic mould as *Night Of The Living Dead* and *Race With The Devil.*

An underlying theme of these films is the conflict between good old American innocence and evil ungodly weirdness. True to form, we see in *Hills* the forces of Rin Tin Tin wholesomeness locked in grisly, no-holds-barred combat with filmdom's most insalubrious no-goodniks *ever.*

Why, no sooner had they crucified Dad than they start to terrorise the survivors by heavy-breathing over the Citizens Band radio. It transpires that they all have a heavy cannibalism habit to support and the movie charts their gruesome endeavours to de-crib Baby for their hill-top barbecue.

Lurid? Very. But in Craven's directoral hands *The Hills Have Eyes* is structured and styled with such a commanding sense of Kentucky fried *frissons* that it is imbued with flesh-crawling credibility. He skilfully balances moments of understated tension with explicit scenes of gross violence, and the effect is designed to leave you in a state of seat-edge *shockus interruptus.*

Those with a nose for the nasty will cherish this film, if only for the garish rat's bladder-make-up and the inspired casting. For here is an opportunity to savour the not inconsiderable screen presence of Hollywood's token ugliest human. (Remember the domeheaded incontinent with the NF eyes who hooted a lot in *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest?* It is he.)

Essential late-night viewing — but keep a tight grip on your choc-ice.

Rick Joseph

In Praise Of Older Women

Directed by George Kaczender
Starring Tom Berenger
(Col-EMI-Warner)

Strange that it should have taken so long for Stephen Vizinczey's best-selling '60s novel to reach the screen, since its subject-matter — the sexual education of a Hungarian buck with a particular voracious appetite for instruction — seems rich in commercial possibilities.

Andras Vajda, virile and predatory, has a single-minded obsession with sex, and screw the social graces; in comparison, Casanova seems bashful. "If you need to be seduced," he tells one of his would-be lays/victims, "then it isn't worth it."

Hence the conversational hors d'oeuvres are skipped entirely.

Presumably this makes it difficult for the film-maker trying to construct something more edifying than pure porn, and while Kaczender's film clearly has some pretensions to seriousness, he actually undermines his own purpose by being too faithful to the original.

Vizinczey's book had a veneer of literary sophistication, and professed some serious intent by making comparisons between different codes of sexual behaviour in the old and new worlds. This film version was bound to sacrifice the former, and it loses the latter through its total lack of atmosphere.

While the locations shift from the post-war streets of Budapest, through the 1956 Hungarian uprising, to the Canadian campuses of the early '60s, no sense of place is ever established; recurrent Americanisms like, "He's still at school, but he's skipped two grades" don't help.

The scenes of the populist revolution are done on the cheap, with three extras and a flag, and make the whole movie seem under-budgeted. Further, although the movie spans 20 changing post-war years, the only suggestion of the passing of time is the replacement of suspenders by tights.

However, there is a yet more fundamental weakness. It just isn't possible for the strapping Tom Berenger to portray the ungainliness of the 16-year-old sexual novitiate, because he always looks twice the age of the character he's meant to be playing.

Given a movie whose sights, even if once set high, automatically revert to crotch-level, skilful acting performances such as that turned in by Karen Black just seem absurdly redundant.

Bob Woffinden

■ *More films over page*

Alan Alda Bill Cosby Walter Matthau Richard Pryor
Michael Caine Jane Fonda Elaine May Maggie Smith

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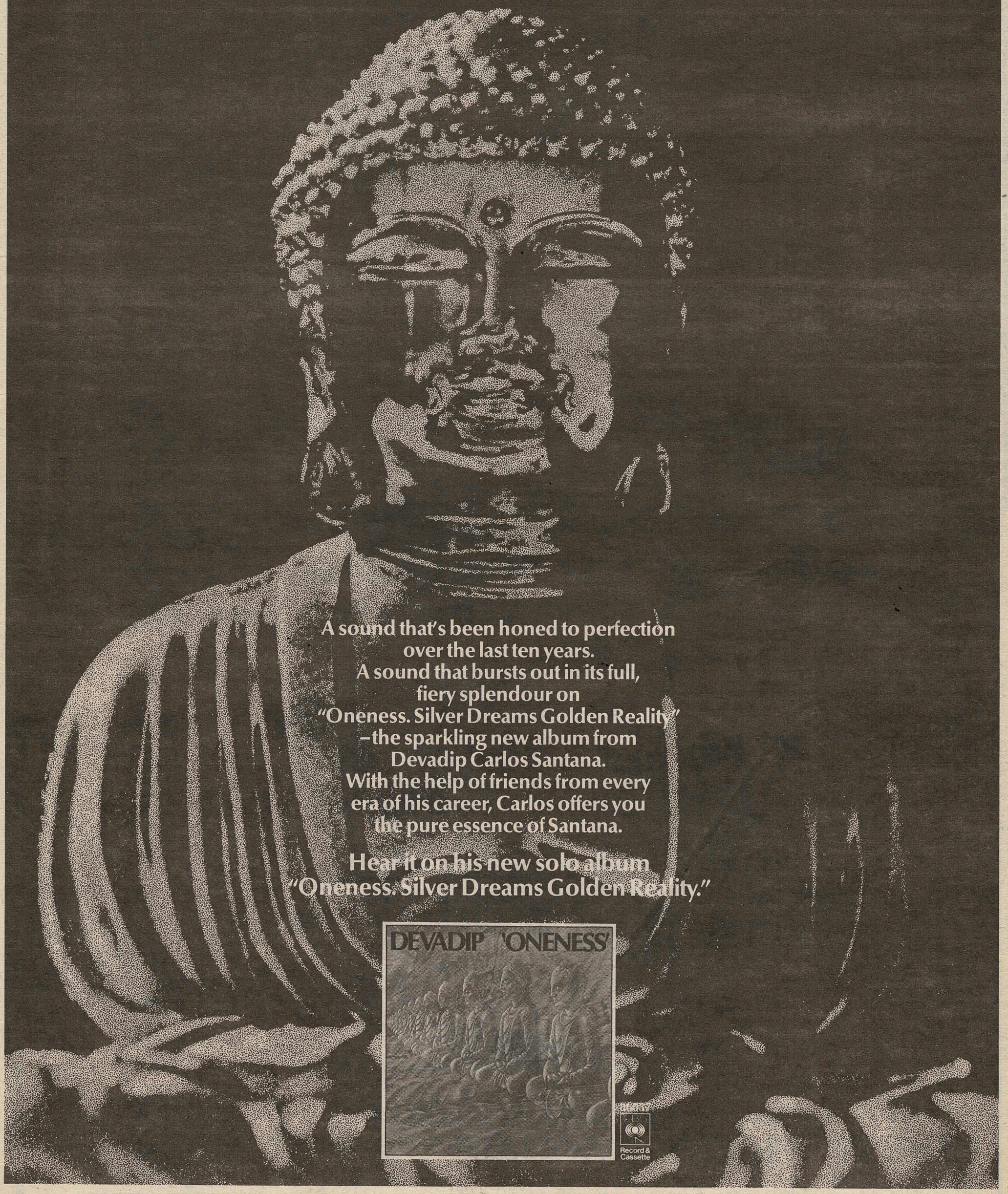

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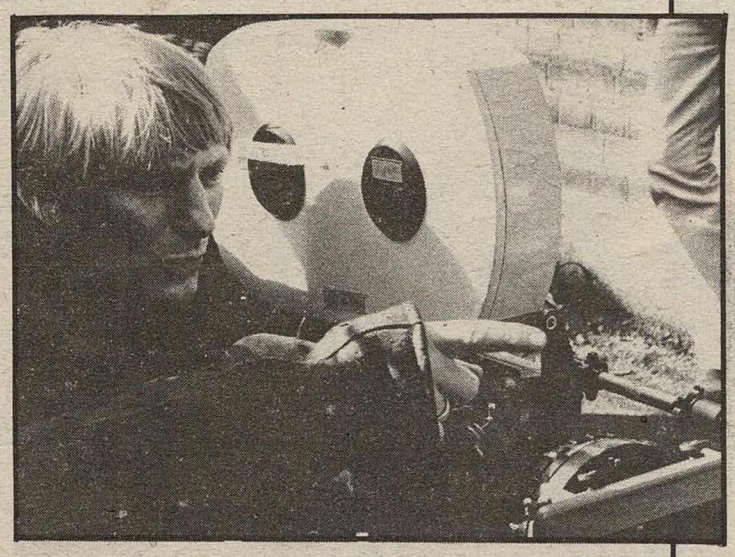
MORE SILVER SCREEN

Below: director FRED SCHEPISI. Left: TOMMY LEWIS in the starring role in Schepisi's controversial 'The Chant Of Jimmie Blacksmith'.



Schepisi on Australian racism

Nearly 80 years ago, an Aboriginal farmworker in Australia went berserk and hacked to death with an axe four white women settlers. It was a notable event because those killed were among the first to die at Aboriginal hands, although nearly 20,000 Aborigines were killed by whites.

In 1973, respected Australian novelist Thomas Keneally based his book *The Chant Of Jimmie Blacksmith* on the incident. Now Fred Schepisi's film (reviewed last week in *Silver Screen)* is causing a storm of controversy in Australia and when it was shown at last year's Cannes Film Festival it brought the audience to their feet.

"There have been a couple of Australian films that have approached the Aboriginal issue," says the big, blond, quietly spoken Schepisi (pronounced as in Pepsi). "But I think this is the first one to try and really come to terms with the racism that is wrapped around our historical roots.

"There had been trouble with a few previous films that featured Aborigines. On one occasion radicals stormed the studios and demanded the right to re-write the script. That was the kind of ruction that I wanted to avoid. I wanted to get the film right from a black point of view and I also wanted to tell a good story. I tip-toed through the politics and got guidelines from as many people as possible. In the end it worked out fine.

"At the first screening a group of Aborigines stormed the front row, where I was sitting, and told me that I was a black man — it was the greatest compliment that I've ever had."

Although it is violent, *Jimmie Blacksmith* is never purely sensational and certainly is not a polemical film. Much is done by implication: one of the most disturbing moments comes when Ray Barrett (playing the brutal Police Chief) is roaring drunk, trousers undone and fingering the bulge in his underpants — we never see what he does to the terrified Aborigine prisoner who is found hanging in the cell next morning.

"There were other things that we didn't show," says Schepisi. "At the beginning, Jimmie as a young boy slips away from the mission into the outback, to attend his circumcision rites. It's a ceremony that still takes place, so they asked us not to film the central part.

"There is also a rather puzzling sequence during the ceremony when an alarming noise is heard, but it is never made clear what it is. It's made by a bull roarer, one of those things like a ruler with a string attached that makes a noise when you whirl it around your head.

"They are used in Aborigine ceremonies to keep the women away, but no woman must ever see one. So they asked us not to film it as a woman would be able to see it when the film was shown. I left the scene in to create a bit of mystery."

While making *Jimmie Blacksmith,* Schepisi developed a great admiration for the Aborigines.

"I found that I had all sorts of unconscious racist assumptons, even though I like to think of myself as fairly liberal.

They are a superb, proud people. There are, for instance, 450 tribes, each one as different as the French from the Germans, or you from the Italians — yet we tend to lump them all together."

The casting for *Jimmie Blacksmith* was done by Schepisi's wife Rhonda, who discovered the beguiling Tommy Lewis in an airport.

"Rhonda started getting beside herself at the sight of this attractive person at the next table.

"It was half a joke, but she went up to him and did a reversal of roles, asking *him* if he wanted to be in a movie. He nearly fell over, but once he had convinced himself of our *bona fides* he was over the moon."

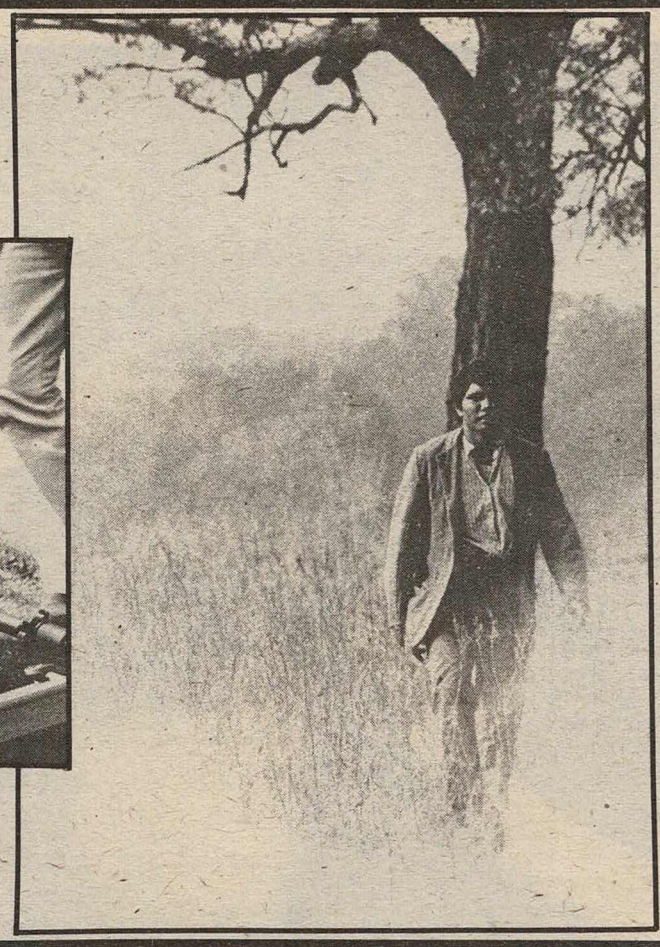
Another piece of inspired casting, as far as Australian audiences are concerned is having Jack Thompson play the missionary who educates Jimmie — in Australian movies, Thompson is Steve McQueen and Robert Redford rolled into one.

Although Schepisi has become a devoted fan of the Aborigines, he doesn't want to become pigeon-holed.

"As far as I'm concerned, the only reason to make films is to do something which interests me. I'd love to do a musical, but right now I'm working on a bittersweet movie about love between 40 years olds."

And he looked meaningfully at his wife.

Jerome Burne



The Passage

Directed by J. Lee Thompson
Starring Anthony Quinn, Malcom McDowell

SS-x-ploitation thrills again, and drawn to mind is the old dictum that if a thing's worth doing it's worth doing badly; either way you look at it, *The Passage* ain't worth a flying one.

Set around a wartime resistance plot to smuggle out over the mountains — you wouldn't twig *this* — a scientist with the power to bring the Nazis to their knees, it's only slightly less predictable than a cavalry charge and not as profound.

Perennial cliches wing their wizened way about the landscape like bats to a *Hammer* castle.

Characterization is constructed across stereotypes who'd likely be fired for getting out of the wrong bed side, never touching deeper than *A Big Joke* or *By Jingo!* James Mason plays one of those scientists who start the game without the £200 but quickly gain through further loss: loses wife, finds son, kills man, singes eyebrows ... a *real* man, now.

As a real man Anthony Quinn's Basque shepherd is straight from the Zone's central casting: one of those — you wouldn't twig *this* — widower shepherds whose immediate reaction toward military intervention is 'Who the hell's gonna look afta my sheep?', he quickly turns giant amongst men — ostensibly for money, but *we know* it's because he lost a buddy during the premiere of *A Farewell To Arms* ...

Titillation execution, amputation, avalanches and the like keep us cosy between confrontations.

There's something disturbing and disgusting about such stuff as this and *Just A Gigolo.*

When the swastika is reduced to the status of a joke on Malcom McDowell's underpants you can't help but wonder — here comes another paranoid warning card — *why?* McDowell's SS monster is the kind you'd scare your children with: oh yes he's *evil,* but it's that kind of reassuring, whacky, absurd, mythical evil — it always gets slain, it casts no seeds.

One big happy holocaust: what price Himmler as a right-wing Fonz?

Ian Penman

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ALBUMS

Parker introspects and tries to sanctify his soul *Pic by CLAUDE GASSIAN*

Parker says yes to surgery

GRAHAM PARKER AND THE RUMOUR
Squeezing Out Sparks
(Vertigo)

When you play this album for perhaps the tenth time, when you return to 'You Can't Be Too Strong' and listen to that one song again and again until you no longer experience a fearful horror but complete sympathy — then you will understand that you've heard something quite extraordinary.

As you shudder and recoil from the fierceness of Parker singing about a girl's abortion, you may also realise that his metaphor has always had a much wider connotation than just the evident song subject. He might be pointing to his own talent as someone possessed by the artistic voice and suggesting that the surgery required to reveal this can be as emotionally destructive as the removal of a foetus.

'You Can't Be Too Strong' — Parker's vocal naked with only an acoustic guitar, electric piano and subdued bass for embellishment — is the axis of the album from which comes the title: *"Yeah babe I know it gets dark down by lunar park / But everybody else is squeezing out a spark / That happened in the heat somewhere in the dark".*

Musically, 'Squeezing Out Sparks' is a great rock 'n' roll album: at last everything you'd expect from musicians of such imagination and dedication as GP&R has happened in the studio, with producer Jack Nitzsche giving their sound clarity and definition without distorting its strength. It's hard, forceful but organised playing: unlike Nick Lowe, Nitzsche seems detached enough to appreciate that the lyrics and therefore Parker's voice should be the focus.

So, instead of a clutter of solos in the erstwhile polite democracy and perhaps brass and strings to pump up the atmosphere, there is just simple, direct backing. Paradoxically The Rumour's role is even more essential as they coalesce to provide impetus with their frequent use of succinct, irresistible guitar and keyboards motifs and a malleable backbeat. Nothing is lost in Parker's characteristically impassioned singing, nor in the raw lyrical edge; the songs are compact with choruses that slam through unforgettable hooks and a swing that never loses that thing.

It'll probably be their first 'hit' LP. Although its commercialism shouldn't be underestimated, 'Sparks' doesn't only sound like a classic rock album full of furiously proud energy, but also has the spirit of a classic. And if Graham Parker isn't *the* British artist of the decade, then he's certainly the most convincing manifestation of the '70s rock conscience to emerge so far.

When he released his first album 'Howlin' Wind' in '76, Parker was regarded not only as a great R&B singer but as the first anti-hero of the new age. For all the acknowledgements that he was a 'precursor of punk', his stance was only a catalyst which helped trigger off a movement in which he had no voice. That once significant rock culture has since become enfeebled by sloganeering and a plethora of 'active young leaders' speaking for a generation; ironically Parker now adds substance to it again.

None of the ten 'Sparks' songs is an anthem; there isn't an 'Anarchy', 'White Riot' or 'Ain't Gonna Take It'. Parker doesn't contend any titles with Rotten, Strummer, Weller, Robinson or Pursey; he doesn't assume leadership. His songs are clearly autobiographical as he articulates his paranoia, phobias and obsessions.

When talk of a 'rock culture' has become futile because so few artists have anything other than myopic vision, Parker revives it in its true sense, gives it perspective and meaning. He claws under the thick, resilient hide of polemic and hysteria to inspect his own soul and conscience. This is the portrait of the '79 Rock 'n' Roll Man — his emotions blunted by his sensitivity to modern realities and his revelations so agonisingly honest that to hear them you feel guilty, an intruder in the confession-box.

As he says in 'Passion': *"The world is easy when you're playing around with it / Everything's a thrill / And every girl's a kill / And then it gets unreal / And then you don't feel anything".* 'Discovering Japan' is the broader vision, a love affair with that country, the sexual metaphor convincing and yet tainted by the oblique references to the past nuclear destruction and the blame fixed firmly on America. 'Local Girls' is dignified — don't fake an image, the recurring theme of the whole set.

Most of the songs are painfully introspective, apparently and deliberately iconoclastic, as best illustrated by 'Passion': a cruel, candid exposition of false idols. 'Nobody Hurts You' is the anguish of being out of favour but with the broader scope of living in a "suffocating" and "claustrophobic" environment; 'Saturday Nite Is Dead' is the disillusionment of change, the title self-explanatory. 'Love Gets You Twisted' concerns the mad blindness of a relationship, and 'Waiting For The UFOs' is perhaps political satire, a pop *Animal Farm.*

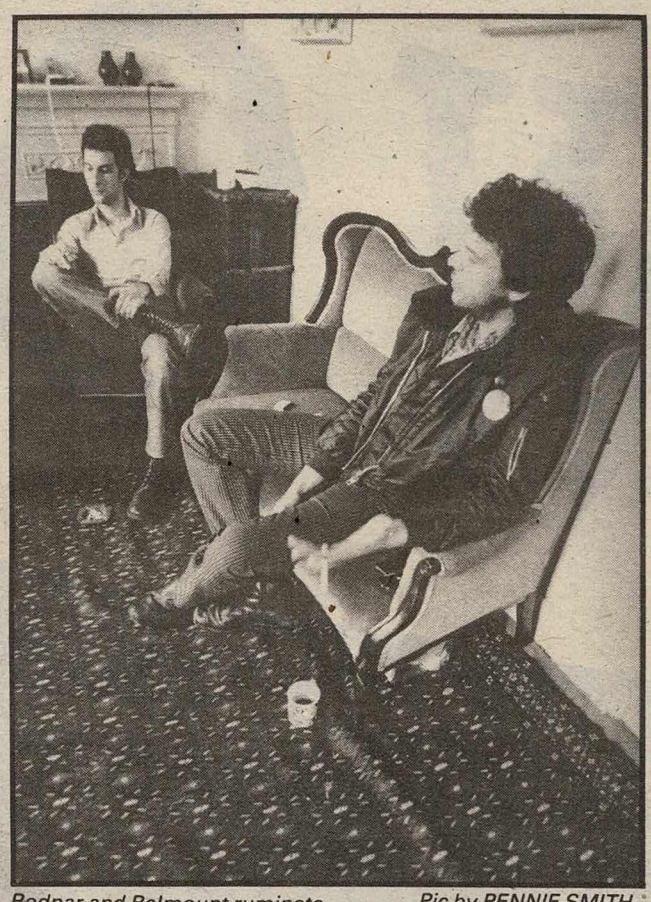
Finally, 'Don't Get Excited' is the only possible conclusion. Parker's emotions are numbed by life and his environment — note the obviously deliberate, half-stated '(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction' piano phrasing. Throughout the dilemas and despair manifest themselves as sexual impotence and almost symbolic emasculation. It's an effective imagery.

Yet 'Japan', 'Local Girls', 'Nobody Hurts You', 'Passion', 'Protection' and especially 'Love Gets You Twisted' are a musical antithesis; they're intense rock songs, Brinsley Schwarz and Martin Belmont's guitars cutting down hard, everything enhanced by Bob Andrews' piano. 'Saturday Nite' and 'Don't Get Excited' are familiar stomps; 'UFOs' is almost pop, the guitars bright and with the rhythm light from Steve Goulding (drums) and Andrew Bodnar (bass). Sounds like The Searchers.

But it is definitely Parker's own statement, his second 'solo' with 'Howlin' Wind' the first and 'Heat Treatment' and 'Stick To Me' group albums. 'Squeezing Out Sparks' is not the story of a little man who has grown up, but one of a person who is growing prouder and taller.

Few albums have moved me like this one, but no, you won't cry. That would be gross self-pity because the songs don't just concern Parker: they're about you and your friends.

Tony Stewart



Bodnar and Belmount ruminate *Pic by PENNIE SMITH*

Rumour say no to Europe

THE RUMOUR
Frogs, Sprouts, Clogs And Krauts *(Stiff)*

Logic circuits would suggest that this album would achieve a far readier rapport with more progressive elements of the consuming public if it was by somebodies other than The Rumour. If it was by a group from Dusseldorf or Marseilles, or — at the very least — from somewhere in the Midlands ... if it was by a group of serious young men and women with industrial haircuts and sincere overcoats, scuffed DMs, and home-made synthesizers ... then, and only then, it could be loved with a truly unself-conscious passion.

Unfortunately, it's not. It's the latest holiday project from Graham Parker's playin' mates, who are (a) Martin Belmont, Brinsley Schwarz, Bob Andrews, Steve Goulding, Andrew Bodnar and (b) grizzled old lushes who have mastered the art of hitting the musical mark every time with a wonderfully slapdash precision while *never* ever (ever) taking anything seriously.

In other words, The Chaps have tackled the unlikely and achieved the unpredictable: a simultaneously soulful and sardonic look at the ailments and obsessions of in-touch, with-it people. Primary targets: emotional numbness and the consequences of cultivating same (ref: 'Frozen Years', one of the few singles that I've ever known Danny Baker to misjudge), and the current mania for all things Modern, European, and Metallic (ref: 'Euro', 'New Age', 'All Fall Down').

'Frozen Years' and 'Euro' are the work of Brinsley Schwarz, a pathologically self-effacing guitar maestro as little-known for his writing and singing as he is for upstaging people, who pulls off a stunning pastiche / analysis of the last few periods of Bowie by manipulating Bowie's own imagery and devices on 'Frozen Years', and a hefty dig at (be warned — this is guesswork) Jean-Jacques Burnel on 'Euro'. More!

Elsewhere, Martin Belmont teams up with Nick Lowe on 'Leaders', which damns Establishments both rock and political with exquisitely faint praise; Bob Andrews goes nuts in a car in 'Emotional Traffic' and — among other things — generates the frosty keyboard mist that dominates most of the top layer of the album; Bodnar and Goulding maintain their reputation as a ridiculously good rhythm section with charmingly insolent ease.

Be warned: this album doesn't exactly whack you over the head on the first play. In fact, up until the third listen I was trying to think of ways to tell The Chaps that they'd made an album which would have bored a grapefruit. But it started to connect the third time and by the fourth time around, at least three tracks had nominated themselves for a place on the Best Moments Of '79 playlist.

Rumour spelled backwards is Ruomur. Chaps — euro big band now.

Charles Shaar Murray

JULES AND THE POLAR BEARS
Got No Breeding
(CBS import)

Jules and The Polar Bears is a sweet name for a pretty tough sounding band. Fronted by ex-Funky King Jules Shear, a songwriter of some merit given to verbosity but in possession of a vocal intensity akin to Jackson Browne.

The Polar Bears — Richard Bredice, Stephen Hague and David Beebe — further Shear's ambitious structures, soaring, lush-textured vignettes whose lyrical bent suggest that the main man was frightened by a bat while still at an early and impressionable age.

Much of the material has a certain manic compulsion that drives the rocking currents against Shear's tetchy warble and all too human sentiments. The pace is ferocious and the messages are garbled, then pulled into shape by Bredice's succession of telepathic metal pop breaks.

The whole has intimations of a very middle class Ramones (i.e. Shear can count up to four without resorting to fingers and thumbs) and occasionally the subject matter resounds with substance. It's refreshing that the Bears don't try and rest their musical laurels on any safe ride; they concentrate instead on matching seemingly effortless commercial melodies with the odd burst of profundity 'bout flowers, fishies nipping at your toes and similar stuff: bearably twee.

Songs like the title track, 'Lovers By Rote' and 'Driftwood From Disaster' all make play of an interesting vocabulary and some smart metaphors that prove Jules and his furry friends actually are not short of breeding and thus join the exclusive club populated by Americans with summat to say and a way of saying it that could make a convert out of a pearl-snuffling pig.

Good easy listening.

Max Bell

We here at albums want Graham Parker on the cover *again*

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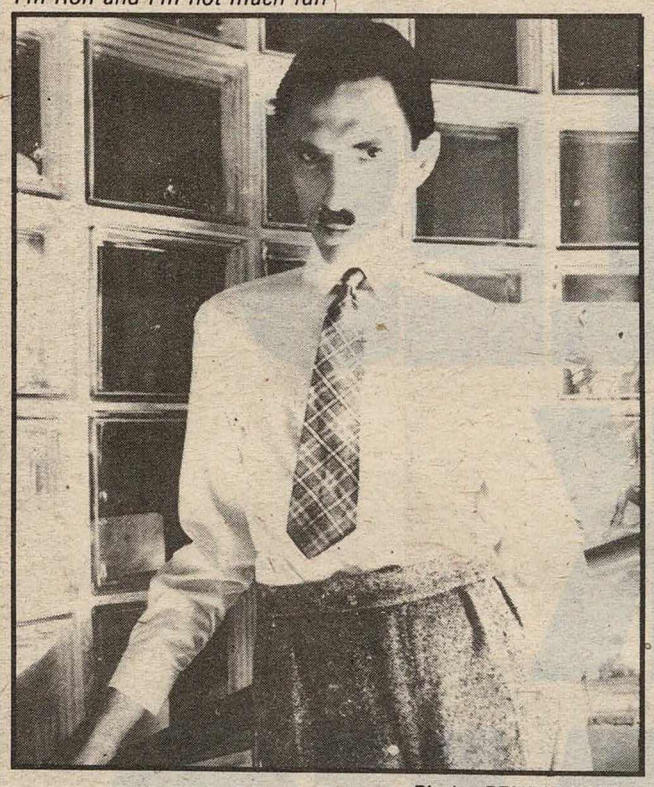
I'm Ron and I'm not much fun



Pic by PENNIE SMITH

Sparks pull plug

SPARKS
No. 1 In Heaven *(Virgin)*

Come out, come out wherever you are! It safe now! Those critics'll love yez all again!

Sort through the jaded jumble sale here, sift through the remnants of remaining 'romances', the hacky heirlooms of our childhood ballroom. The sounds and images are vaguely familiar and familiarly vague. Some stains here and there, but I'm sure we can extract a fair amount of mystery from it all, carry on hawking our history in the accustomed manner.

You can come back refreshed, heels dragging on the tail-end of the 'revolution'. Bad Company can come back, Roxy and Sparks too — wonder who'll be next, huh? They all went into hiding for a while, watching that New Wave whilst it stamped about for a bit, bleating and bleeding its mangy way into the commercial Zone. But parts of the potential new beat got turned, and it is thought that now the conditions exist for . . .

No need for you to re-think things, even insufficiently. Here's Ron and Russell, for instance, returning to form with this 'No. 1 In Heaven', its suitably pseudo-modern and s(l)ickly sexist graphics cellotaped around a predictably pseudo-modern Sparks renaissance collection of pseudo-statements, six of them, elongated into pseudo-European drisco drama by revered regular guy capitalist Giorgio Moroder.

The vinyl's a funny ohmygosh colour, although you can't sniff, suck, lick, pinch or bite it, which does come as a bit of a disappointment to those of us who really like to fetishize records. Still, Sparks-persons rest assured, them Mael brothers has kept everything intact for you, it's still the same Sparks pseudo-oddball, cynical, nihilistic, hygenic and hammy orthodoxy. Those synthi-drums slip in nicely with the general spotlessness and silliness.

Moroder's production is essentially irrelevant, on about the same level as Rundgren producing Tour Robinson or Pearlman producing The Clash: get them that international kinda sound, the one which justifies our initial investment; sustain the industry of Fun. It's all just 'fun' after all, isn't it? Eek, Ian, don't you ever enjoy yourself?

To which I answer: define 'fun'. I thought Bowie's 'Low' was fun (for a week or two), but then I'd heard Robert Wyatt's 'Rock Bottom' and didn't need the tourist version. Is Elvis Costello fun? I get fun out of pushing people into defending EC as a 'serious artist' — him and his subliminal army of free singles, postcards, participatory sleeves and false mystique poses. Yeah, him and Sparks got a lot in common.

Sparks play at being saviours with the same old structures. This isn't 'fun' or 'beat music'. Sparks are the missing one-joke-laugh between Kim Fowley and Thribbing Grostle. 'No 1 In Heaven' is neither a comedy album nor an experimental album, but it possesses the near instant redundancy of both — beyond the Zero.

A little bit of glam, a little bit of angst, a little bit of narcissism, a little bit of drisco, a little bit of melancholy, a little bit of mystery: a big bit of a perfect pain in the bum. Anyone remember Gilbert & George? No?

Ian Penman

BERT JANSCH
Avocet *(Charisma)*

Jansch's 'L.A. Turnaround' album of '74 had a certain disruptive quality. It contained some of the best compositions of his solo career, but largely wrecked them with with fussy folk/rock arrangements using such unlikely sessions men as Klaus Voormann and Mike 'Monkee' Nesmith.

Yet between these regressive attempts at a commercial viability, he had finalised the distinctive style of his guitar excursions such as 'Chambertin'. It's this that he's eventually developed into 'Avocet', his first instrumental album and a welcome return to all-acoustic music.

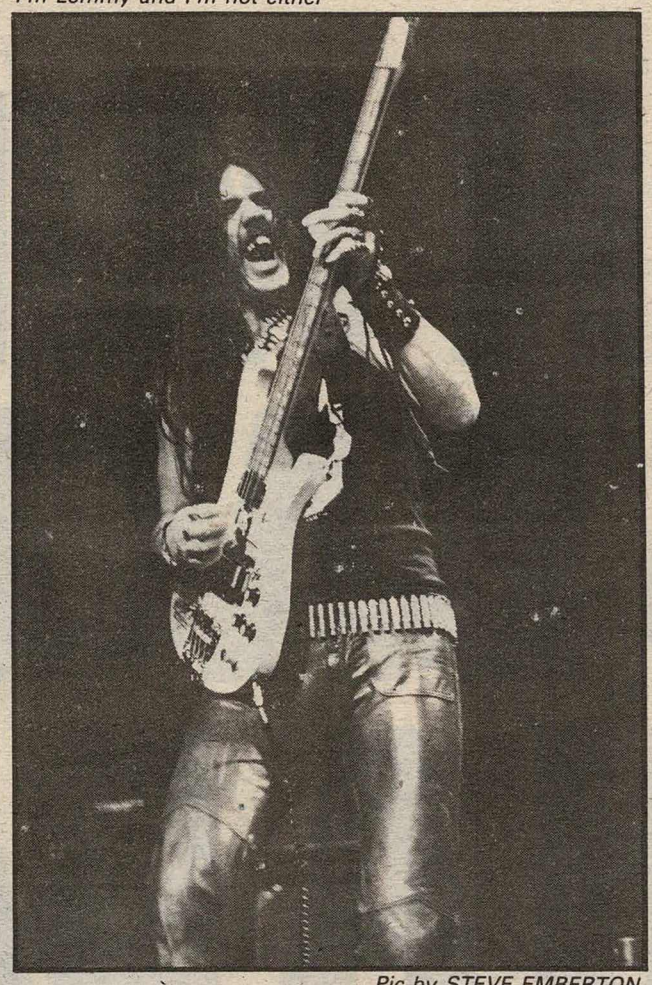
It offers inspired interpretations of six different birds, all suitably romantic and elusive in nature. Musically, it's far less ambitious than the concept itself, and it's this reassuring simplicity, coupled with a faultless, clear production, that makes it such a fine and distinguished album.

Within the restrictive framework of only three musicians (himself, Martin Jenkins on violin, flute and mandocello, and the excellent Danny Thompson on bass), Jansch effectively balances precise statements of theme and improvised sections, keeping both of them restrained, delicate and enormously varied. The title track, being one side of the album, allows the most freedom for Thompson's percussive, rhythmic technique and Jenkins' use of phasers to produce thin, distant violin tones.

A purer, more emotive album from Jansch would be hard to imagine.

Mark Ellen

I'm Lemmy and I'm not either



Pic by STEVE EMBERTON

Lemmy stays put

MOTORHEAD
Overkill *(Bronze)*

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY
Strange Man, Changed Men *(Radar)*

With 'Overkill' Motorhead have produced the definitive contemporary Heavy Metal album, an album you could point at a whole crowd of people and say "Take that, you bastards" with real conviction and confidence in the result.

Their opposition should fold up and quit right now, because the only way that they are ever going to top this one is by declaring war on the Russians. On reflection, Motorhead might as well jack it in too, as the chances of them repeating this kind of outrage next time around must be very slim indeed.

This album is absolutely awful, which is just fine, because that is where its strength and appeal (sic) lies. It is offensive, tasteless, simplistic and monstrous; it's an insult to human decency, a record that bends at the waste and shakes its head. Without wishing to bludgeon this point to death, I would like to say that this *is* a regular Heavy Metal tour de force. The only things that stop this being on a par with 'Never Mind The Bollocks' are a few rather misguided slow moments and the indisputable fact that at least two thirds of Motorhead are older and uglier than the Pistols were.

Listening to this album is like stumbling unaware on a hidden slice of perpetual motion. With no apologies or justification, all we are given are the barest bones of a recognisable tune fleshed out with energetic and omnipresent drumming, energetic and clamouring chords, energetic and guileless bass runs, also all kinds of chemically induced mayhem that are a wonder to behold but a pain to behear. This is the ultimate product of an alternative life-style that refuses to go away, even when ignored for long periods.

Thankfully the lyrics are almost entirely indecipherable, which is just as well because the only role that the words have to play within this context is to save the songs from being instrumentals. And therefore boring. A necessary distraction. All anybody needs to know about these songs can be gleaned from the titles: 'Overkill', 'No Class', 'Tear Ya Down'. Take your pick, the menu is consistent and unrelenting.

Whatever criticism is levelled at Lemmy and his co-conspirators, nobody could ever say that they didn't know where they were heading or that Motorhead hadn't sussed just exactly to and for whom they're playing. Which is more than can be said for Bram Tchaikovsky. The comparisons between the two bands are obvious but shallow, apparent yet tenuous. Both bands operate within the same field, both could be loosely termed power trios and both have produced albums that will presumably appeal to a similar audience.

But whereas Motorhead are happy to show themselves as unashamed heavies, gloriously at ease with their utilitarian, one-of-the-boys image, Bram T seems to be more than a little confused as to what direction or image they should promote and present. The main trouble is that they have too much imagination to operate with total fluidity and conviction within the inflexible restrictions that the genre imposes, but not enough vision to step free of the props it so freely and readily provides.

I really think that Bram T. should decide whether they want to be a pop group or a rock'n'roll band. To suggest that the two are or can be one and the same — which is apparently what they are endeavouring to do with this release — is plain silliness. By trying to create a happy but fictional medium, Bram T. have done nothing more than diffuse the impact and blunt the edge of a number of potentially sharp rockers, also overpower the melody of more than one neat pop tune.

If I'd written a pop song like 'Sara Smiles', I wouldn't have been in the least tempted to beef it up with such a heavy-handed production job. Similarly, if I'd penned a cutting, solid rocker like 'Turn On The Light', I wouldn't have been even slightly inclined to impose any kind of false restraint on my cohorts. However Bram T. are obviously a band with much potential. Just so long as they don't turn into Paul McCartney before they realize that potential, things should work out fine.

John Hamblett

I'm a Chrome and my lips are sealed

Chrome shine up

CHROME
Half Machine Lip Moves
(Siren import)

The title of Chrome's second album 'Alien Soundtracks' perfectly describes one level on which their music can be taken: the evocation of a fantasy world in which Deathlok the Demolisher gets trapped inside a Philip K Dick plot.

More importantly their music stands on its own account. No way is 'Half Machine Lip Moves' merely the aural adjunct to some SF buff's reading habits. I'm in no sense an addict of that genre, yet I find this the most engrossing record I've heard since 'The Modern Dance' — and, looking back over the year's releases that separate them, that's saying something.

This is the album that PIL should have made, rather than that stillborn apology they actually did. Like 'The Modern Dance', 'HMLM' comes across initially as somewhat disjointed, an impression derived from the abrupt and violent fragmentation of many of the tracks (very few cases of the one track/one riff syndrome here) and from the copious but effective use of disconcerting sound-collage washes and interjections, a device not much in evidence on their two previous albums.

For most of the album the vocals are treated in one way or another, often to the point of incomprehensibility: the nigh-inaudible whisper on 'You've Been Duplicated', the tortured Ubuesque growl of 'Zombie Warfare', the half-formed dancing neanderthal grunts of 'Creature Eternal', and so on. Nearly all the instrumental tracks make use of non-symbolic vocal detritus of some form.

The only tracks on which the vocals are anything like clear — the opener 'TV As Eyes', 'March Of The Chrome Police' and 'Abstract Nympho' — demonstrate that Chrome have successfully captured both the contemptuous sneer and adrenalin musical attack of punk (even to the extent of using the line "I want you to be my dog" in the latter).

I have reservations about this. Although the influence doesn't predominate, these tracks are the only ones on which Chrome fail to achieve a blurring of the roles of form and content — an achievement that is, I feel, what sets 'HMLM' apart from its predecessors and makes it a masterpiece.

Elsewhere things aren't as clearly determinist; influences — much American rock, punk, Ubu, Hawkwind and the usual European crowd, I'd surmise — are confusingly combined to produce a jarring, jagged, glass-and-metal whole peculiar to Chrome alone. So much is woven together so brilliantly that detailed analysis of any individual track would be an almost impossibly complex and ultimately fruitless task.

The only other (rock) artists to achieve anything remotely comparable in this respect are Zappa, Can, Beefheart, Ubu, Residents, This Heat, Faust and Tim Buckley. Which, I reckon, is pretty good company to keep. And none of those are or were completely successful all of the time either.

Now whether this process of essence-extraction, reapplication and redefinition of basic relations is the end of an era (summation) or the start of a new approach to making rock music (true invention) is far too complex a question to be considered here, but nonetheless one which fully deserves as much time and effort as you can spare. Enough examples have certainly surfaced in the past few years to suggest that rock may be undergoing some fundamental metamorphosis or even rebirth — to ignore it would surely be churlish and reactionary.

Short of This Heat finally releasing an album or The Residents getting "Eskimo" out, "Half Machine Lip Moves" looks set to be the vinyl event of 1979. And short of some enterprising outfit like Radar or Rough Trade organising a licensing deal, it'll probably remain on import only. But then at less than a quid more than British albums, it's still one hell of a bargain.

Andy Gill

JOHN MILES IS BACK WITH A BANG

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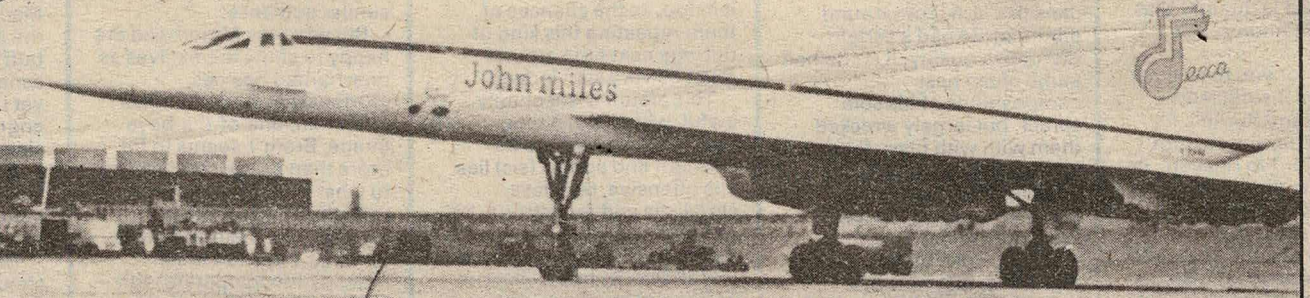
8th. NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
9th. MANCHESTER APOLLO THEATRE
10th. BLACKBURN KING GEORGES HALL
11th. BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
12th. IPSWICH GAUMONT
14th. ST ALBANS CITY HALL
16th. PLYMOUTH FIESTA
17th. READING HEXAGON THEATRE
18th. PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
19th. WOLVERHAMPTON CIVIC HALL
20th. LONDON HAMMERSMITH ODEON
21st. EASTBOURNE CONGRESS THEATRE
22nd. CROYDON FAIRFIELD HALL
23rd. BIRMINGHAM ODEON
24th. SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
25th. BRADFORD ST GEORGES HALL
26th. DERBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS
27th. BOURNEMOUTH WINTER GARDENS
28th. CANTERBURY ODEON
29th. LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL



MMPH MORE MILES PER HOUR
DECCA

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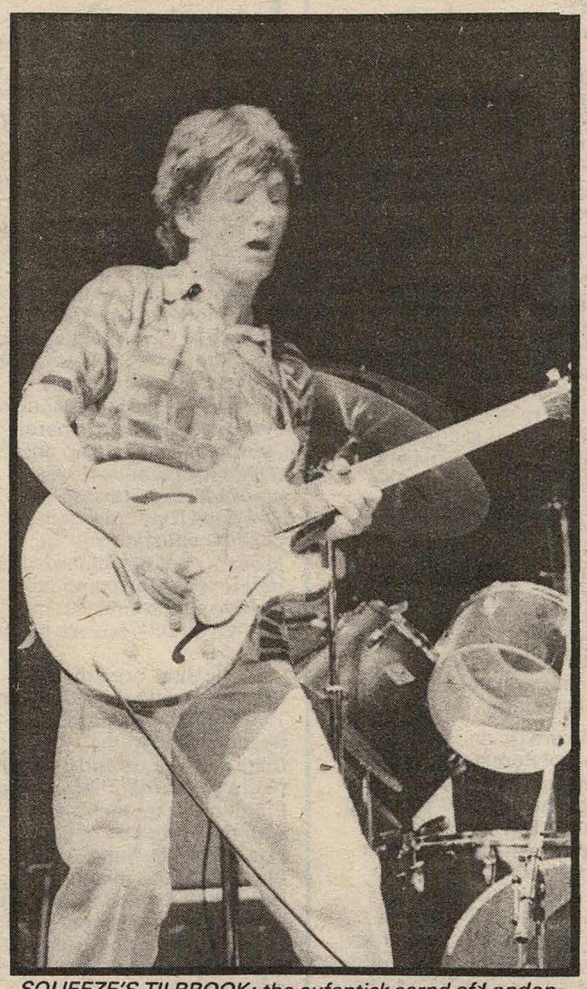
John Miles new single on DECCA FR 13827

Through a glass, fably



SQUEEZE'S TILBROOK: the aufentick sarnd of London (Sarf). Pic ROB 'ALL

SQUEEZE
Cool For Cats *(A&M)*

Despite the success of their debut single "Take Me I'm Yours," Squeeze — the pride of Deptford High Street — can now be seen to have failed to consolidate their position as one of London's premier new bands.

Squeeze, although initially lauded as a punk group — but who wasn't at that time? — really shouldn't be lumped into any punk / new wave category. Streetwise would be a more accurate definition.

The band spent a sizeable proportion of last summer in America, at a time when they should have been back in the UK building on whatever success had come their way. A lack of live gigs later in the year only weakened their position further. On the rare occasions that they did play, the gigs were almost invariably in or around their much beloved Deptford manor; "Cool For Cats" comes a year and a month after the first Squeeze album.

If success depended on quality alone, "Cool For Cats" would be in the charts by this time next week. Other factors, like fashionability, are unfortunately also at work. For instance, "Cool For Cats" knocks "TRB 2" into the proverbial cocked hat. Not hard I know, but you know which album is going to get the biggest collective push.

Eschewing the production of John Cale, Squeeze have produced the album themselves, in collaboration with engineer John Wood. As a result "Cool For Cats" gets right to the heart of Squeeze's dynamic pop sensibility.

Melodies, vocals (harmonies, phrasing) and arrangements all owe a lot to pre-1966 Beatles. But Squeeze have enough talent to personalize their predilection for Merseybeat. And the end result is a witty articulation of the South London youth experience.

Squeeze's pop comes straight from the street although, unlike the likes of The Clash, Jam and Stranglers, Squeeze's 'street credibility' has never been self-conscious or bogus. Like Ian Dury, Squeeze are the real thing.

Careful scrutiny of Chris Difford's lyrics will pay dividends. They're incisive, witty insights into South London life that never forsake fun for mindlessness. In Squeeze there's none of the churlish hostility which frequently passes for 'aware politics' in more fashionable hands.

An initial spin reveals "It's Not Cricket", "Up The Junction", "Slightly Drunk" and "Cool For Cats" as the stand-outs. As a unit, Squeeze are a powerful, adaptable band. Drummer Gilson Lavis has to be singled out for individual honours. His stickmanship never for an instant lets up. No wonder Fab Macca nearly nabbed him.

I would like to have heard more of Jools Holland's boogie piano, but power to him for executing the synthesiser lines with taste and economy. Squeeze are a deft rock and roll band. Laurels too for the nicely-paced guitar solo (Glenn Tilbrook?) on side one's closer "The Knack."

"Cool For Cats" is cool for you.

Affirmative?

Steve Clarke

FALLING IN LOVE
Frankie Miller *(Chrysalis)*

And now for something completely . . . the same. Frankie Miller - in - love is really quite similar to Frankie Miller - not - in - love, and his latest vinyl rendering is a collection of average to chunky blues / country / rock-based ballads, most of which are over - produced. Miller has a great voice, no question. Throaty, gritty, melancholic and ideally suited to express the heavy - hearted *weltschmerz* that drifts from within the grooves.

'Falling In Love' is an old-fashioned, no-nonsense strings 'n' boogie album — a sort of Dr. Hook for grown-ups. I can imagine it going down a platinum treat with those hordes of Angelino divorcees weeping into their Tequila Sunrises. Or is that Tequilas Sunrise? I forget.

Rick Joseph

EDDIE FLOYD
Chronicle *(Stax)*

This album was obviously put together by somebody who cared.

Aptly named, 'Chronicle' maps out effortlessly, effectively and beautifully Eddie Floyd's unparalleled involvement with Stax — click your fingers when you say that name — Records from the mid '60s to the early '70s.

All the really great songs are present: the masterful 'Knock On Wood', surely a prime contender for The Greatest Soul Single Of All Time ticket; his mini-hit from the following year ('67), 'Things Get Better'; and perhaps the definite cover version of Sam Cooke's 'Bring It On Home To Me' (eat your heart out Rod Stewart).

It is virtually impossible to overstate the contribution that Eddie Floyd made to Stax. Besides recording for the label a number of artistically and commercially successful singles himself, he also wrote material — alone and in collaboration with the likes of Steve Cropper, Al Bell and Booker T — for almost the whole gamut of Stax 'stars.'

An unexpected bonus are the excellent sleeve notes, penned by Clive Anderson (co-author of *The Soul Book),* and the meticulous and fascinating session details, supposedly supplied by the man himself.

If you feel the need to own an album's worth of '60s soul sung by one of its finest exponents, I cannot recommend this album highly enough.

John Hamblett

ASHFORD AND SIMPSON
Is It Still Good To Ya
(Warner Brothers)

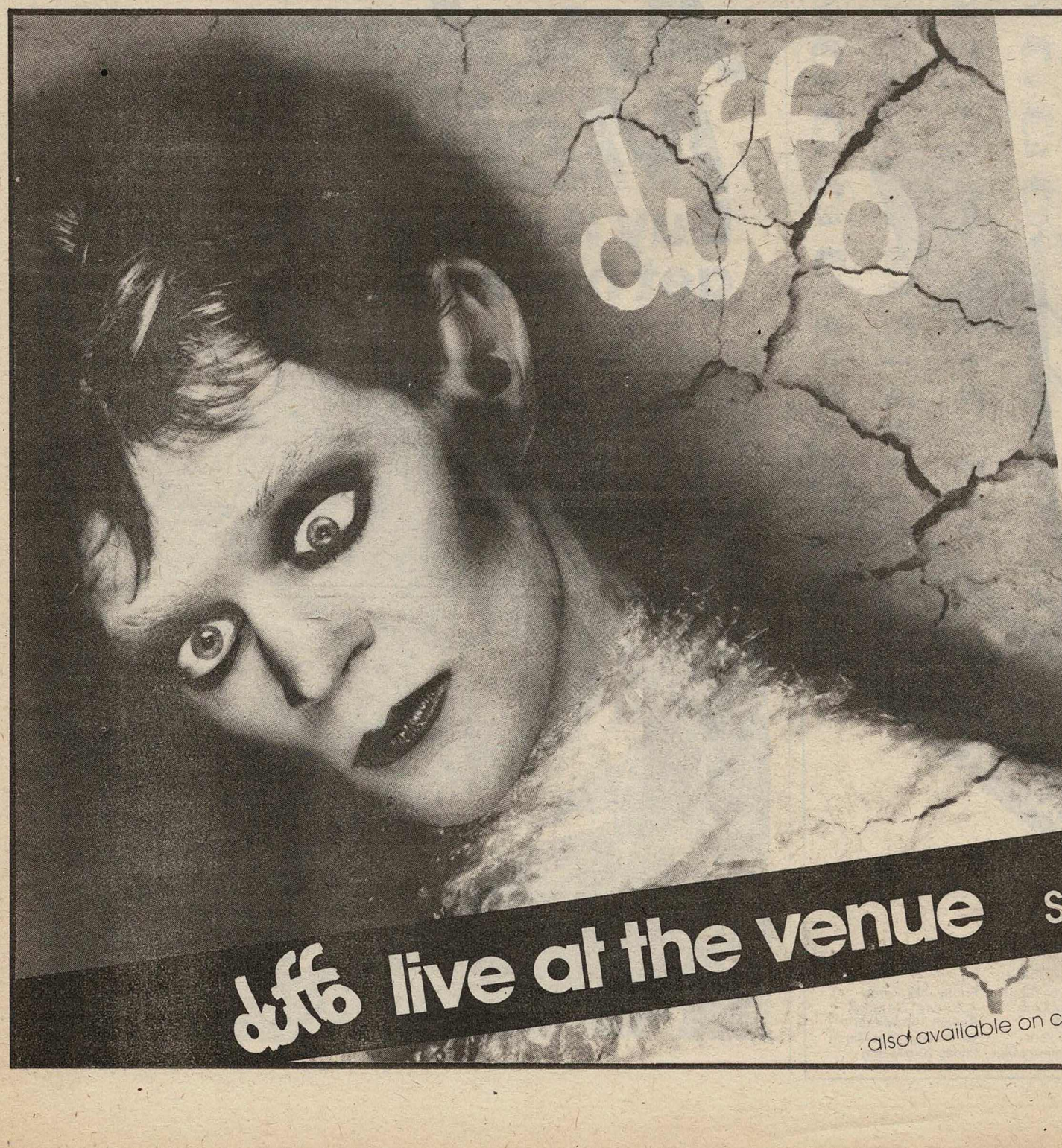
A good, solid, stylish helping of modern soul from Ashford and Simpson, veteran writers, established singers, developing producers. 'Is It Still Good To Ya' mixes the disco beat with sophisticated ballad, emerges as a streamline album of cool funk and comfy sensuality.

The urgent 'It Seems To Hang On' was a recent hit single, and the bouncy 'Get Up And Do Something' could well follow it. Other tracks pursue the ups and downs of adult romance at a more leisurely tempo — cooing vocals, sighing strings, a gentle throb of pleasure.

It's all a little too deliberate, though. A slight feeling of pose rather than poise, summed up by the fact that Valerie's hair is so *carefully* disarrayed on the sleeve pic that the guy who did it gets a credit.

Smooth. Classy. But, ultimately, perhaps a little too close to Product.

Graham Lock


THE ALBUM OF THE YEAR
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BEGA 5

THE GLADIATORS
Naturality (*Front Line*)

'Naturality'? A latest, natural section of Gladiators 'historicity'? Say *wha'?*

Awaoah, 'Naturality' is a weak record, whether here on its own or there with The Gladiators' catalogue, principally those two Virgin albums 'Proverbial Reggae' and "Trenchtown Mix-Up', and the beaut Studio One label 'Presenting The Gladiators' — a particularly tough-time index to hold anything up against, to be sure, but still no excuse for negative appraisal.

Negative appraisal as in that ol' failsafe critical valve: *Oh, they couldn't make a bad album if they tried . . .* This excuse for dampened expectation pops in and out of our beat music scrolls at annual release-date intervals, another service to the industry. Hallowed idren get around to letting their record company spend a little more on modern promotion and middle-road production, and critical consensus duly celebrates the 'magic'.

This 'magic' is contained somewhere in the particular attribute of an artiste — John Martyn's guitar, Roger Chapman's voice, Kevin Coyne's humanity, etc — and picked out for prize at the disregard of all other faults; rather like worshipping a witch doctor for the one out of every hundred people he *doesn't* kill . . .

This 'magic' matters more — and is certainly further exaggerated in — matters reggae, where the whole o' we have to contend with is coloured by singing the praises of Jah Rastafari. A most irregular — but wholly worthwhile — process, for sure. But as for magicians . . .

The Gladiators are one such. Albert Griffiths, Clinton Fearson and Gallimore

Glad tidings last year at the 100 Club

Pic by PETER MURPHY and CLAIRE HERSHMAN

Gladitat?

Sunderland possess the power, one hears, to turn abysmal material into something sublime and spiritual; not as in John Coltrane revising 'Greensleeves', mark you, more in the sense of 'technique' triumphing over terrible substance. That sounds a bit wet, Western and unlikely to me — especially considering the 'intuitive' intrinsically ordered methods of JA music.

Commercial reggae: one step forward, two skank back. The formula here is for that Habitat reggae which isn't that different from white people playing reggae. Aimed at the campus and cocktail audience, bit of Culture here, Bob Saviour there.

I'm hearing formula. I'm hearing that old slack 'magic'. Anywhere, anyway 'technique' only has meaning in relation to ends — otherwise it's just chatter chatter — and what we have here is flat and friendly.

'Naturality' ends, appropriately enough, with 'Exodus'. It sounds like the sign in a cinema which shows you where to leave.

Ian Penman

TOTO
Toto (*CBS*)

Will these people never learn? In the time-honoured Hollywood tradition of foisting ambitious super-sessioners upon that large portion of the American public bereft of a brain, taste or the ability to decide for itself comes Toto, a six piece composed of former Boz Scaggs and Steely Dan (you know the rest) side men.

Now Toto, individually, are undoubtedly the proverbial cats' whiskers when it comes to chops, reading scores, making the appropriate noises for the man paying the bill. Similarly, I don't begrudge them the desire to branch out and create their own thing. What gets my goat is that having been given their head they fall back on this insipid, derivative and embarrassing cleverness. This is the malaise of men looked in a studio too long churning out hit-factory easy listening.

Toto are David Paich, a couple of Porcaros (one of whom was arrested for shop lifting when Scaggs played in London), David Hungate, Steve Lukather and vocalist Bobby Kimball. You'll see their names on a score of Californian albums where their contributions vary from the excellent to the downright unlistenable; they're brilliant soulless automatons.

Paich is a whizz kid genius; he has the formula to break the band into the charts with 'Hold The Line' and the sweet talk to persuade Columbia to pour the big promotional push. Their success is assured but Toto have no more chance of coming up with a half way decent song than a chimpanzee in front of a typewriter has of writing the complete works of William Shakespeare.

Max Bell

Imports

You've got to hand it to those sons of Nippon — they really know how to manufacture records. Immaculate pressings, sleeves that would withstand a score of karate chops, lyric sheets printed in both Japanese and English — the whole works, in fact.

Unfortunately, in the case of **Alex Chilton's** 'One Day In New York' (Trio), such niceties are rather wasted. The music that comes so effectively Jap-wrapped is just second or even third-rate and is hardly worthy of the guy who once pulled the plaudits for his work with Big Star and The Box Tops.If you're a Chilton cheddar chuzzler, you've probably heard half the tracks before; side one comprises the five studio cuts that formed an ORK release not so long ago.

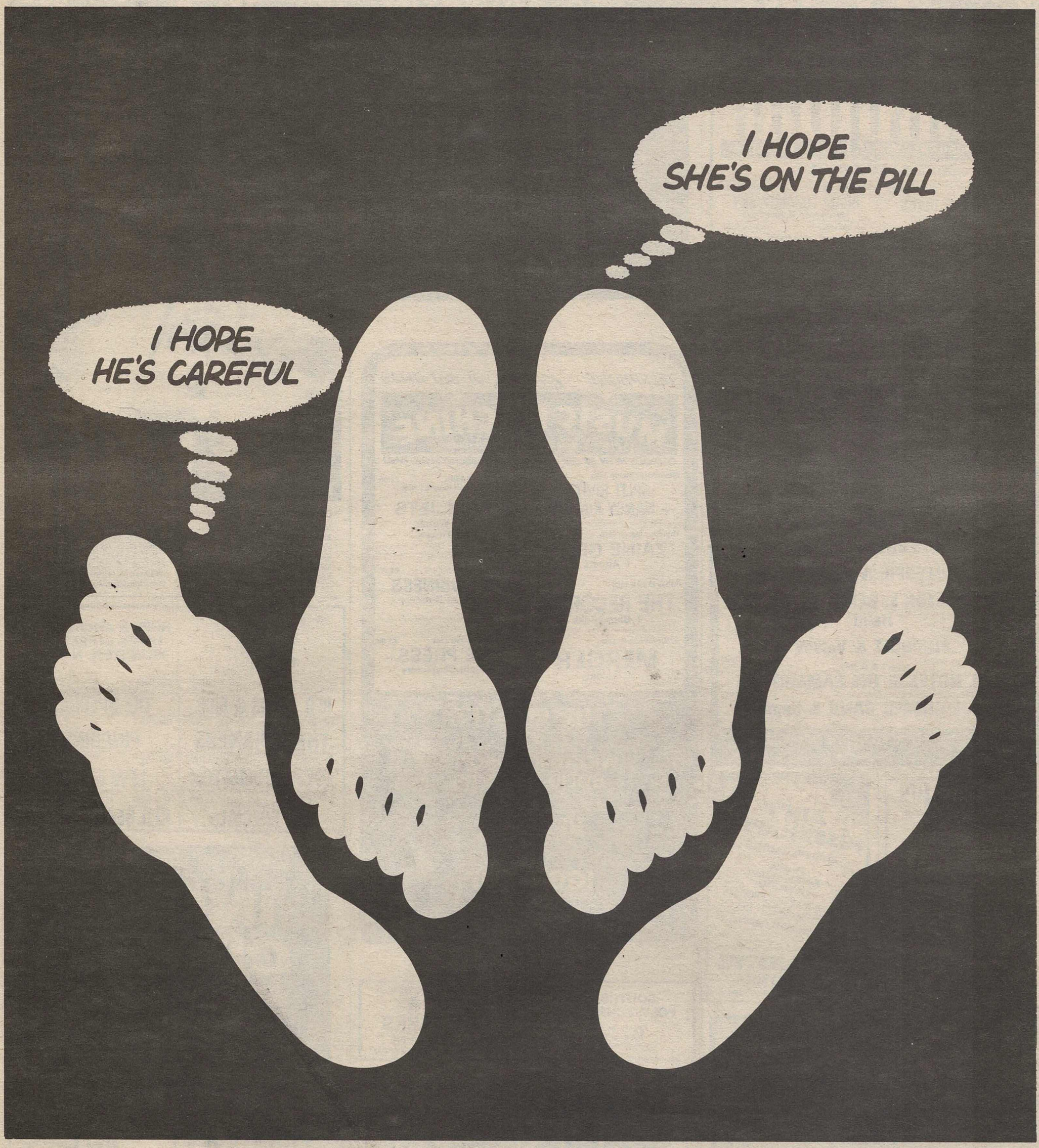
Really little more than demos cut with the aid of Jon Tiven (guitar), Richard Rosebraugh (drums), Rick Clark (keyboards and drums) plus a couple of other visiting firemen, these sides are — with the exception of a calamitous 'Summertime Blues' — fair to middling. Good, half-formed ideas wait to be licked into shape. But if they gain three points on a 10 scale then side two is definitely minus-zone stuff, being no more than an adequately recorded selection of titles taped on a duff night at CBGB's.

"This one's called 'Holocaust' and it's sorta new," claims Chilton as he and his Cossacks stumblebum their way through a barely-rehearsed opener. Then follows 'In The Street', all predictability and morning yawny; 'Make Me Like It', a live version of one of the cuts that bedecks the album's studio side; 'Little Fishy', and all-time low in dropiness; 'Baby's Beside Me' ("This one's off the first Big Star album — my baby's so ugly she should get a job standing outside a doctor's office makin' people feel sick!"); and after contemplating wrecking jobs on 'Chances Are' and 'Misty' Chilt heads for home on a cod version of 'More'.

All totally dispensable music then, even though it's packed with care. Packaging is really the name of the name recently, the week's biggest seller being a red vinyl, heart-shaped version of the **Gaye/Wonder/Ross/ Robinson** 'Pops, We Love You' (Motown) single. But it's RCA who get the Zit Of The Week award for the latest episode in their long-running series on how to really bury **Elvis.** For the company has now commenced a 'Memory Of Elvis' line which, if Volume One is anything to go by, promises to be little more than an excuse to reissue Elvis' old records sans orchestral backings.

Presley is also remembered in more suitable fashion on **Robert Gordon's** 'Rock A Billy Boogie', the ex-Private Stock rocker's first for RCA. For Gordon revives 'Blue Christmas', a 1964 single for El, along with Johnny Burnette's 'I Just Found Out', Fats Domino's 'All By Myself', Conway Twitty's 'It's Only Make Believe' and 'Wheel Of Fortune', a Kay Starr pre-rock special that headed the U.S. charts for a straight nine weeks back in '52. **Chris Spedding** heads the back-up band on this particular memory parade, other participants being Rob Stoner (bass), Howie Wyeth (drums and piano), Scotty Turner (rhythm guitar) and Paul 'Hello This Is Joannie' Evans (back-up vocals).

Fred Dellar



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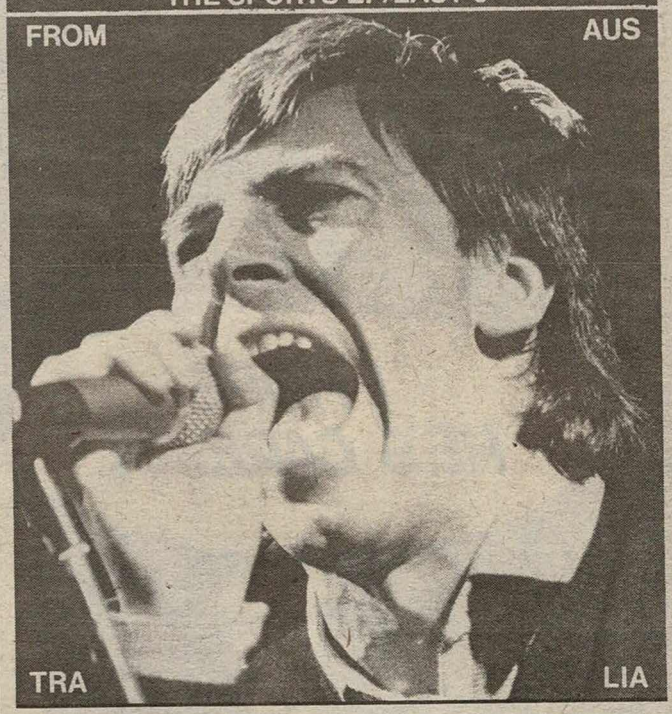

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MAR 24 BRIGHTON CENTRE
MAR 25 READING HEXAGON HALL
MAR 26 LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
MAR 28 DERBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS
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Sunday March 18th
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Tuesday March 20th
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Friday March 16th 50p
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Tuesday March 20th Free
ANGELO PALLADINO
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On the road with Elton

ELTON JOHN begins his comeback tour this weekend, but it's a tour with a difference, in that he's appearing as a solo performer — accompanying himself on piano, and with percussionist Ray Cooper (pictured with him above) as the only other musician on stage. The itinerary is a lengthy one, and later includes a week in London — but the opening concerts are at Glasgow (Saturday and Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday) and Newcastle (Wednesday).

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

Birmingham Odeon: **Bill Haley & The Comets/Flying Saucers/The Wild Angels**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Special Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham The Bell: **The Clerks**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **The Pretenders**
Bournemouth Tiffany's: **Gina & The Rockin' Rebels**
Bournemouth Town Hall: **Wild Horses**
Bradford Princeville Hotel: **The Vye**
Bradford St George's Hall: **Graham Parker & The Rumour**
Brighton Alhambra: **Fan Club**
Brighton Hungry Years: **The Tinsels**
Bristol Tiffany's: **The Other Bristol/Essential Bop/The Untouchables**
Bristol University: **Martin Carter & Graham Jones**
Burntwood Troubador: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Camberley Lakeside Club: **Freddy Cole (until Saturday)**
Cambridge Selwyn College: **Tot & The Girls In Room 419**
Cardiff Granny's: **Patrik Fitzgerald**
Chadderton Hustlers: **Tanx**
Chatham Central Hall: **Ralph McTell**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **The Smirks**
Coventry Locarna: **Eddie & The Hot Rods/ The Members**
Coventry Warwick University: **Supercharge**
Derby Bell Hotel: **Omen**
Doncaster Gaumont Theatre: **Billy Connolly**
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: **The Piranhas**
Eastleigh Knight Spot: **Raw Deal**
Edinburgh Astoria: **The Only Ones**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Van Morrison**
Epsom College of Art: **Warm Jets**
Exeter Routes: **U.K. Subs**
Farncombe Three Lions: **John Thomas**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **N.W.10**
Hull Bali Hai: **Section 60**
Lancaster No. 12 Club: **Gotham City Swing Band**
Leeds Fan Club: **The Cure**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Gordon Giltrap Band**
Liverpool Central Hall: **The Bothy Band**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Tina Turner**
Liverpool Eric's: **Those Naughty Lumps**
London Camden Brecknock: **Scarecrow**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bo Diddley**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Dog Watch**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Cannibals**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Shrink/The Balloons**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Debbie Bishop & Rough Edge**
London Epping Folk Club: **Katie Heath**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ex-Directory**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Too Much/China Street**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Beast**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Guest Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Kennington The Crickets: **Manyana**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Bowles Bros/ The Jags**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Dick Wellstood**
London Marquee Club: **Sniff 'n' The Tears**
London Maunkberry's: **Miatta**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **The Little Jimmies**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Milt Franklin Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Freddie 'Fingers' Lee**
London St. Moritz Club: **Red Tape**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Tennis Shoes**
London Talk Of The Town: **The Drifters (until March 24)**
London Twickenham Turks Head: **Ego**
London Victoria The Venue: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **The Johnny Cash Show**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Desmond Dekker**
London W.C.1 School of Oriental & African Studies: **Earthbound**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **David Essex**
Manchester The Factory: **The Straits/The Squares**
Mansfield Art College: **Art Failure**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **After The Fire**
Newcastle Mayfair: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
Newcastle Quayside Red House: **American Echoes**
Norwich Boogie House: **Bitch**
Norwich St. Andrew's Hall: **Adam & The Ants/Deep Throats**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Oxford University College: **Morrisey-Mullen Band**
Peterborough Technical College: **The Pirates**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Interference**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Records**
Poynton Music Centre: **Martin Simpson/ Flash Company**
Rhyl Nutz Disco: **Light Of The World**
Rosyth Lion Club: **Rokotto**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Skids**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **George Thorogood & The Destroyers/Ray Campi & The Rockabilly Rebels**
Skipton The Yorkshireman: **Snoots**
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: **Witchfynde**
Southend Scamps: **The Ruts**
Stockbridge Leckford Hut: **Real Ale & Thunder Band**
Stockport Jazz Cellar: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **Jonathan Richman**
Swansea Circles Club: **Hi-Fi**
Tillbury The Anchor: **Cliche**
Watford Carey's Palace: **F.U.X.**
Watford Mex's Palace: **Ian, Paul & The Captain**
Wellington Town House: **The Angelic Upstarts/Weapon Of Peace**
Worthing Balmoral Bar: **Nightrider**
Yeovilton Heron Club: **Samson**
York Revolution: **The Accelerators**

Friday

Aberdeen University: **The Only Ones**
Ampthill Folk Club: **The Black Pig**
Bedford College of Higher Education: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Chas & Dave**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Bad Earth**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Dangerous Girls/The Wide Boys**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Spitfire**
Birmingham Town Hall: **The Bothy Band**
Birmingham University: **Bram Tchaikovsky/Gotham City Swing Band**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Destroyer**
Brighton Alhambra: **Better Looking-/Twist And Shout**
Brighton Bombay Bar: **Devil's Dykes/The Parrots/Woody & The Splinters**
Brighton Top Rank: **Culture**
Bristol University: **'Be Limp' Package Tour**
Burton 76 Club: **Grand Hotel**
Camelford Liberal Club: **Lipservice**
Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **Nightrider**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Gong**
Doncaster Hayfield School: **Foggy**
Doncaster Rio Theatre Club: **Acker Bilk Band**
Dudley Technical College: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Ralph McTell**
Edinburgh College of Art: **Belsen Horrors-/Dirty Reds/Cubs**
Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Edinburgh Napier College: **The Deft Jerks**
Ellesmere Port Bull's Head: **The Accelerators**
Exeter Crown & Sceptre: **Martin Carter & Graham Jones**
Exeter St. Luke's College: **Writz**
Farnham Art College: **The Underdogs**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Van Morrison**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **The Piranhas**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Gordon Giltrap Band**
Hornchurch The Bull: **Jerry The Ferret**
Hull Technical College: **The Skids**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Lancaster University: **Bill Nelson's Red Noise**
Leeds University: **The Donkeys**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Eddie & The Hot Rods/The Members**
Leicester T.U.L. Club: **Ray Campi & The Rockabilly Rebels**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Bad Company**
Liverpool Eric's: **Jonathan Richman**
Liverpool University: **The Tunes**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Amazing Band**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Vipers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Sore Throat**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **ABC**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **George Thorogood & The Destroyers/ Lew Lewis Reformer/Albert Collins**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Records**

***PAT TRAVERS** returns to Britain after a long absence with a reshaped band. He's touring with Journey and the first date is at Manchester on Wednesday.*

London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Lea Hart**
London Chiswick Polytechnic: **Gino & The Sharks**
London City Polytechnic: **China Street**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dead Ringer**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Belt & Braces Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Tina Turner**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Ruts/Nicky & The Dots**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Edge/Warm Jets**
London Lewisham Black Bull: **Coast To Coast**
London Marquee Club: **U.K. Subs**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **64 Spoons**
London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **Hi-Fi**
London North Polytechnic: **Squire**
London North-East Polytechnic: **The Special A.K.A.**
London Paddington Western Counties: **First Aid**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bud Freeman Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Carpettes/The Crooks**
London Strand Kings College (lunchtime): **Turning Point**
London University College: **Phantom & The Specials**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Tropicanco**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **The Johnny Cash Show**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Patrik Fitzgerald**
London Willesden White Horse: **Gina & The Rockin' Rebels**
London W.1 Portman Hotel: **Roger James Band**
Maidstone Technical College: **Wild Horses**
Manchester Apollo Theatre ;**Graham Parker & The Rumour/The Sports**
Matlock Baths Pavilion: **Vesuvius**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Jimmy Crawford**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Slim Whitman**
Newport The Village: **Supercharge**
Northolt Target Club: **The Chevrons**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Cure/Butterflies**
Nuneaton Pringles Hall: **Strangeways**
Oldham Civic Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Oxford University Sheldonian Theatre: **Burl Ives**
Oxford Westminster College: **Panties**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **The Alwoodley Jets**
Reading University: **The Movies**
Retford Porterhouse: **Adam & The Ants**
Salford Maxwell Hall: **Pure Product**
Salisbury Technical College: **The Screens/ Thieves Like Us**
Scarborough Penthouse: **The Smirks**
Sheffield Limit Club: **After The Fire**
Slough Langley College: **The Lightning Raiders**
Solihull Golden Lion: **Ocean Boulevard**
Southampton Old Mill: **Eyes**
Southampton The Onslow: **Witchfynde**
Southport Theatre: **David Essex**
Theydon Bois Old Forresters: **Cliche**
Walsall Town Hall: **Pressure Shocks**
Warrington Padgate College: **Speed Limit**
Whitstable Duke of Cumberland: **Rebel**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **The Pretenders**
York Revolution: **Straight 8**
York University: **Gwladys Hunt & The Pips/The Wetts/Lester Square**

Saturday

Askern Spa Social Club: **The Alwoodley Jets**
Bakewell Edensor Village Hall: **Avalanche**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Bethnal**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Miscent Youth**
Birmingham (King's Heath) Hare & Hounds: **Johnny Silvo**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **The Johnny Cash Show**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Howard Like**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **David Essex**
Blackpool Gaiety Bar; **Light Of The World**
Blackpool Norbreck Hotel: **The Pirates**
Bognor Harrison's Bar: **Rokotto**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Slim Whitman**
Brighton Polytechnic: **The Bothy Band**
Brighton The Vault: **Smeggy & The Cheesey Bits / The Accents / The Chefs / The Kemptown Rockers / The Teen Beats**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Gang Of Four/Misty/Ted Express/The Ruts**
Canterbury Kent University: **The Cure**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **The Straits/The Squares**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **The Fall /Vermillion**
Chester Arts Centre: **Heironymous Bosch / Sinister**
Cranbrook School: **Thieves Like Us**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Culture**
Dublin National Stadium: **Eric Clapton Band**
Eastbourne The Cavalier: **The Little Jimmies**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Eddie & The Hot Rods / The Members**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Elton John**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **El Seven**
Horsham Capitol Theatre: **Ralph McTell**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Red Eye**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Jonathan Richman**
Leeds University: **Bill Nelson's Red Noise**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **Immigrant**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Skids**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Brendan Mulkere/P.J. Crotty/John Carty**
London Camden Brecknock: **Urchin**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Stepaside**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **George Thorogood & The Destroyers / Lew Lewis / Reformer / Albert Collins**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Gerry McAvoy Jam**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Fast Livin'**
London City Polytechnic: **The Registers/ Ox Eyes**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Rico**
London Covent Garden St. Paul's Church: **The Pop Group/Linton Kwesi Johnson / Manicurer/ Noise**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Simon Townshend Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Panties**
London Hackney Adam & Eve: **Rock-'n'Roll Connection**
London Hampstead Westfield College: **Sniff 'n' The Tears**
London Highgate Jackson's Club: **Hi-Fi/Charge**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Local Operator**
London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College: **Landscape**
London Lewisham Black Bull: **Yakety Yak**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Tour De Force**
London Marquee Club: **The Jags**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Zilch**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **The Injections**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **S.W.1**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Bill Haley & The Comets/Flying Saucers/The Wild Angels**
London Regent's Park Cecil Sharp House: **Dave Burland**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Barnes — Roy Williams — Fred Hunt Quintet**

CONTINUES OVER

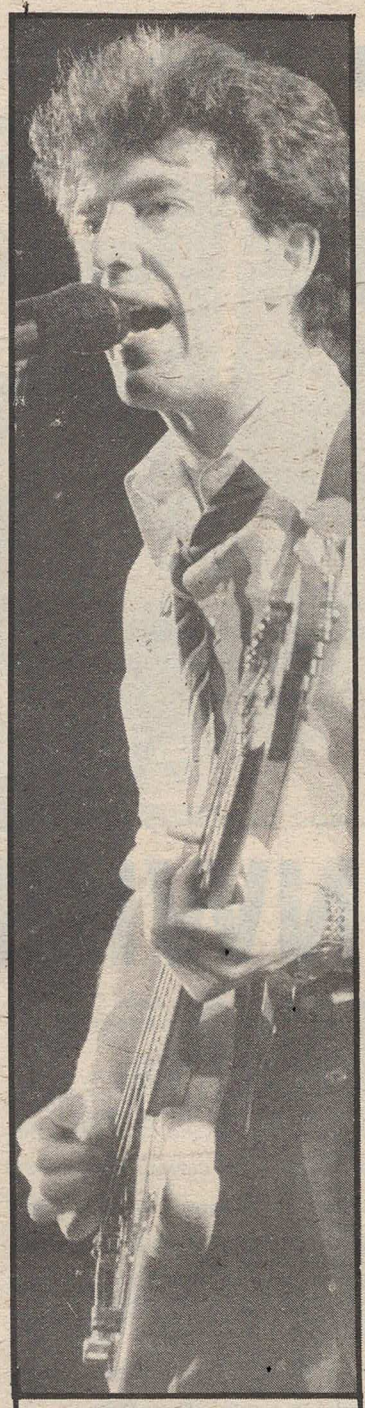
NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Sunday

Alcester Cherry Tree: **Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Patrik Fitzgerald**
Birmihgham Odeon: **Tina Turner**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Exit (lunchtime) / The Haymakers (evening)**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Bransgore Saddle Bars: **Tours**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Piranhas**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Bad Company**
Bristol Romeo & Juliet: **Culture**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **Armpit Jug Band**
Dumfries Stagecoach: **The Only Ones**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Gordon Giltrap Band / John Glover Band**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Elton John**
Glasgow Film Theatre: **The Motels**
Hull Humberside Theatre: **Section 60 / The Odds**
Ipswich Royal William: **Boy Bastin**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **The Pretenders**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **The Smirks**
Leeds Staging Post: **Tarot**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The Vye**
Leicester Phoenix Theatre: **Jonathan Richman**
Liverpool (Huyton) Bluebell: **Tontrix**
Lochmaben Balcastle Hotel: **High Flames**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Brecknock: **Sucker**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four da**
London Chiswick John Bull: **The Jags**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Kangaroo Alley**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Bill Nelson's Red Noise**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Finchley Torrington: **Big Chief**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Speed-O-Metors**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Gotham City Swing Band**
London Greenwich Theatre: **Alternative TV / Fashion / The Transmitters**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **London Zoo**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Gary Holton's Gems / January Sale**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Earthbound**
London Palladium: **Slim Whitman**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Putney Half Moon: **Turning Point**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Barney Bates**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Commuters / The Barnshakers**
London Strand Lyceum: **Lene Lovich / Squeeze / Yachts**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Bothy Band**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The McCalmans/Paul Downes**
London W.I Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Benny Waters / Fred Hunt Trio**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Johnny Cash Show**
Newark Cavalier: **Omen**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **The Movies**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Peterborough Focus Club: **Deep Throats**
Poole Wessex Concert Theatre: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
Portsmouth Rotary Club: **Interference**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Pegleg Ferret / Pat Ryan**
Preston Guildhall: **Bill Haley & The Comets / Flying Saucers / The Wild Angels**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **The Enid**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Nicky & The Dots/ Those Helicopters**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Ralph McTell**
Southport New Theatre: **The Hollies**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Grand Hotel**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Ocean Boulevard**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Acker Bilk Band**
York Revolution: **Dog Watch**
York St John's College: **The Vye**
York University: **The Enid**

Monday

Barnsley Worsborough Dale: **Tarot**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Fashion**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Orphan**
Birmingham Odeon: **Graham Parker & The Rumour/The Sports**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Adam & The Ants**
Bristol Crockers: **Thieves Like Us (for three days)**
Chester ABC Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Corby Nags Head: **Gaffa**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Elton John**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **The Skids**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Bill Haley & The Comets/Flying Saucers/The Wild Angels**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley King's Head: **Red Eye**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Gina & The Rockin' Rebels**
Leeds (Yeadon) The Peacock: **City Limits**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Gang Of Four/ Misty/The Ruts/Wendy Tunes**
Liverpool Kirklands: **Tontrix**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
London Camden Brecknock: **Urchin**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Electrotunes/ Soulyard/Neurosis**
London Camden Music Machine: **Warm Jets/ Dog Watch/The Tickets**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Little Roosters**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Elvin Jones Jazz Machine**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Monochrome Set**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Tot & The Girls In Room 419**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Wildlife**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Specials**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Pinpoint/The Valves**
London Marquee Club: **Bram Tchaikovsky**
London Paddington Western Counties: **The Rest**
London Putney Half Moon: **Tony O'Leary & Friends**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London S.E.1 (London Bridge) Cockneys: **Squire**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Piranhas/Bobby Henry**
London Victoria The Venue: **Gordon Giltrap**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **KHz/The Four Kings**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Tour De Force**
Manchester (Audenshaw) Guide Bridge Theatre: **JSRSR Band**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Pure Product**
Newcastle City Hall: **Van Morrison**
Newcastle Cooperage: **The Sabrejets**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Oxford New Theatre: **The Hollies**
Penarth Paget Rooms: **Zipper**



***TOM ROBINSON** takes his band out on the circuit for a 19-date tour, tied in with the release of their second album 'TRB Two' and new single 'Bully For You'. Their first two concerts are at Swansea (Tuesday) and Exeter (Wednesday).*

Compiled by Derek Johnson

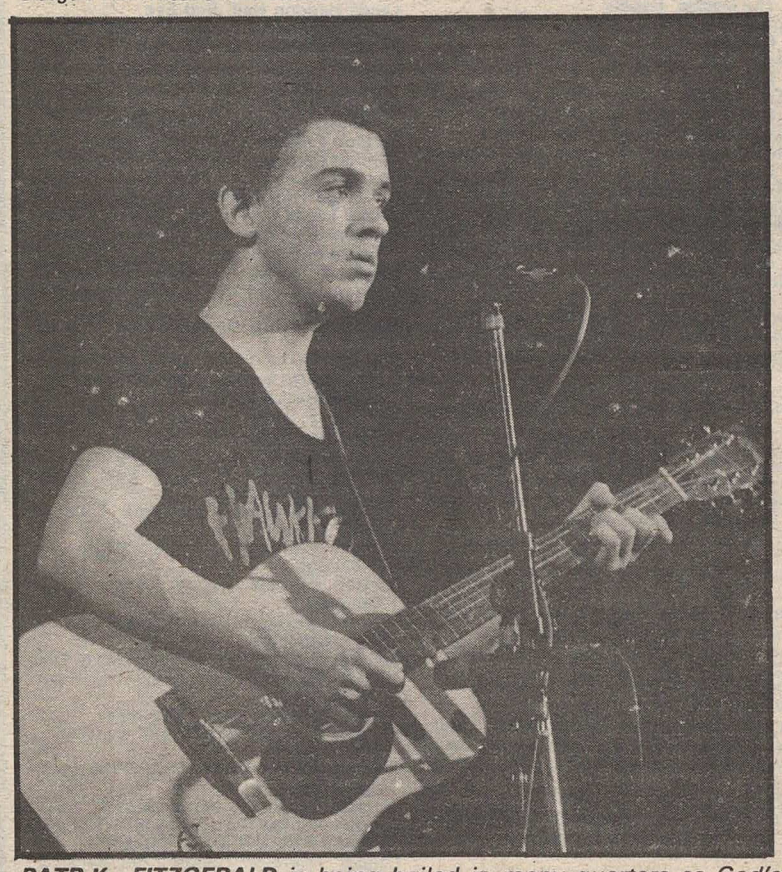
Plymouth New Theatre: **Slim Whitman**
Pontefract Town Hall: **The Straits/The Squares**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Ray Campi & The Rockabilly Rebels**
Sevenoaks (Badgers Mount) Black Eagle: **Flying Saucers**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Culture**
Wakefield Theatre Club: **Tina Turner**
Warrington Carlton Club: **Bitch**
Willington Power Station Club: **Armpit Jug Band**
Worcester Hideaway Club: **The Pirates**
York Arts Centre: **Ethel The Frog**

Tuesday

Birmingham Barbarella's: **The Pretenders**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Cartoons**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Newtown Neurotics / Gangsters**
Bolton Bus In: **Genocides**
Brighton Richmond Hotel: **Lillettes / Dirty Weekend**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Hollies**
Burnley The Hop: **Mistress**
Cardiff Great Western Hotel: **Zipper**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Gang Of Four / Misty / Pain Killers / The Ruts**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Johnny Cash Show**
Glasgow College Of Art: **The Skids**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Cure**
Leeds Fan Club: **The Dickies / The Features**
Leeds Irish Centre: **The Bothy Band**
Leeds Mexborough Club: **The Straits / The Squares**
Liverpool (Huyton) Bluebell Inn: **Amsterdam**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Split Rivitt**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Edge**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Duke Jordan Trio / Stan Tracey Quartet**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Method**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Skin Deep**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Pinpoint**
London Marquee Club: **The Extras / Car Crash**
London Maunkberry's: **Freddie & The Square Pegs**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Digby Fairweather Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **A-Level / Belt & Braces Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Gordon Giltrap**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Edge / Soul Boys**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Bishops**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Culture**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Rare Device / The Mediators / F.T. Index**
Newcastle City Hall: **Eddie & The Hot Rods / The Members**
Nottingham College Of Agriculture: **Supercharge**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Fast Livin'**
Portsmouth HMS Excellent: **Yakety Yak**
Reading Target Club: **F.U.X.**
Sheffield Fiesta Suite: **Bill Haley & The Comets / Flying Saucers / Wild Angels**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Vye**
St. Helens Theatre Royal: **Heathcliffe**
Swansea Top Rank: **Tom Robinson Band**
Wakefield Theatre Club: **David Essex**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Prey**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Watford Mex's Palace: **Jesus Howard & The Mathematics**
York University: **Patrick Fitzgerald**

Wednesday

Aberdeen City Hall: **The Skids**
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **Light Of The World**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Orphan**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Dumbo Blondes**
Bournemouth Town Hall: **The Wasters**
Bournemouth Tralee: **Real Ale & Thunder Band**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **The Hollies**
Brentwood Old House: **Foggy**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Dials**
Brighton Sussex University: **Jonathan Richman**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Pretenders / Nicky & The Dots**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Culture**
Carshalton St Helier Club: **Matchbox**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Corby Festival Hall: **Bill Haley & The Comets / The Wild Angels / Flying Saucers**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Barry Forde Band / The Leyton Buzzards / The Piranhas / The Specials**
Didsbury Midland Hotel: **J.G. Spoils**
Dunstable College: **N.W.10**
Exeter Routes: **Tom Robinson Band**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Motels**
Great Yarmouth Wheels: **Boy Bastin**
Hull New Theatre: **Ralph McTell**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **City Limits**
London Camden Brecknock: **Japanese Toy**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Kokomo / The Voice Squad / Carol Grimes Band / The Retainers**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **X-Films**
London Camden Music Machine: **London Zoo**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Art Ensemble Of Chicago**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Pinpoint**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Marquee Club: **Eric Bell Band**
London Maunkberry's: **Eric Roberts**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Earthbound**
London N.4. The Stapleton: **Tennis Shoes**
London Paddington Western Counties: **S.W.1**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Clyde Bernhardt Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **ABC-/Local Heroes**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Raincoats**
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: **Panties**
Loughborough Sea of Rounders: **Gaffa**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Journey / Pat Travers Band**
Manchester The Factory: **Patrik Fitzgerald**
Margate Bowlers Arms: **Too Much**
Newcastle City Hall: **Elton John**
Northwood HMS Warrior: **Souled Out**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Plymouth Circus Tavern: **Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers / Shot Rod**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The V.I.P.'s**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Pressure Shocks**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Only Ones**
Sleaford RAF Cranwell: **Strange Days**
Slough Langley College: **Sledgehammer**
Solihull Golden Lion: **Special Clinic**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
St Agnes Talk Of The West: **Freddy Cole (for four days)**
St Austell New Riviera Lido: **Lipservice**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Bram Tchaikovsky**
Wakefield Theatre Club: **Slim Whitman**
Wrexham Jolly Tavern: **Amsterdam**
York Pop Club: **The Fall**
York Revolution: **Grand Hotel**



***PATRICK FITZGERALD** is being hailed in many quarters as God's latest gift to the new-wave movement. In fact, he's hardly a newcomer — but at least he's now beginning to make the impact his talents deserve. He's on tour at Cardiff (Thursday), London West Hampstead (Friday), Birmingham (Sunday), York (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday), promoting his newly-released Polydor single 'All Sewn Up'.*

***JONATHAN RICHMAN,** pictured here on his last British visit, returns this week in a new guise — as a solo performer. Since splitting from the Modern Lovers, he's been presenting his acoustic set very successfully in the States, and his new approach can be seen in action when he opens his UK tour at Stoke (Thursday), Liverpool (Friday), Leeds (Saturday), Leicester (Sunday) and Brighton (Wednesday).*

Another message from your sponsor . . .

SOME OF YOU DIDN'T READ LAST WEEK'S HEADING, DID YER — WELL THE BOYS WILL BE ROUND IN THE WEEK. REMEMBER DON'T RING ME FOR THE GIG GUIDE (FREE LISTINGS) WRITE TO 'IM, DEREK J.

Love Brian B.

OUTLAW CONCERTS PRESENT

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS

THE MEMBERS

THE MAGNETS

LONDON Rainbow
30 MARCH

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

HUMAN LEAGUE
THE FALL
THE MEKONS
GANG OF FOUR
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 25th MARCH at 7-30

TICKETS £2·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL. 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL. 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., N.W.1., TEL. 485 5088

FRIARS AYLESBURY

AT THE MAXWELL HALL
SATURDAY, MARCH 17th, 7.30pm
Hot Thriller X Tour

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
+ THE MEMBERS
+ THE MAGNETS

A.C. Sound and Vision

Tickets: 210p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Hairport Amersham, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, F L Moore Bletchley, Dunstable and Luton, Hi Vu Buckingham or at door on night if available (unlikely). Life membership 25p.

Strangers on the suburban pay phone

WSP presents

A FREE JOURNEY and PAT TRAVERS button badge with each ticket purchased

JOURNEY

and

PAT TRAVERS BAND

Monday 26th March 8.00 pm.
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Tickets: £3.00, £2.50, £2.00 available from Box Office 748 4081. London Theatre Bookings 439 3371 and Premier Box Office 240 2245.

Paul King for Outlaw Concerts presents

TRB

+ THE STRAITS

ODEON LEWISHAM sat 7th april
ODEON ILFORD mon 9th april

tickets: £2.50 £2.00 £1.50 from box office & usual agents

UNIVERSITY OF SUSSEX
FALMER, BRIGHTON

Monday March 19th
in the Mandella Hall
GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
Tickets £1.20 in advance
£1.50 on the door

Thursday March 22nd
JONATHAN RICHMAN
(of Modern Lovers)
Tickets £1.00 in advance
£1.30 on the door

Disco Bar Lights
Tickets from Union Shop & Virgin Records

EARTHBOUND

AS A RESULT OF THE MEETING BETWEEN THE **LIBERATED LADY** AND THE **ROBOT IN SOUTH KENSINGTON, EARTHBOUND** ARE HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE THE BIRTH OF THEIR FIRST 12" BABY AT **ARCHWAY RECORDS** HOSPITAL ON MARCH 10th.

BIRTH CELEBRATIONS WILL BE HELD AT: **THE TRAMSHED**, WOOLWICH — **MARCH 14th;**
THE DUKE OF LANCASTER, NEW BARNET — **MARCH 18th;**
THE GREEN MAN, PLUMSTEAD — **MARCH 24th.**

ENQUIRIES: **ARCHWAY RECORDS 01-203 4632.**

THE Venue
160 VICTORIA ST, SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5500

Thursday March 15th £3
MARTHA REEVES & HER VANDELLAS
Doors open 7pm Showtime 9pm

Friday March 16th £3
Special Reggae Night Featuring
TRADITION
BRIMSTONE
THE COOL NOTES
7pm thru to 3am

Saturday March 17th £4
TINA TURNER
Doors Open 7pm & 11pm
Showtimes 8.30pm & 12pm

Sunday March 18th £3
THE BOTHY BAND
Doors Open 7pm Showtime 8.30pm

Monday March 19th &
Tuesday March 20th £3
GORDON GILTRAP
Doors Open 7pm Showtime 9pm

Friday March 23rd £3
DAVID SANCIOUS
(Ex-Bruce Springsteen)
Doors Open 7pm Showtime 9pm

Wednesday March 28th &
Thursday March 29th £3
From America.....
The Legendary
DAN HICKS
Doors Open 7pm & 11pm
Showtimes 8.30pm & 12pm

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dog watch

Thursday 15th March
CANNING TOWN Bridge House
Friday 16th March
ORMSKIRK Edge Hill College
Saturday 17th March
YORK Revolution Club
Sunday 18th March
EAST HAM Ruskin Arms
Monday 19th March
CAMDEN
MUSIC MACHINE
BRIDGE HOUSE RECORDS NIGHT

Band enquiries to Sound Scene Agency: 261 9741/9774

V.I.PS

Sat Mar 17th: Birmingham *(Sorry, Private party!)*
Sun Mar 18th: Two Brewers, Clapham Common, 9 pm.
The weekend stops here
Wed Mar 21st: Crocs, Rayleigh, Essex

For Info etc — Twist & Shout 01-223 6481

GET INTO THE MOD SOUND

BEGGAR

Available for bookings now!
RING MIKE
01-558 0127
(After 6)

Jacksons Rock Club
Archway Rd. Opp. Highgate Tube
Saturday March 17th

HI-FI + CHARGE

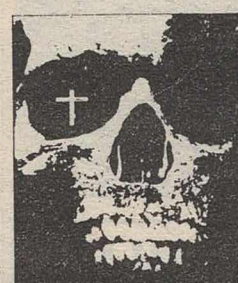
8.00 pm — Tickets : £1.00

PAUL KING for OUTLAW CONCERTS presents

MANU DIBANGO

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
SATURDAY 7th APRIL 8.00pm

Tickets: £3.00 £2.50 £2.00
from Box Office and usual Agents



FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT

THE POP GROUP

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON
MANICURED NOISE

5.30 PM, SATURDAY, MARCH 17TH
ST PAULS CHURCH, BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN, WC2

TICKETS £2 IN ADVANCE ONLY FROM
SMALL WONDER, ROUGH TRADE AND HONKY TONK RECORD SHOPS

PATRIK FITZGERALD

THE DISTRIBUTERS THE MOLESTERS
8.30 PM, FRI. MARCH 16TH, MOONLIGHT CLUB, WEST HAMPSTEAD

---

the TUNES

Notes for March . . .
14th Leeds University
16th Liverpool University — Sphinx Bar
17th Manchester University
26th Band On The Wall, Manchester
Forthcoming EP
'Truth, Justice and the Mancunian Way'
out soon on Rhesus Records
Book thru Rabid Agency 061 225 3326.

A.J.'s Club

High Street, Lincoln
Tel: 22496

Live Music Every Friday
Friday March 16th at 8pm

Léargo

(Genesis style, with fantastic light show, lasers and dry ice)

ART FAILURE
IN BRITAIN

LSE Ents present

JOHN COOPER-CLARKE

Friday March 16th
at the Haldane Room, Main Building, London School of Economics, Houghton Street, London, W.C.2

Tickets £1 available from L.S.E. Union Shop.
Doors open 7.30 pm
Tubes: Holborn & Temple. Buses: 77, 188, 68, 4.

Words Words (Barry Clarke) Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words (Barry Clarke) Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words (Barry Clarke) Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words

DUNSTABLE, QUEENSWAY (Civic) HALL
Sunday March 18th at 7.30pm
Only public Home Counties appearance . . .
GORDON GILTRAP
+ John Glover Band
Bar Food
Advance tickets £1.60 + 10p booking charge from Queensway Box Office, Tel 603326, F. L. Moores; Old Town Hall Records, Hemel Hempstead; Record Room, St Albans, or £1.80 on door

CITY HALL, ST ALBANS

Saturday March 17th at 8pm
The Convertable . . .
BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY
(From The Motors)
+ The Winders
Tickets £1.50

Saturday March 24th at 8pm
Can't have too much overkill . . .
MOTORHEAD
+ Girlschool
Tickets £1.90 in advance, £2.00 on door.
Mary Jane Disco Bar Food

Friday March 30th at 8pm
The Toast of London . . .
STREETBAND
+ Toad the Wet Sprocket
Tickets £1.50

All tickets from Box Office, 37 Chequer Street, St Albans, Tel 64511, or available on door

Words Words (Barry Clarke) Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words (Barry Clarke) Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words (Barry Clarke) Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words

THIS MAY NOT BE THE REAL ONE, BUT AT LEAST IT COVERS THREE PAGES

LEW LEWIS REFORMER

LEW LUCKY SEVEN

LEWIS NIGHT TALK

TOUR DATES

FRI	16	CAMDEN	ELECTRIC BALLROOM
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Thurs 29 Mar/Music Machine (London)
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■ *From page 32*

"Yeah, I suppose there is. What is it?"

You'd be the person to know.

"Well, maybe I know 'n' I'm not telling."

Joan laughs, and I concede defeat.

Her writing technique is far from unusual: the great majority of songs, novels, plays etc. are probably *not* based directly on the personal experience of the author. A minor example — when the crash which opened this piece actually occurred, I was fast asleep several thousand miles away. All writing is a con — the point is whether or not it's effective, and to what end.

If there's one disappointment about 'Show Some Emotion' and 'To The Limit' it's that, for whatever reason, the lyrics don't have the bite and sparkle of those on 'Joan Armatrading'. Because she has no developing perspective on her subject-matter — the songs are random observations — and because, though her music is changing, those changes remain mostly within certain traditional parameters; the danger is that Joan Armatrading will become less and less innovatory the longer she goes on. Repetition threatens.

Towards the end of the interview, I try to find out more about the ways in which Joan's feelings *do* interact with her lyrics — that area where her observations mingle with her experiences and the songs are made. I didn't do very well; and I'm not sure now why I wanted to know in the first place. But for those of you into personality cults and the like, here are a few ... mmm ... fascinating insights into the way a writer receives her raw material, and a rare glimpse of Joan at a vulnerable and revaling moment. Real hot poop!

In your previous interviews you've come across as a solitary person.

"Yeah, I still am."

A lot of your songs are about people being on their own, and sometimes feeling lonely. Do you?

"I'm not lonely, no. Somebody asked me that the other day. I can't remember when I was lonely. I haven't been lonely since I was little, and even then I don't really remember ... No, being on your own is nice. I just like to sit by myself or just be with one other person or two other people.

"I'm sure the reason for that is cos when I was little I spent a lot of time on my own. My two brothers didn't wanna play with me — they didn't wanna *gurl* around. I didn't have lots of friends even then. Some, but not loads. So it was a matter of amusing myself.

"Like, I used to go to the pictures on my own — and anywhere I wanted to go, I went on my own. It took me a long time before I could go somewhere with somebody.

"So it was something I had to get into, being with people ... I think it's nice if you can enjoy your own company. It's a shame if you have to have somebody with you 24 hours a day to feel you're a human being."

Listening to 'Never Too Late' I thought it might have been written by someone who felt they were getting old. Do you ever feel like that?

"Sometimes. Sometimes I feel ten, sometimes 30, sometimes 28. No, it wasn't that. The reason I wrote that was, I was walking in New York — I mean, I've seen all sorts of rubbish there — I was walking along the pavement one day, 'n' a guy — just your distance from me cos he was passing me — just ... uh ... slashed his wrist with a ... he broke a bottle on the side of a wall 'n' he started hacking away at his wrist.

"I sort of looked ... 'huh?'... 'n' I rushed into this shop to phone the ambulance. And somebody else did as well, and they did it before me. The ambulance came — they took him away.

"And ... oh, there's so many crazy people there ... 'n' then I was walking along the street again 'n' this woman comes down the road, 'n' all the inside of her mouth was hanging out. I've never seen anything like that — it was really bloated, 'n' this huge, red, bulbous ... it made me feel really bad, you know. And I wanted to go up to her 'n' say 'do you want some money for the operation?'

And ..." Joan laughs nervously ... "I started to cry, of course. I *really* wanted to say 'look, how much is it — have it.' And I stopped 'n' turned around 'n' watched her go — I was thinking 'oh blimey, I'm too late.'

"And that's really why I wrote that song. Cos I wasn't too late. I could've run after her 'n' given her the money. It's, like, saying 'it's *not* too late' and 'never doing it *is* too late'. Both, you know. That was the reason for that song."

Art as sublimated liberal guilt? There must be a new theory in there somewhere.

This story completely contradicts Joan's earlier contention that she just writes it "as I see it" without using any of the conventions of song-writing. The pity of it is that all the emotions, all the complexities of what was obviously an intense and prickly personal encounter in that New York street should be diminished into the altogether more cosy and commonplace imagery of rock'n'roll love song: *"If you see someone not dancing/It's your fault/ Never is too late/And a dance short lived/Or long/Is all that's needed/Who will help this lonely one."*

At moments like this, you begin to wonder if the 'rock tradition' isn't among the most reactionary forces of 'contemporary' culture. Down to zero? You bet.

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ON THE TOWN

Magazine

Glasgow

Smoke drifts atmospherically past the window like a Jack the Ripper dockland fog. Problems with special effects: the fog swirls like a gathering of demons — too fast; effective, but there's no subtlety. A clumsy analogy occurs . . .

Magazine, the foreground to the fog despite Devoto's previously limited experience, became distinctive and special with amazing speed. Often melodramatic, they sound like music from the Hammer version of *Cabaret*.

Devoto's inexperience shows. He has two expressions: inscrutable, and inscrutable with raised eyebrows. Through gestures and tone of voice, he reminds me of Kenneth Williams. But cheekbones that make the Mekon (the Dan Dare one) look butch are a definite advantage, and should he realise the possibilities of a stage and escape from his present rut, Howard Devoto could be the *next* Howard Devoto.

At present it's not that he's so good, it's just that everyone else is so bad. Magazine should really keep him if they can't get Joel Gray.

For early '78, Magazine was a brave move on Devoto's part. The keyboards, the long, slow songs must have seemed like treachery to all the people forming their own bands because they reckoned they could knock out some adequate two-chord stampedes too. For this you needed expensive equipment, musicians who didn't think Johnny Ramone was the best guitarist in the world. And what was all this stuff about Sylvia Plath and Samuel Beckett? An intellectual? *Pshaw!*

Memories of the first tour are of an audience (mostly along to see The Skids) confused by this glacial, structured music, looking blankly ahead, subdued applause on cue; Devoto, crouched behind a monitor, looking at the people with all the unselfconsciousness of a baby deer; a wag untying Devoto's shoelace as he sang.

Magazine have fans now. Their second album is due out in two weeks and a major tour is planned. They still deserve success.

Most of the older songs have slightly altered arrangements to sustain interest (our's and the band's). The new songs, particularly 'Back To Nature' and 'Feed The Enemy', promise well for 'Second Hand Daylight' (the new album) though there are no new short, fast songs to match 'Shot By Both Sides' or even 'Touch And Go'.

The only hints of any decay into predictability and international stardom are the entrance tape (quite a good one, actually) and Devoto's separate entrance after the band.

Julie Covington lookalike Dave Formula, amongst modestly massed keyboards, and John McGeoch on guitar and sax provide most of what's interesting. In contrast the bass and drums frequently seemed boringly simplistic; enough to put anybody off wanting to be a bassist.

Yes and Genesis used to be quite good. Van Der Graaf remained good to the end. If money and success are the lethal catalysts, I can only hope Magazine are poor forever.

pragVEC, who performed first, probably will be. They're existentialist intellectuals, summarising Proust in a song. Austere and humourless, they reminded me most of Slapp Happy's work with Henry Cow (which means they're quite good), their singer being an X between Dagmar and Pauline from Penetration.

They went down well. Glasgow audiences are a constant source of surprise.

Glenn Gibson

Songs from the fridge

Richard & Linda Thompson

The Venue

Fits and starts; fits and starts. That's the way Richard Thompson's career, certainly since he left Fairport Convention, has loped along.

He's one of a breed of musicians/songwriters (Steve Winwood is another) who refuses to stalk into the music biz market-place and prefers the more eccentric role of a shadowy figure, skirting the outer precincts, making his statements and disappearing again to pursue purely extra-musical activities.

The Thompsons may have successfully come to terms with the hoary old biz, but a frustration arises from what can only be regarded as a simultaneous lack of perspective when viewing the true worth of their contributions, past and present.

Their first house gig at The Venue was a perfect case in point.

Thompson and his wife have not been prolific live performers since the onset of their career, consummated by the superb 'I Wanna See The Bright Lights Tonight'; yet a recent change of label (from Island to Chrysalis) and subsequent album 'First Light' willed them to assemble a band and tour for promotion purposes if nothing else.

Having foolishly mistimed my arrival at The Venue, I walked into a decidedly low-key atmosphere, good natured with a beguilingly spirited essence to the proceedings, The band was superb. Anchored by a crisp, sympathetic rhythm section of Fairport stalwart Dave Pegg on bass and a young vigorous, newly recruited drummer, the juxtapositioning of John Kirkpatrick on accordion alongside wife Clair on keyboards and flute provided sinuous textures for Thompson's majestic guitar playing. Linda sang, played tambourine and looked suitably serene.

The problem was mainly choice of material. Use of 'First Light' songs — 'Died For Love', 'Restless Highway', and a grand finale of 'Layla' — re-emphasised the promo aspect of the gig, the highlights all impeccably played betwixt the odd medley or two of the jigs and reels.

It was all very tasteful, occasionally breathtaking but too perfunctory to be satisfying.

More than anything it was *frustrating:* frustrating to watch a man ignoring a great heritage of illustrious songs ('Pour Down Like Silver' was the sole exception); frustrating to hear one of rock's most innovative and soulful guitarists cruising over the fretboard when there was irrefutable proof he'd lost nothing.

Sure, it was a good night; but good ain't enough when greatness is so obviously there.

Nick Kent

Bo Diddley Ray Campi And The Rockabilly Rebels Whirlwind

Lyceum

Bo Diddley's a gunslinger. Bo Diddley's a lumberjack. Bo Diddley's a round man with a rectangular git-tar. Bo Diddley's the master of the nuances of rhythm and noise. Bo Diddley's my hero. Bo Diddley's a man who needs a band good enough to say "How high?" in mid-air when he says jump. And Jack, I got one more for your ass: Bo Diddley's a mindwrecker. Man can take you apart with either hand while he pushes back his specs and pinches his nose with the other.

Man can do just about anything other than make his impossibly dreary backing group sound like anything other than three stooges (in the non-Iggian sense).

But it didn't really matter apart from momentary flashes of irritation at the guitarist's cliched solos and feeble rhythm, at the bass player's lackadaisical drabness (particularly when Bo did a lovely 'Crackin' Up' and the rhythm section could've made it lovelier with a few reggae accents) at the drummer's missed beats (Bo's stunning intro to 'I'm A Man' was virtually capsized because the drummer came in at the wrong speed. Bo gave him a dirty look and played the riff again his way. They sorted it out eventually, but it took a minute or two to recover the impetus and the magic).

Well, all right. They weren't the total drongos with which too many legends saddle themselves, but they weren't up to the standard which someone like Bo Diddley should be demanding of his accompanists.

Start again. Missed Whirlwind, caught Ray Campi and — by all accounts — got the worst of the bargain.

Campi is a thickset 'King Of Rockabilly' in his late 30s: he plays a bullfiddle bass adorned with Confederate flags, and hollers into his mike in a more than businesslike manner. But the bass was amplified fairly erratically and seemed more serviceable as a prop than an instrument. After all, when Campi seemed in danger of being upstaged by one of his acrobatic young guitarists (which was, I'm afraid, often the case) his last resort was usually to climb on his bass and balance on the damn thing.

It seemed about the only thing that he could do that one of the Rockabilly Rebels couldn't have done better.

There was Kevin Fennell with his 'tache and his silly outfit and his Les Paul, but he kept pretty much his own counsel throughout with solid rhythm and the occasional finger-busting featured solo. Jerry Sirkorsky takes the more spectacular stuff (musically and gymnastically) while looking like the archetypal B-movie truckstop redneck dressed up for that Big Night Out.

Finally for the front line, Colin Winkski sings backup harmonies, poses his way round the stage with a creditable evocation of what most people consider a teenage Presley must've been like, plays totally inaudible rhythm guitar and steals the show with an orgiastic setpiece that took in every Hot Move known to rock and roll science and raised the energy level of the set close to where it should've been all along.

The place was pleasantly full without being jam-up-jelly-tight: the audience were multi-racial and multi-style with Teds winning by weight of numbers. Joe Strummer was right in the centre of the crowd (sartorially and geographically).

Bang on ten, Bo's band slink on stage and then The Man adds his magisterial presence. Simultaneously sorcerer and patron demon, Bo invokes himself with 'Hey Bo Diddley'. A huge challenging figure in a sheriff's hat and outfit that ought to look absurd, he hits the switches on his custom-built rectangular box and comes up with a tougher, weirder sound each time. No sooner does a number end than he's bump-starting a new one: 'Bo Diddley Is A Gunslinger' (yeah? Uh *huh),* 'Road Runner', 'Bo Diddley' and a specialty version of 'I'm A Man' that co-ordinated musical and visual humour with an instinct and timing that was a delight to behold/behear.

You didn't notice the band unless they cocked up (I noticed 'em a lot) but Bo Diddley is as hard to ignore as a pterodactyl in your bath, as hard to resist as a good time. This man doesn't have a record contract. Why not?

Once again: Bo Diddley is a mindwrecker. Yeah? Uh *huh.*

Charles Shaar Murray

This here's the review of Bo Diddley

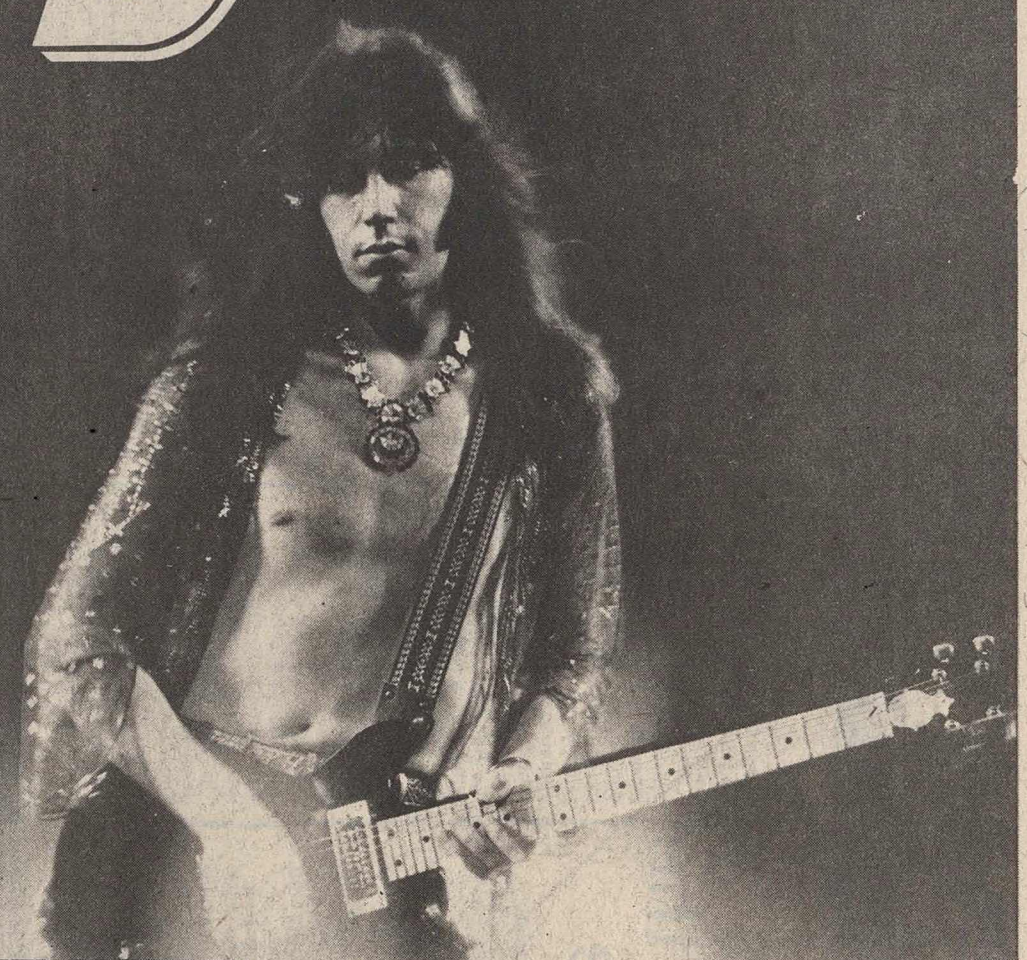
BO. Yo' bro', and mo' besides.

Pic: CHRIS HORLER

And *On The Town* just sez Go With Bo!

PAT TRAVERS BAND

PROVES WHAT HARD ROCK IN THE RIGHT HANDS CAN DO



THE NEW ALBUM

Heat in the Street

polydor

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28th	Odeon	BIRMINGHAM

ALBUM·CASSETTE

Return of the MC1

KRAMER & friend jamming out the kicks. Pic CHRIS HORLER

Wayne Kramer

Dingwalls

I saw MC5 at the Cambridge Corn Exchange in '72 supporting Syd Barrett. Like many similar tales, the smelling was infinitely worse than the telling. I left Syd mumbling into his shirt-front while people walked and talked, oblivious, probably as numbed by the Five as I was.

My abiding memory is of ugly old Rob Tyner ranting beneath a shapeless fretboard frenzy, while Fred Smith stared lethargically into the dark. Living legend? Led Zep at Earl's Court is the only gig I've enjoyed less.

Soon after, I picked up 'Back In The USA' for 99p and life began: all that flailing energy crammed into two and three minute capsules.

The MC5 broke up through public apathy as much as politics, acquiring outlaw/martyr chic in buckets. Then, in '76, handsome Wayne Kramer scored himself a lifetime's worth the hard way — four years for coke dealing. Stirred by Max Bell's prison interview, I bought the 'Rambling Rose' solo single. It's not exactly worn out.

And so to Camden Town, a year after Kramer's release.

There's old Larry Wallis, the hairdresser's nightmare, looking pasty and serious. Bearded George Butler, from the magnificent Softies, is on drums, bassist Andy Colquhoun looking downright elfin in this grizzled company. Wayne, complete with 'tache, is the most suave. 'Rambling Rose', is first up, complete with daft falsetto. Butler's impeccable and Kramer and Wallis solo like they mean it. Fine for starters.

WK's first proper vocal, on 'Going Up To The City', is no disgrace and the guitars spark like Johnny Winter and Rick Derringer on a good night. 'The Harder They Come' follows, divine dual lead and more great work from Butler making purist objections redundant.

Sensing he's passed the audition, Wayne comments "Not bad for two rehearsals", and promptly almost blows it. The band slip into an easy-rolling blues and it's rap-time, dramatising the bust saga way beyond the limits of good manners. The leather jackets loved it.

'Back In The USA' ("Chuck Berry did this after he got out") is played as per the album, Kramer's dancing guitar covering nine years in a single bound. Despite a thin vocal — one of the few times Tyner's missed — 'Looking At You' proves it's no fluke. The guitars flay delectable hell out of 'Get Some', dull riff though it is. Somebody find Larry fruitful regular employment: these one-offs are mere prick-teasing —we want Wallis!

In true 'welcome back' spirit, I'll gloss over the hideous locker-room cunnilingus rap that made 'I Wanna Do Something Freaky To You' such a stain on the evening. Still, we got a show, Wayne strutting head up on several solos and machine-gunning the audience just like old times.

Wayne Kramer '79 equals money's-worth hard rock, but the bust references can't go quick enough. Those six strings do all the talking necessary. Whether they'll add to the language of the '80's remains to be seen.

Harry George

Dire Straits

New York

There's this incredibly offensive radio commerial for Dire Straits' LP featuring an adman's exemplars of the squeaky clean 'Knowlegeable American Consumer', with the hook line "Are you tired of hard rock, disco, new wave and punk?" *This* from the company that brought the US the Pistols and Devo and which distributes Sire.

You're smugly told that Dire Straits are just the answer for you — it'll appeal to *everybody*.

No doubt Dire Straits themselves would be somewhat abashed to hear this sort of sales pitch on their behalf, but the damning fact of the matter is that it's true.

Damning because Dire Straits are *bland* enough for everybody; bland, but relatively different (for the American mass audience, that is), since they don't fit into a category like the LA country-rockers or over-processed heavy-metal-pop of the Bostons. They also have two pluses in the 'non-commercial' integrity / credibility column, for the pseudo-intellectuals: Mark Knopfler is an excellent guitarist and sings like Dylan too.

Listening to their lightweight blues-rock muzak in the background at home is one thing, but going out to see them is another. Well, the Bottom Line (usual capacity 450) was packed for four shows and the crowds were all immensely pleased, calling for multiple encores. But I was bored.

I paid the show close attention, looking for details nuances. . . *anything* to write about. Yet by the end of the third number ennui had set in for me, only relieved by the occasional snappy guitar break and 'Sultans Of Swing', a catchy if rambling song.

Their tunes were oppressively samey; the same chords in slightly different sequences and the pace varied. As someone pointed out to me later, this could be said of a lot of bands' material, why pick on Dire Straits? Easy — there's nothing else to redeem them; except, of course, the guitar.

Not that the other Straits are dire musicians (the drumming was particularly tasty), but Knopfler's guitar — an odd thumb-and-fingers style that is syncopated, dynamic, darting, biting and often stunning — is the *whole* show. If he ain't cookin' there ain't *nothin'* happenin', since the low-key material lacks even minimally interesting intrumental colouring.

Success comes to many less deserving than this marginal lot, and their Bottom Line reception and rise up the charts shows the people have spoken.

But so have I. Dire Straits are insubstantial and boring.

Marc Mayco

Leyton Buzzards

Music Machine

It could have been the Harp'n' Coldrex mixture clouding my senses or the rogue PA, but when they put their minds to it Leyton Buzzasrds make a lot of NOISE.

It's a pity, as they are one of the more interesting outfits among this year's newcomers, and they score high in the dressage, rabble rousing and material stakes.

Lead singer Geoffrey Dean, dandy in Beaufort style Uncle Ernie costume, only lacked a red nose. Bassist David Jaymes and guitarist Vernon Austin, both given to much onstage writhing, opted for the shiny blackskin-tight and peroxide look. The drummer's name is Kevin Steptoe.

They generated enough ramshackle pogo-wattage to heat the entire house by several degrees.

Their songs display a keen sense of sardonic deadpan. "Saturday Night Beneath The Plastic Palm Tree', a moving saga of love and hate at the Tottenham Road; 'Nineteen and Mad, a clarion call to sixth-form schizophrenia, and a mischievous Costello parody, 'I Don't Wanna Go to Art-School' are three examples of the dry, if not high comedy in their, uh, repertoire.

They propelled their set in raging, if somewhat slopy, fettle. They have a basic edgy rhythmic sound peppered with instrumental snatches borrowed from Tchaikovsky and the town hall clock chimes. But a strain of confusion often made them sound like an unoiled combine harvester.

At the moment they seem to have an identity problem — they can't decide whether they're The Members, Japan or Dagenham Dave. Whn they've solved this dilemma tthey could break big on the West bank of the River Lea.

Rick Joseph

UK

Imperial College

UK were greeted by rapturous applause; a phenomenon I tried to puzzle out all evening.

There they were: ace-bass John Wetton (formerly Family, Ferry and, crumbs, Uriah Heep), ex-boy Wonder Eddie Jobson (fiddler to the stars, late of Roxy, Zappa and Curved Air) and Terry Bozzio (Zappapostate and mean mother on the traps).

What credentials! What faultless techniques!

So why, after three numbers, was I bored out of my mind and ultimately out of my seat? I mean, could anyone reasonably ask for more than a modern equivalent to yesterday's 'supergroup'?

Yes. How about a little personality for starters?

With the banks of instrumental paraphernalia, the stage resembled a lab and generated a forbidding sterility which the band did little to dispel. Talk was kept to a functional minimum and no identity was projected. Regardless, the majority of folks were clap-happy (especially when Jobson approached his famous Perspex fiddle), but if UK expected their music to do all the talking, then they were disappointed.

Maybe they're too serious, too complex and too tasteful within the confines of experimental heavy rock. The songs, except the melodic and comparatively streamlined 'Rendezvous 602', were basically grandiose frames for protracted, often indulgent instrumentals. Lyrics, dwarfed by the enormity of solos, dealt with *"chasing rainbows"* and cosmic themes that Wetton must have picked up from his Heep days.

And his vocals, pleasant as they were, oscillated between Rundgrenesque falsetto and Greg Lake circa King Crimson (which isn't surprising since Wetton served time with Crimson as well).

UK are obvious successors to the ELP title. Their music is ideal for impersonal olympic stadia; a real shame because their musical accomplishment is worthy of a more humane fate.

Personality-wise, UK could learn a few things from their support 'group' Ian Trimmer and Billy Jenkins. They were the comic mainsprings of the late lamented Burlesque and with a threadbare guitar/sax sound still came up with the loony tunes and effervescent character which makes them the thinking man's Otway and Barrett.

They may sing inane songs about bananas, but I prefer their anarchy anyday to boredom in the UK.

Elissa Van Poznak

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Heavier than the Average

AWB
Inner Circle

Leeds

AWB posters, albums, T-shirts and badges adorned the foyer of Leeds University's Saturday Stadium. Inside the hall, the band, possibly in a *Guinness Book of Records* attempt to re-define the twin concepts of "blandness" and "laid-back", played on, and on, and on . . .

The only accessories you really needed in that hall were a long drink and a deck-chair.

Frankly, you don't have to be too hung up on punk or new wave or heavy metal (or whatever *your* bag is) to know that the Average White Band are very definitely not where it's at. Playing meaty and fruity — like a beefburger heavy on the relish — the bearded Scots simmered their way through 'Love Your Life', 'Person To Person', 'Got The Love' and a few others, each lasting around a quarter-of-an-hour. Every one featured some pretty hoarse wailing, effete harmonies, Brother Lee Love gospel back-up, obvious instrumental solos and lightweight rhythms rambling on ad infinitum/nauseam.

There *were* redeeming features. 'Atlantic Avenue' — a deadringer for *Pebble Mill At One* — is a nice enough tune, even if its Nassau/Rio lyrics are smug, naive and unashamedly bourgeois.

And on 'TLC' the funk really did work, with drummer Steve Ferrone cooking a faster than average (you don't need to grope for puns with this combo) beat, opening it up for solos by Molly Duncan (sax) and Ollie McIntyre (guitar), while Alan Gorrie (bass) and rhythm guitarist Hamish Stuart got it together on the vocal front. Gorrie said it all when he introduced a track from the old days — "which some of you might remember — if you were born then."

In the circumstances, it was just as well that Inner Circle, intense and heavy (in every sense of the word), were on hand as guests.

Featuring songs from their forthcoming album 'Everything Is Great', this latest reggae/funk JA band to get the big promo treatment takes rhythmic invention to the limit. With vocalist Jacob "Killer" Miller the personification of power and ingenious instrumental embellishments through (people like) keyboardist Bernard Harvey, they effected a classic case of technical upstaging.

In a year's time, I doubt very much whether the Average White Band would want to "follow that".

Emma Ruth

The Venigmas

Glasgow

Comparisons between Glasgow's soon-to-be-superstars Simple Minds and their near relations The Venigmas are unfortunate but inevitable; doubly unfortunate for The Venigmas because they're going to come off worst.

The Venigmas are not my cup of meat; how much they're likely to be yours depends entirely on how you view heavy metal with artistic pretensions.

The HM tag stems from the relentless, wearisome sledgehammer battering of two rhythm guitars which they use to disguise an inability to pen a memorable tune between them. They also possess a lead guitarist called Andy Logan of whom they are inordinately proud. Technically proficient, unfortunately he states little and gibbers away at top speed with zero emotional impact.

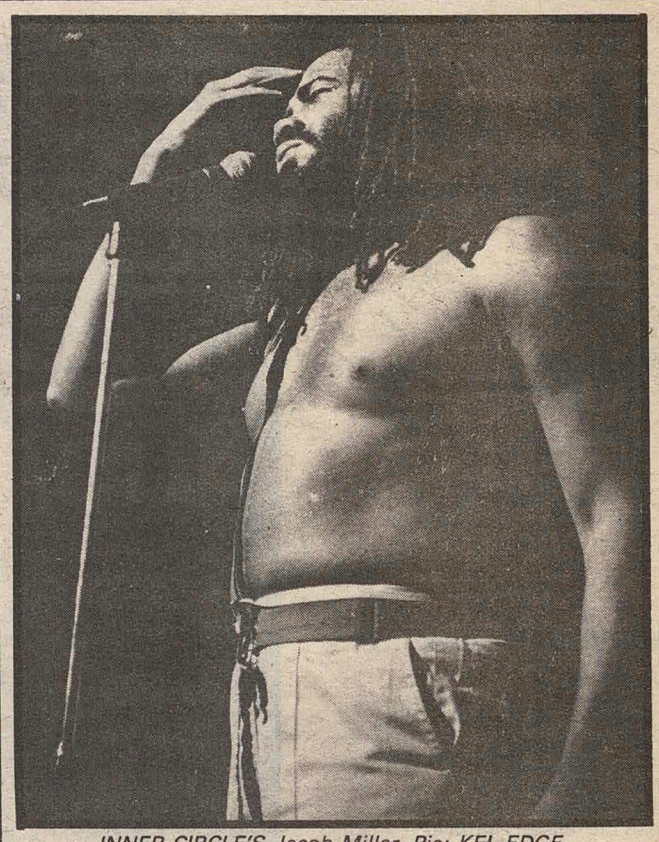
Their presentation also needs polishing. Links and introductions are generally unintelligible and the lead singer's posing is downright embarrassing. The lyrics too are often painfully inept — superficial, contrived scenarios of mystery and creatures of the night. This alone positively invites a "poor man's Simple Minds" tag.

Simple Minds' music is derivative, but at least they've achieved a near perfect synthesis of old and new; while The Venigmas are merely heavily and aggressively nostalgic (more Bebop, anyone?). Also in Jim Kerr Simple Minds have, if not a genius at least a true original, but The Venigmas have no one to match his gifts for strong tunes, dark images or strikingly new presentation.

But they have a neat line in riffs and some of their more restrained material shows real promise. 'Nightmares' and 'Quiet And Cool' were getting on quite well until they decided to enter the speed-metal-relay.

With a lighter metal touch than most and their avoidance of the worst of the genre's bombastic excesses, The Venigmas could fight their way to commercial if not critical success somewhere in rock's vast middle ground.

Ian Cranna



INNER CIRCLE'S Jacob Miller. Pic: KEL EDGE.

The Androids

Belfast

Recently opened in the Harp Bar is a small downstairs room generally used for Saturday afternoon gigs but tonight, because of an electricity failure, The Androids have to use a generator and play in the sweatier, cramped but structurally less-incongruous surroundings of this intimate meeting place.

The Androids are now about a dozen gigs old. They retain only two members of the combo who were the first of Ulster's coterie of bands to go to London and publicise their presence at *NME's* offices, and famed for their support of the "Free Noreen Winchester" campaign. Heavy Metal/Punk dross and precious little else.

Never having had the opportunity to catch this new incarnation I was expecting an extension of the monochromatic ear-bleeding assault of old, but I was presently surprised to find there is at least one band who are moving in areas different to those of Belfast's hot-pop bands and doing it with measurable, pleasurable style and success.

There was more than a suggestion that the band have a definite musical vision; they know what they're after and how to get it. No caterwauling cliches or simplistic chord structures this time around, although the venom of their attack is occasionally spoilt by an unhealthy penchant for self-indulgence, mostly apparent in the unnecessary instrumentals at the tailend of their songs.

But their sound is a high-grade steely excellence, redolent of Dead Fingers Talk (a sadly under-rated outfit) at their best, with strong precise guitar work cutting its way through a flourishing rhythm section. But they have pacing as well as punch and when the need arises they play with a modicum of gliding and sliding restraint.

Like D.F.T. their main problem is content rather than form. Having carved themselves a solid musical framework to work in, their ability to write songs suited to their own chosen niche is in question. Only one or two of their originals stood out as being of any real merit, while it was an impassioned reading of 'Heroin' and the short sharp flick-knife-to-the-jugular action deployed on Ray Davies' 'You Really Got Me', that displayed their confidence and brain-scouring vim to best advantage.

Visually, they're great with a bass player who looks like a Hanna-Barbera caricature of Frankenstein's monster pulling a few odd expressions as he moves and merges with the rest of the five-piece in a cumbustible presentation fitted to their music.

The Androids *are* exciting to watch. I'll add them to the list of Ulster bands to look out for.

Gavin Martin

Annie Ross

Country Cousins

It should have been a great evening.

Annie Ross, one of the most respected lady jazz singers around plays an intimate venue with the right shadings of candlelight and smoke. Maybe because of her well-publicised financial and marital problems, or maybe because she's giving the vocal chords a back shove while concentrating on acting, this show sadly didn't make it.

Backed by the traditional three-piece of bass, drums and keyboards and clad in a silver split-skirt suit, Ross cut a snazzy figure with her orange hair and feather boa embellishments.

Her stage patter was superb; sly stories of California ("the land of the green death"), strippers ('Florence Of Arabia') and Mae West's sister Beverly putting 50 years' expertise to stylish use. But for all the theatricality, when it came to the songs Ross played it safe.

Nowhere in the repertoire was the self-penned and vocally punishing 'Twisted', a schizophrenic trip through the octaves that Bette Midler borrowed and stole the acclaim for; and experimentally very little indeed. Rehashed renditions of Paul Simon or watery bosa nova tunes were all we got from someone who's got so much more. Even the few jazz-influenced songs tended to be dull and uninspired, Ross straining for those hi-notes so crucial to female scat-singing.

I'm sure she'd be great at parties. Just not so good at this gig.

Martha Ellen Zenfell

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Bad Company

Wembley Arena

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Turn in to the bleak precincts of this sprawling Wembley complex: an ugly Leisure City with the ambience of an emergency detention-centre. Sample the merchandise: buy the badge, wear the shirt of the tour of the band of the album; feel fleeced and take your seat, third from the end, six-hundredth from the front.

Yee-ha.

Megagigs; dontcha just love 'em? We're really gonna whoop it up, GLC regulations permitting. It's been a long time since Bad Company played London and the buzz of excitement is unmistakeable. I think I heard the first Wally of the Spring.

Settling at the piano for the opening 'Bad Company', Paul Rodgers sets the tone, professional and assured, and throughout the show the band display a restrained job-of-work approach that borders on indifference.

Not that it can be easy to show commitment to material as worn-out as much of this. *"The sky is burnin', I believe my soul's on fire"* ('Burnin' Sky') is fairly startling information if you think about it, but Rodgers delivers the lines like his mind's on something else — anything else.

The songs divide between old favourites — 'Ready For Love', 'Feel Like Making Love', 'Can't Get Enough Of Your Love' — and new favourites, like 'She Brings Me Love', all uniformly well-received.

Paul Rodgers is a rock archetype, all in black with a touch of glitter and a hairy chest, still a great singer in need of something great to sing. For much of the set he shares guitar duties with Mick Ralphs, homely in shirt and jeans. Snappier is bassist Boz Burrell in a Man At C&A cream suit (with a black armband for Patto) contrasting with an ultra-fit Simon Kirke who's wearing half a track-suit and a grin.

I'd prefer the music stripped of its lingering luxuriance and plodding grandiosity, cut down to a harder, stubbier R'n'B sound. But that's not going to happen so long as they win easy acceptance for stuff like this — coasting and expansive, full of mock-ferocity but no freshness, no imagination.

The raunch got left at the ranch.

It shouldn't come as a surprise that almost all this fundamentalist audience is male. Bad Co peddle vacuous fantasies of a time when men were Men and the women, it has to be assumed, were grateful for it. Wild West imagery abounds (the good old gun/phallus confusion syndrome reigns supreme) and some of the crowd are well into the ruff-tuff appeal of 'Run With The Pack'.

Maybe they really do think they're wolves and cowboys; but observing all the punter/security confrontations, a flock-and-sheepdogs analogy looks more appropriate. It's an exercise in consumer regimentation that contrasts ironically with the half-baked individualism of the songs.

Still, a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do, so I did — I left.

All in all it was quite a success, a convincing demonstration of Multi-national Rock, sure in its appeal, serenely enthroned in the realms of irrelevance . . . and commercial viability.

Yee-ha.

Paul Du Noyer

Remember this one? PAUL RODGERS ropes'n' brands that aluminium doggie. Pic KEL EDGE.

The first Wally of Spring

Joan Armatrading

Glasgow

From support act to selling out the Apollo, from reticence personified to slapping a ten million dollar law suit on her record company, Joan Armatrading has certainly come a long way.

This tour, without any new material to promote, is effectively marking time for her and seems an appropriate moment to take stock of progress so far.

In terms of musical accomplishment, this latest show is decidedly her best to date. From borrowing tasteful but timid back-up musicians, she's graduated to pulling her band right to the front with her, so that at times she appears simply as virtuoso vocalist for a hot little jazzy rock combo. It's clear she loves this new integration too — watch her look on delightedly as Lorne Price blows a powerful sax break.

This aggressively adventurous approach also lends a new strength to some of her older songs as well. And with this new confidence she's blossomed from being a nervous girl-with-guitar into an assertive lady without losing any of her natural charm.

It's Armatrading's material though that makes for interesting consideration.

The set here is drawn from her last two albums plus selected earlier highlights. It's marvellously classy, almost ageless stuff but her evocative sketches of the single girl are also all much from the one mould. Since the breakthrough of 'Love And Affection' and the 'Joan Armatrading' album, she seems to have reached a plateau with very little subsequent progress in her songwriting structure or content. It's the treatment given to the songs that marks Armatrading's progress to date; not the songs themselves.

But there is a definite limit to the number of times you can repackage this material, as there is for public appetite for it.

Consequently, it's difficult to see why she's so upset with A&M. I would have thought that securing three respectable US album chart placings without the aid of matching chart singles wasn't bad going.

You don't have to be Einstein to see that Armatrading's unsettled, unsettling style — distinctive and classy as it may be — simply does not lend itself to AM format hit singles. Indeed, any overlap between the two is little more than coincidence. So unless she's going to contrive some simple ditty as a sop to the playlists, then that final breakthrough into the all round bestseller lists seems as far away as ever. It's unrealistic to expect otherwise.

Where she goes from here will be interesting to see. Judging by their applause, her legions of devotees clearly preferred the more simple bedsitterland style that has brought her to prominence; but her own inclinations seem towards jazzier climes — hardly the stuff of mass consumption either.

But if her future ambitions give food for thought, her present accomplishments remain her most impressive so far.

Ian Cranna

Culture

Paris

With a performance that confirmed them as one of the most exciting live reggae units operating today, Culture kicked off their European tour by conquering Paris on their debut there.

The mixed audience at the Palais — normally a poseurs' paradise — were treated to a near magical matinee from the trio and their six-piece band, with an immaculate and at times startling live mix from accompanying engineer and dread at the controls, Errol Brown.

The group have gained immeasurably in confidence since their '78 tour, Leader Joe Hill turned in a mesmerising tour de force which evoked Marley at the Lyceum '76 and Burning Spear at the Rainbow '77, with dazzling footwork, loose breathtaking vocals and an infectious and spontaneous intensity all virtually mugging the senses.

He added a zaniness all his own, his mock theatrics and wild eye-popping totally captivating. Albert Griffiths supplied superb Cultural harmonies with both Griffiths and conga player Harry Fowler adding a deal of their own wackiness.

Playing numbers from the whole of their short but illustrious career, from 'Babylon Bridge' and 'Two Sevens Clash' through 'Innocent Blood' and 'Fussing And Fighting' to 'Natty Never Get Weary', a reminder of the astonishing wealth of material they've come up with in a mere two years.

They were everything they should have been and a bit more. Europe get your Culture.

Neil Spencer

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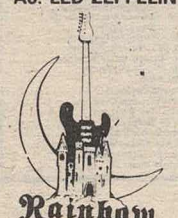

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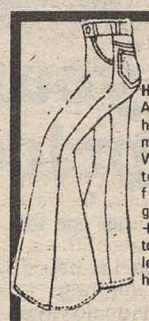

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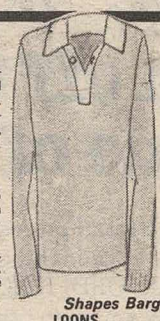

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Humphrey Bogart!!!

My name is Spade, Sam Spade. Licence number 357896, issued by the Police Department of San Francisco. Occupation: Private Detective. Sometimes known as Private Eye.

My files on the case of the Maltese Falcon are closed. But, I've got the Maltese Falcon. I got it and some dough. My partner got murdered and a very slick chick went up for life.

I'll tell you about it. This slick dame comes to see me one day. Gives me a song and dance about her sister and a guy called Floyd Thursby. She wants us to get her back before her mother and father get in from Hawaii. I put my partner, Miles Archer, on the case. At night, he gets murdered and so does this guy Thursby. I go around to the apartment where this dame is living . . . the one called Brigid O'Shaughnessy. She had something I seem to go for . . .

In 1539 the Knight Templars of Malta paid tribute to Charles V of Spain by sending him a Golden Falcon encrusted from beak to claw with rarest jewels . . . but pirates seized the galley carrying this priceless token and the fate of the Maltese Falcon remains a mystery to this day . . .

HUMPHREY BOGART IN . . . THE MALTESE BAG

I know I'm going to destroy my street credibility, but in spite of the fact that I'm female I like The Stranglers.
Whatever you feel about their lyrics, they often play bloody good music.

The trouble is everyone's so hung up about presenting themselves as radical and unprejudiced that they won't acknowledge it.

If you see an attractive woman I bet you don't immediately think: "I wonder if she could calculate the square root of 693.5 in under ten seconds?" You admire her, which is what The Stranglers do in many of their songs.

I'm anti-sexist as all the rest of you hip punters, but I don't see anything wrong in appreciating good looks as well as intelligence.

I expect The Stranglers have women friends. I'm not condoning all their lyrics or all their statements, but I just wish you'd all realise that you can disagree with some of their sentiments while liking their music.

Don't place too much emphasis on the sexist angle of their songs.

SARAH (no fixed abode).

I'm just writing to ask why the hell write an article on Bowie's performance in *Just A Gigolo* when all you were wanting to do was tear him to shreds (*NME* Feb 24).

Okay! Maybe (David) Hemming's direction was terrible and Bowie's performance trash. So what! Who cares what you say or think. If the film was so rubbishy why bother writing about it at all. All I can say, is that to see Bowie on screen for a whole hour or so was sheer bliss.

A Young Bowie Freak.

Listen sweetheart . . . and this also applies to you, Fiona. You hire gumshoes like us to do your dirty work, and then when we lay the whole scam on you you can't face the truth. Look it's just a job, and somebody's gotta do it! — H.B.

David Bowie has to shave. Three or four times a day, I bet. I should think even Jean-Jacques Burnel has to shave sometimes. Especially his chest.

We're going to keep playing for as long as it takes to get people to accept and come to terms with themselves. As Janice says: "It all depends how long the follicles last."

KID GILLETTE.

Just remember this wiseguy . . . you're not a star until they can spell you name in Karachi! — H.B.

Look, I accept that it is now fashionable and fairly cool to enjoy Disco (from time to time I have even been seen to tap my foot to it — in fact, I once got quite excited about a new Earth, Wind & Fire album), but doesn't *anybody* else find the whole concept of 'Beats-Per-Minute' just a little bit nauseating?

ALLEN — A First time Caller, Studio 54, Harrow, Middlesex.

P.S. I always thought dancing was somewhat spontaneous, but the doctors at the Munich Machine have obviously got us very well trained.

Play It Again, Sam . . . Play It Again, Sam . . . Play It Again, Sam . . . Play It Again, Sam . . .Play it Again, Sam . . . Play it Again, Sam . . . Play It Again, Sam . . .Play it Again, Sam . . .Play it Again, Sam . . . — H.B.

I must say I did like CSM on *Nationwide*. Very smart in his suit. Didn't care much for the other fellow. One of those punky chappies wasn't he? Dashed bad show. Bring back the whip, that's what I say. Flog them good and proper.

BRIGADIER SIR EUGENE PICKET. Deepsford, Bucks.

P.S. I never kissed the editor of the *NME*.

If you want me just whistle, You know how to whistle, don't you? You just put your lips together and blow! — Neil Spencer.

Long hair is like sex, you can have it in all different positions!

A CROPPED PUNK who's not getting enough.

If you want me just whistle. You know how to whistle, don't you? You just put your lips together and blow! — Lauren Bacall.

May I be the first to say I bet I have a much smaller penis than Graham Fellows!
WILTED JOHN (LP winner????) Middlesbrough, Cleveland.
Haven't we all? — Wee Willie Harris.

The only album I could recommend is 'Schlongs For Swingin' Lovers.' — H.B.

Dames . . . just when you think you've got 'em figured out . . . H.B.

. . . of all the newspapers in all of the towns all over the world, they gotta write to my letters page! — H.B.

On reading you paper last week I was outraged by the review of Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club band (the film) by Charles Shaar Murray.

How can he say that this film adds "whole new dimensions of resonance and meaning to the word crap"? Did he go to see the film or did he base his "review" on other reviews of said film? Also does he appreciate the fact that The Beatles (who wrote the music on which the film is based) changed the face of popular music?

When he next writes a review (of anything) I suggest he uses this plan, which would help him (if it is possible) to be fair.

(1) Give the names of the stars who appear (if it's a film) or the people concerned and what parts they had to play.

(2) Tell what it's about (if it's a film) and if it's a record, the titles of the songs.

(3) Say what he thinks of thing and why he thinks that.

(4) Say what might interest people and why.

(5) Leave the reader to make up his own mind on the subject.

Thus he would be offering practical criticism of the thing!

FIONA WHERRETT, Livingston, West Lothian, Scotland.

Yep, I saw the movie (and I've still got the burst blood vessels to prove it). Yep, I appreciate that The Beatles changed the face of popular music (with a little help from their friends), but Stigwood's given the fab mops the kind of tribute that Sirhan gave Kennedy! Thank you for the tips on how to review movies and records: I shall most assuredly take them to heart and apply them at the first possible opportunity. — The Illustrated CSM (Revised Edition).

With reference to your recent article on Ludus and singer Linder's interest in her own menstruation.

I am lead singer of Lupin, the only male in an otherwise all-girl band. I too am interested in exposing people's embarrassed prejudices about their own hormonal functions. Our original name was Five O'Clock Shadow, which perhaps gives you an idea of our dominant preoccupation. Many of our songs are about shaving. In fact I think I can say that most of our songs have shaving images.

As guitarist Janice puts it: "Simply, Kid's writing the lyrics, and every 24 hours he's gonna have to shave."

People often giggle nervously when we announce a song about, say, the painful drag from a blunt Philishave, or the irritating rash you get off the wrong kinds of brushless foam. Sometimes they walk out when we get going on the chorus of (Little Bits Of) Plaster On My Chin":

"Kiss me, kiss my plaster/ Cos I got plaster on my face/It ain't no disaster/No it ain't no disgrace."

Once I went onstage with three-days' growth of beard to see what would happen. A girl in the front row went hysterical, the gig was cancelled and the local newpapers had splash headlines about our "filthy public displays".

We're not out to shock people. We want to heighten their awareness of themselves. A lot of people have to shave, yet there's this deep-seated stigma about it?

Directed by ROY CARR
Screenplay by ROY CARR
Technivision by ROY CARR
Tea made by ROY CARR

Every week I buy NME *and as I browse through it a perverse side of my nature makes me gleefully look for the latest Julie Burchill atrocity-shock-horror-how-dare-she review.*

I read it and normally smirk a lot. Even if the piece is about an artist I particularly admire, her scathing criticism doesn't bother me. In fact I quite enjoy it. So even when Miss Burchill sums up the writings of Bob Dylan in three words — "archaic, surrealist verbiage" — even a person like me with an on-going Dylan fixation isn't very perturbed, for Julie, as she has admitted, "may not know music from snot."

However I feel I am in a minority. Every week the columns of Gasbag *are filled with letters from outraged readers who feel some inherent need to protect their various idols from JB's assault and non-flattery. To me this is probably exactly what she (never mind the editor) wants.*

If Julie Burchill is comparable to anyone in the rock spectrum, it is Elvis Costello. Costello proclaimed to Nick Kent that his ultimate aim was to be an "irritant . . . someone who irritates, who disorientates." I believe Julie Burchill attempts to do exactly the same thing, and so far she's succeeding very well.

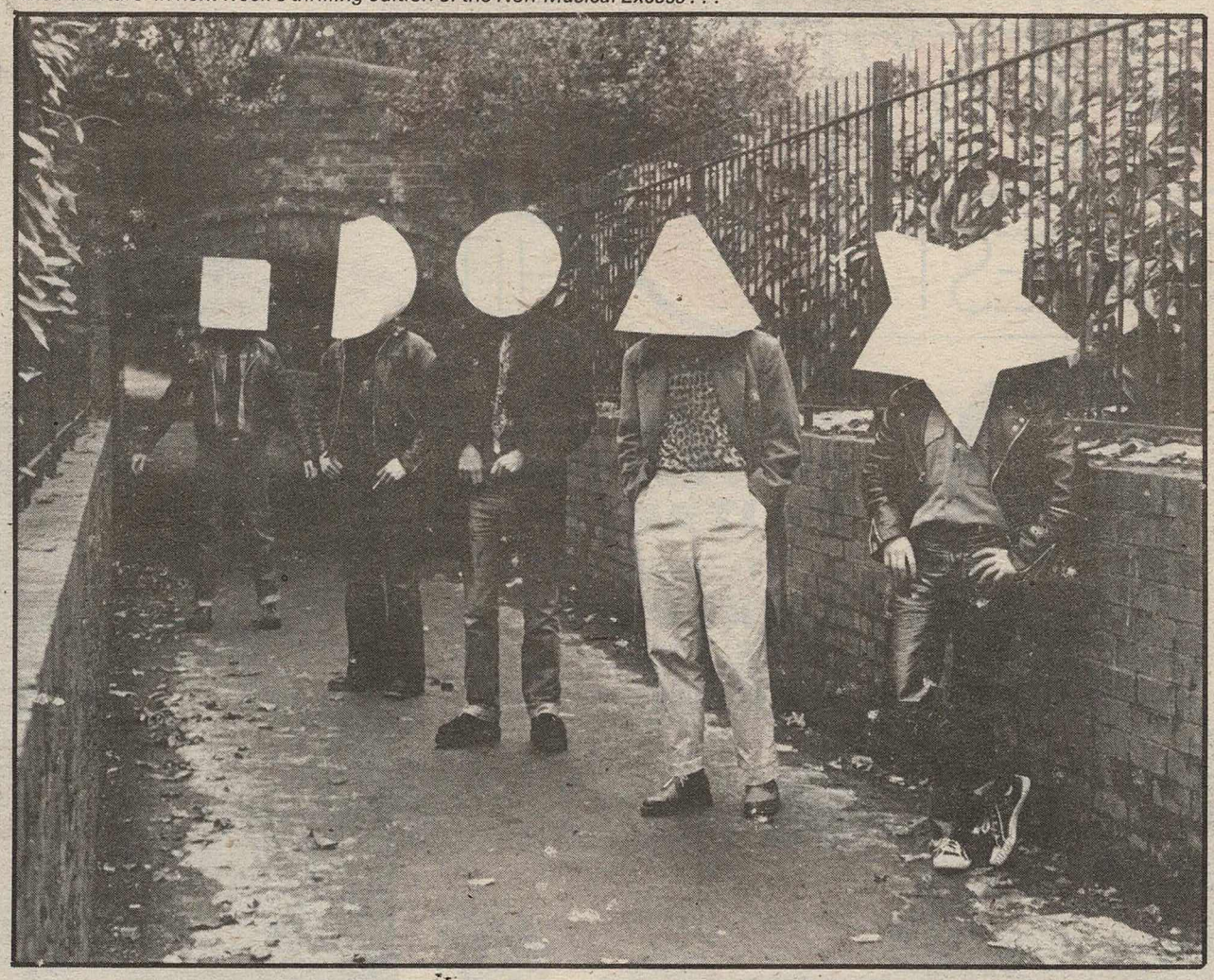
So, Mister Outraged, Grimsby, if Julie Burchill writes something in next week's NME *that grossly offends you, completely ignore it. Don't write letters and JB's aim to irritate you will seem to be foiled. I say "seem" because she may well have irritated you but she won't know about it.*

People like Burchill and Costello strive upon audience reaction, feedback. If Costello doesn't get an audience that goes crazy right in front of his eyes, he gets petulant and sulks away, refuses encores, shortens the length of his set. And maybe if people stopped writing letters to Gasbag about her she'd do the same and leave the way for some journalism by people with a genuine interest in music as against her dilettantish passing interest.

I hope this is the last letter about Julie Burchill in Gasbag.

KIM MARSLAVI, Cardiff, Wales.

Blockheads were last year's thing: meet THE SHAPES from Leamington Spa — and read all about their Sofa Records EP 'Part Of The Furniture' in next week's thrilling edition of the Non-Musical Excess . . .



EARTHLINGS! TAKE US TO YOUR T-ZERS

Hi. We here at the Sign Of The Triple Dots have an admission to make, and it's only because we consider you to be our friends (heh heh) that we feel free to bring this up so frankly. In a spirit of fraternity and indulgence, we throw ourselves upon your mercy as follows:

This week we have no Lead Teazer. That's because nothing happened. Not nothing as in nothing, but nothing as in nothing fit to occupy the hallowed spot, Which leaves us with a temporary but hopefully soluble problem — i.e. what to put in its place. We could — this is ourely idle speculation, you dig — *invent* a story, which is not on because somebody would (at best) complain bitterly or (at worst) sue us. We could pick any of the other items at random and elevate them to the dizzy heights of Lead Teazerdom. but the joins would show and it might suffer from Vertigo (this is not a reference to **Graham Parker).** On reflection, our best bet would be to rabbit on about nothing particular. Which we've just done.

Whew! It's great to have that off our chests (if three dots can be said to have chests, which is in itself highly debatable) so let's get down to whatever must be gotten down to. To commence: what part of your body would you like to leave to your favourite rock star? Completely unknown and obscure Welsh percussionist **Phil Ellis** has *that* one totally sussed out: he would like to be cremated (presumably after his demise, whenever that is scheduled to occur) and have his ashes stuffed into a pair of maraccas and sent to his hero, **Uriah Heep** drummer **Lee Kerslake.** The dots would like to know how Lee would feel about using such heavily personalised instruments and whether there would be any specific problems involved in amplifying same. We think Phil's onto something potentially wonderful, so what would you leave *your* fave? . . .

Cue **Maurice Chevalier** ballsaching on about Peh-rriss Inza Spring: **Willy DeVille** is — ahem — laying down tracks in the City Of Lights round about (synchronise watches) NOW . . .

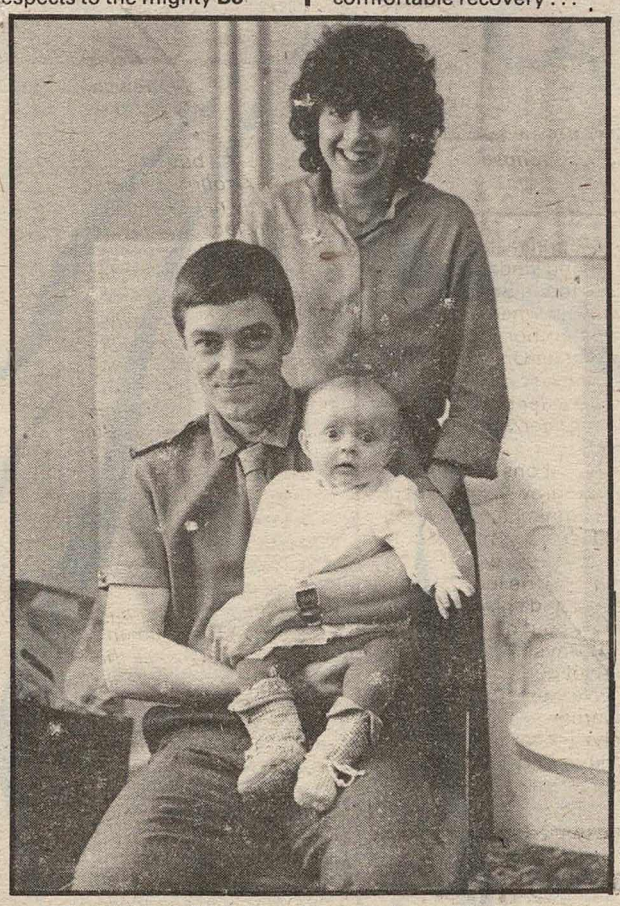
The Mekons apologise for blowing out their Newcastle gig last week: they were on the point of taking the stage when one of their guitarists got hurt in a passing fight and had to be whisked straight to hospital. We wait on tenterhooks for what **Paul Morley** proclaims as "the gig of the century" set for March 25 at the Lyceum, when **Stiff Little Fingers, The Fall, The Mekons, Gang Of Four** and **The Human League** share the same bill. This comes as a fitting outgrowth of the **Stiff Little Fingers/Essential Logic/Robert Rental/The Normal** tour which ended on Saturday at Camden's Electric Ballroom **TRB's Danny Kustow** came on to play **Stiff Little Fingers** encore and drummer **Jim Reilly** fainted. An RAR spokesperson later decided this to be coincidence . . .

So's this: Radio Clyde recently received a silver disc from Polydor Records for playing **Alicia Bridges'** "I Love The Nightlife" over 250,000 times *(We don't believe that for a moment — The Other Two Dots)* . . .

Pull the triggers, liggers, we're with you all the way: **Police** were into their third encore in Houston (Texas, y'all) last week when the house lights went up and they spotted **Thin Lizzy** and **Nazareth** in the audience. The former are — as previously noted — opening for the latter on tour ("opening for" is a polite way of saying "supporting", but the dots weren't exactly surprised when reports started filtering in from the States to the effect that Lizzy are blowing Naz away more than somewhat) . .

More massed liggers: **Paul Jones, Phil May,** the **Floyd's David Gilmour** and the massed ranks of **Motorhead** were on hand to welcome ex-**MC5**-er **Wayne Kramer** when he played Dingwalls, while **Joe Jackson, Motorhead** (again) **Iggy Pop, Glen Matlock, Joe Strummer** and **Mick Jones** paid their respects to the mighty **Bo Diddley** at the Lyceum . . .

Get well soon, pal: **Bishops** guitarist **Zenon de Fleur** was in a car smash in the early hours of the morning after the band played the Nashville last Saturday, and is — at this moment — off the critical list but still in intensive care at West Middlesex Hospital in Brentford. He's not yet fit to receive visitors, but if he's allowed to get *NME* we'd just like to wish the gum-chewing polack a rapid and comfortable recovery . . .



GEORGE BODNAR goes click.

. . . And talking of Furniture Music — here's the very latest appendage for today's most modern young man. It's clean (kind of), it's clone-like — it's contemporary! BILL NELSON (the one in the tie) holds the baby backstage at the Gaumont, Southampton — propped up by wife Jan, Elly (4 months) makes a Red Noise.

Another casualty is **Tubes'** guitarist **Bill Spooner,** currently playing from a wheelchair after tearing ligaments in a Lake Tahoe skiing accident . . .

Strictly personal (not to mention imcomprehensible): could **Garry Bushell** please phone **Danny Baker** and tell him the resulf of the Millwall-Charlton match, as Disco Dan was in Germany with **The Jam** when the event in question took place ...

(I can't get no) correction: in last week's singles column, weedy little vegetarian **Ian Penman** attributed the **Rocky Sharpe And The Replays** 45 to **Rocky Sharpe And The Razors.** The Smurflike one has been duly chastised (i.e. we're forcing him to listen to nothing but **UFO** for a week). The same mistake was also made in *Snouts,* incidentally ...

Shaaaaaaaame: the excellent *Dat Sun* fanzine (available for 50p post free from **Terry Wells** at 7 Seagrave Road, London SW 6) has been denied an Arts Council grant on the grounds that "there is not the slightest trace of literary merit in any of its pages. Indeed, there is rather too much evidence of ignorance and illiteracy," says Literature Director **Charles Osbourne.** What better recommendation could anyone require? Subscribe!...

Public service time: an EMS AKS synthesiser was ripped off from **Steve Hillage's** truck in Liverpool, and the owner of the synth in question (**Steve Lewis** of the Hillage road crew) would like it back. Contact Steve L at 727 8070, give the poor sod his synth back. There's a no-questions-asked reward of a year's supply of green salad — sorry, of £100 ...

Aren't they outrageous: **Bad Company** held a disco party at the Roxy in Harlsden after their Wembley gigs, featuring stippers (wow!), roller-skating nuns (corrr!) and lots of other challenging stuff. Mind you, **Boz Burrell** did wear a black armband in memory of **Mike Patto** ...

This could be vital to your credibility next time you go to one of those really hip parties that we're always reading about *(Don't you mean 'always going to'? — Credibility Conscious Ed).* The colour supplement of every thinking leftie's favourite paper, the *Sunday Telegraph,* this week ran some helpful hints on which names were 'in' to drop. 'In' are **Peter Frampton, Fleetwood Mac, Elkie Brooks, Wings** and **Jethro Tull** (burgeoning cults destined for future superstardom) and 'out' are such already-forgotten figures of yesteryear as **David Bowie, Kate Bush, The Rolling Stones, The Sex Pistols** and **Cliff Richard.** Now you can spot *Telegraph* readers even when they're not wearing their 'Birch The Queers' badges ...

Sandy Pearlman has been relieved of production duties for **Blue Oyster Cult,** who've opted for **Cheap Trick's** producer **Tom Werman** for their next album, which includes a collaboration between **Eric Bloom** and SF funster **Michael Moorcock** entitled 'The Sun King.' Pearlman, incidentally, is keeping busy by producing French metal-punk band **Shakin' Street** ...

Producers, producers, producers (is there no end to them?): **Peter Gabriel** doing the honours for **Interview** on behalf of lovely, liberal Virgin Records ...

Aren't they outrageous (2): due to U.S. objections, **Judas Priest's** fine record album 'Killing Machine' has been withdrawn and reissued / repackaged under the new inoffensive title 'Hell Bent For Leather'. Nothing bent about Judas Priest, is there?...

BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN

This week		Last week
1.	Clash Police	(1)
2.	PiL	(2)
3.	Stiff Little Fingers	(—)
4.	999	(7)
5.	Buzzcocks	(3)
6.	Gang of Four	(5)
7.	RAF	(—)
8.	Yellow Costello	(—)
9.	My Way	(—)
10.	The Members	(—)

New releases 20p: Be Stiff, The Future is Female (Wayne County), Sex Pistols: Rock'n'Roll Swindle, Never Trust a Hippy, Cash From Chaos, Believe in the Ruins, The Only Notes That Matter, They Swindled Their Way to the Top. True Love (Jilted John), UK Subs CID.

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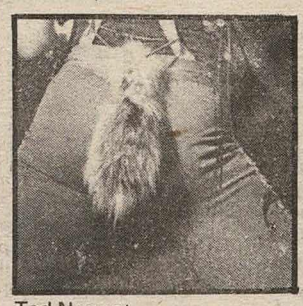

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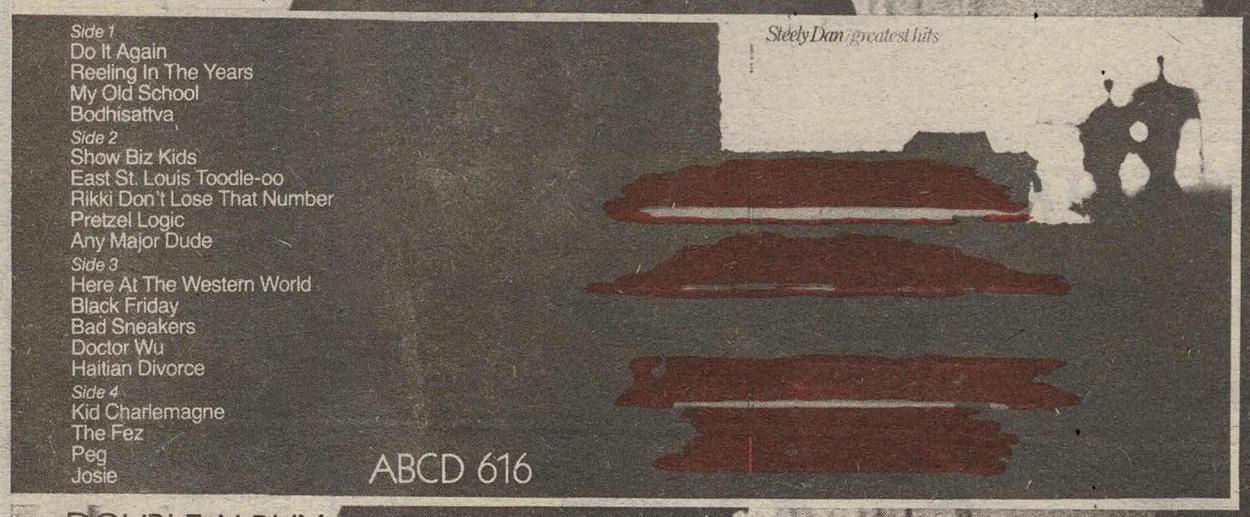

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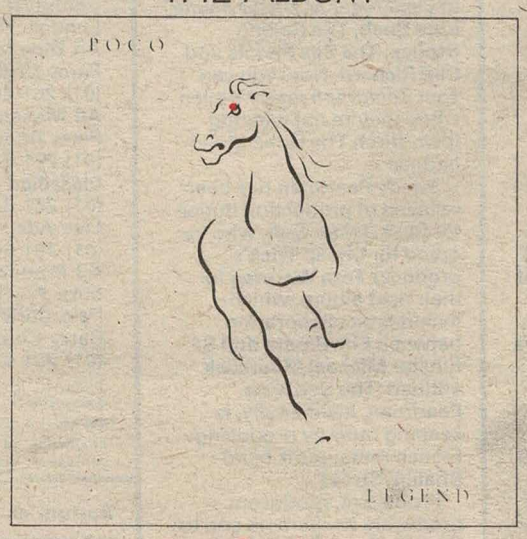

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